

AWARENESS

*Awareness — Awareness Without
the Interference of Thought*

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Introduction

We stand at a turning point in human history.

Everywhere one looks—whether in personal relationship or in the world at large—there is conflict, division, confusion, and increasing violence.

This unrest is not the result of political mismanagement or economic failure alone; it is the outward projection of the inner disorder of the human mind.

It is high time, sir, that life itself understands the place of thought and the structure of the “me” born from thought.

For without this understanding, humanity will continue along the path of conflict, fragmentation, and perhaps even self-annihilation.

Thought has its right place.

It is essential in the field of knowledge, in technology, in the everyday functioning of life.

But thought has no place in the realm of relationship, in the understanding of fear, in the perception of beauty, or in the flowering of compassion.

Yet we have given thought absolute authority over the whole of our existence.

We use it to shape our identities, to build our beliefs, to cling to our nationalities, to defend our religions, to interpret love, to protect our wounds, and to justify our fears.

The “me” with all its anxieties, ambitions, sorrows, and hopes is nothing but the movement of thought seeking security in its own projections.

When thought—which is mechanical, conditioned, and rooted in memory—tries to guide life, it inevitably creates

contradiction. And contradiction is the ground from which conflict is born.

This book returns to this question again and again. Some readers may notice the repetition—not as insistence, but as an invitation to look more deeply. For in matters of the mind, one glimpse is not enough. Truth is never grasped through a single statement; it is approached through repeated, quiet observation.

This book begins with the recognition that there is an urgent need for a fundamental transformation of human awareness. Not a slow evolutionary change over centuries, not an improvement in the outer structures of society, but a radical inward mutation in the very way we see ourselves and the world.

For the real danger is not external. It is not merely in governments, systems, institutions, or nations. It is within us—within the unexamined movement of thought that divides and isolates, that blinds the mind to the wholeness of life, that perpetuates the illusion of the separate self. Unless this illusion is understood deeply and directly, humanity will continue to live in conflict while speaking of peace, continue to seek unity while sowing division, continue to long for love while living in fear.

The “me” cannot be dissolved through discipline, through method, through effort, or through spiritual ambition. Any attempt to overcome the self is still the self-operating—still the same centre acting under a new disguise. The thinker is thought; the seeker is the search.

And any movement of becoming merely strengthens the very thing it tries to transcend.

So, the question is not how to transform the self,
but whether the self can end effortlessly—
through direct observation.

This is the central insight on which the teachings in this book rest.

To observe thought as it arises—
without resistance, without judgment, without the desire to
change or control—
is to see the whole movement of the self.
And when the movement is seen in its totality,
it loses its momentum.

Seeing is the ending.

Not gradually, not through practice, not through time,
but instantly—like a flame that goes out when there is no
fuel.

When the self ends, even for a moment,
the mind becomes extraordinarily quiet.
Not the quietness manufactured by discipline or concentrated
effort,
but a natural stillness that arises when thought realizes its
own limitation.
In that stillness, there is clarity—
a clarity untouched by fear or desire.

From this quietness, compassion flows.

Not the sentiment or the emotional tenderness that thought can cultivate, but a compassion that has no centre, no direction, no motive. It is the fragrance of a mind in which the self is not.

Such compassion is the sacred. It is not an idea, not an image, not a belief. It is a living presence— a brightness, a depth, a tenderness— that permeates all existence when the mind is free of its own shadow.

This book is an invitation to explore this transformation. Not through belief, not through imitation, not through the authority of a teacher, but through your own direct seeing. If we can understand the movement of thought as it actually is— if we can watch the birth of the “me” from moment to moment— then perhaps there can be a radical revolution in awareness.

Such a revolution is not merely beneficial. It is essential. For only in the ending of the self is there the beginning of a different kind of life— a life free of conflict, free of fear, free of division, rooted in clarity and compassion.

This is the urgency of our time. And this is the essence of the journey we undertake in this book: to discover whether awareness— free of the interference of thought— can transform not only the individual mind, but humanity itself.

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*“You are the universe
becoming aware of itself—
until thought narrows the vastness
into the small word ‘me’.”*

*“The stars are silent,
yet in their silence
is the truth of all things.
A quiet mind hears it.”*

*“Where thought ends,
space begins—
and in that space
the infinite whispers.”*

*“Awareness is older than the stars,
yet it waits for you
in the stillness of this moment.”*

Beyond the ‘Me’ Lies Life

Without the ‘Me,’ Life Is the Cosmos

When the “me” is not,
when the centre with all its demands, fears, ambitions,
hurts, and memories is utterly quiet,
life reveals a completely different dimension.

The “me” is the distortion.
It is the screen through which we look at the world,
and because the screen is cracked, conditioned, limited,
everything we see is fragmented.

Where the “me” is,
there is conflict.
There is fear, comparison, loneliness, pursuit, sorrow.
The “me” lives in time—what has been and what must be—
and therefore, it can never meet life as it is.

But when the “me” ends—
not through effort, not through discipline,
not through belief or suppression,
but through the simple, clear seeing of its movement—
there comes a silence that is not cultivated,
a stillness that is not imposed.

In that silence
there is choiceless awareness.

Awareness without direction,
without motive,
without the observer looking over its own shoulder.
It is observation without the shadow of thought.

It is perception without the past interfering.

In that state of complete simplicity,
one begins to sense a vastness—
not mystical, not imagined,
but a fact.

One is no longer living in the narrow stream of personal
struggle.

One is part of something immeasurable.

You can call it the cosmos.
You can call it truth.
You can call it God.
Or you can call it nothing at all—
for the name has no significance.

What matters is the state of mind
in which the self is not.

Where the self is not,
compassion flowers naturally.

Compassion is not sentiment,
not charitable action,
not the product of thought.
It is the natural fragrance of a mind
that is not centred in itself.

Such a mind acts without conflict,
loves without demand,
sees without distortion.

In that intelligence,
there is no division—

between you and another,
between the observer and the observed,
between man and the cosmos.

Life then is not your life or my life.
It is life—
one movement,
one energy,
one immeasurable wholeness.

This wholeness cannot be sought,
cannot be practised,
cannot be named into existence.

It is there
when the “me” ends.

And the ending of the “me”
is the beginning of a life
that may be called cosmic,
holy,
sacred—
or simply
true.

Poem

When the “me” falls silent—
the “me” that measures,
compares,
remembers,
hungers,
and fears—
a different life begins.

Not the life of habit,
not the life shaped by yesterday's wounds,
not the life endlessly chasing
what tomorrow might bring.

But a life
as vast as the open sky,
as unbroken as the sea,
as simple as a leaf
falling without effort.

The "me" is the distortion—
the ripple that breaks the clarity of the water,
the noise that hides the music,
the shadow that mistakes itself
for the sun.

When that shadow ends,
when the centre with all its struggles
grows quiet,
there is only seeing—
pure, unclouded,
without the observer.

In that seeing
nothing is separate.
You are not apart from the world;
the world is not apart from you.

Life is one movement,
one breath,
one undivided flow.

You may call this wholeness
the cosmos,

or truth,
or God—
or call it nothing at all.

Names do not touch it.
Words cannot hold it.

It is the fragrance
of a mind without fear,
the stillness that comes
when thought has understood
its own limits.

From that stillness
compassion flowers—
spontaneous,
unpremeditated,
untouched by motive.

It acts without choosing,
loves without asking,
gives without calculation.

For where the “me” is not,
love simply is.

And the life that unfolds then
is not your life
or my life
but life itself—
immense,
timeless,
sacred,
whole.

When the “Me” Dissolves, Only the Infinite Remains

When the “me” grows quiet—
quiet not through effort,
not through discipline,
but quiet because it has seen
its own smallness—
a different universe opens.

The self is a tiny thing,
a flicker of memory
trying to stand against
the immensity of life.

It thinks it is the centre,
it believes it must control,
it imagines it must become.

But when the “me” ends,
when that centre loses its urgency,
loses its illusion of power,
the mind stands
in a vastness
it has never known.

A vastness older than the stars,
yet as fresh as a drop of rain.

Not mystical,
not imagined—
but simply
the natural state
of a mind without division.

In that stillness,

the boundaries of “you” and “I”
fade like starlight at dawn.

There is only
the movement of life—
limitless,
orderly,
unbroken.

A movement in which you are not separate,
not an observer standing outside the whole,
but the very expression
of that whole.

Call it cosmos,
call it truth,
call it God—
or call it nothing.
Its reality is untouched
by the word.

In this dimension
there is no centre.
And where there is no centre,
there is no fear.

The fears born of time,
the wounds carried across years,
the hunger for tomorrow—
all fall away
like dust shaken from the wings of a bird.

What remains
is an intelligence
that does not belong to any person.

A compassion
that is not yours or mine
but as vast as the night sky—
quiet,
inexhaustible,
untouched by motive.

From that compassion,
action flows
as naturally
as a star burns,
as wind moves,
as light travels.

This is the life
Man was meant to live—
a life without the walls of the self,
without the narrow corridors of becoming.

A life in choiceless awareness,
where perception is whole,
where the heart is unburdened,
where the mind is not separate
from the infinite order
that sustains all things.

Where the “me” is not,
the cosmos unfolds—
within you,
around you,
as you.

Where the Self Is Not, the Sacred Appears

Throughout human history, the sacred has been clothed in a thousand forms—

as God, Brahman, the One, the Tao, the Nameless.

Temples were built around it, scriptures declared it, rituals shaped it.

But behind all this, behind the chants, behind the devotion, behind the seeking, there lies a very simple fact:

Where the self is, the sacred cannot be.

Where the self is not, the sacred appears.

This is not a declaration of belief.

It is not a doctrine.

It is a fact that can be observed in the movement of one's own consciousness.

The self—this centre built of memory, fear, desire, hurt, and thought—

stands between the mind and what is immeasurable.

So long as the self operates,

the sacred becomes another image to pursue,

another projection of desire,

a creation of thought.

And thought, however subtle, cannot touch what is beyond time.

The question then is this:

Can the self come to an end?

Not through discipline,
not through suppression,
not through conformity to an ideal,
but through a total understanding of its movement?

This question has challenged humanity for centuries.
Religions have offered paths,
methods,
practices,
vows,
yogas,
penances.
But every path begins with the walker;
every method strengthens the one who practises it.
The self is the one who meditates,
the one who controls,
the one who perfects,
the one who aspires.
Thus, the self only becomes more refined,
more spiritual,
more entrenched.

It may change its shape,
but it remains the same structure.

Krishnamurti pointed to something radically different:
that any attempt to become free of the self
is the self running in circles.
The doer is the deed;
the thinker is thought;
the seeker is the movement of seeking.

To see this is to end the age-old illusion
that one can transform oneself through effort.

Where there is effort, the self hides.

Where there is discipline, the self becomes virtuous.

Where there is achievement, the self becomes spiritual.

And all this maintains separation.

So, how then does the self end?

Krishnamurti's extraordinary insight
lies precisely in this:

he did not offer a method,

a practice,

a system,

a path.

He did not say, "Do this and the self will dissolve."

He said simply:

Watch.

Observe.

See.

Not mechanically,

not meditatively in the traditional sense,

not with the hope of gaining something,

but with the openness of a mind

that has begun to understand its own limitations.

The self is not an entity.

It is a movement—

the movement of thought identifying itself with experience.

It is built moment to moment

through memory,

through comparison,

through fear,
through desire.
It thrives on continuity.
And it continues because we do not see its movement
completely.

To see the self completely
is the ending of the self.

This seeing is not an act of will.
It is not a matter of time.
You cannot say,
“I will dissolve the self tomorrow,”
because the one who says it
is the self.

You cannot practise
“Selflessness,”
because practice implies the practiser—
a continuity of the same centre.

Insight alone ends the self,
and insight is instantaneous.

Insight is the flame of choiceless awareness
that burns away the illusion
without effort.

Such insight comes when the mind is utterly still—
not made still by discipline,
but still because it has seen through the futility
of its own movement.

When the mind sees the whole structure of the self—
its fears, its escapes, its ambitions, its hurts—

not part by part,
but as a single movement—
then there is a silence
that the mind has not created.

In that silence of choiceless awareness
there is no centre.
No boundary.
No division.

And where there is no division,

there is compassion.

Not the compassion of sentiment
or emotional feeling,
but a compassion that is the very quality
of a mind without a centre.

This compassion is not “mine” or “yours.”
It does not belong to any tradition,
any religion,
any teacher.
It is not directed toward one person
and withheld from another.
It is not a virtue to be cultivated.

It is the natural fragrance
of a mind in which the self is not.

In such a mind,
action flows from clarity,
not from motive.
Relationship is free of conflict,
because there is nothing to defend.

Life is lived without the burden of becoming.

And in this freedom
the sacred appears—
not as an idea,
not as an experience,
not as an image to be worshipped,
but as an immense, living presence
that is compassion itself.

This is the beauty of a mind
where the self is not.

Everything is touched by light.
Everything is new.
Everything is sacred.

Here, God is not a belief.
God is not a conclusion.
God is not a reward waiting beyond death.

God is that compassionate intelligence
that fills the universe
but cannot enter a mind
occupied by the self.

When the self ends,
the sacred is.
This compassion is the sacred.
It has no image,
no centre,
no authority.

It is creation itself—
living, moving, breathing

through a mind that has become still.

And in that stillness
the old question—
“Who is God?”—
no longer has meaning.

For where the self is not,
the sacred is.

Poem

There is a place
where the self cannot enter—
a stillness so delicate
that even a whisper of becoming
breaks its fragrance.
It is the place
where the sacred begins.

Not in temples,
not in rituals,
not in scriptures carved by devoted hands,
but in the silent space
left behind
when the self subsides.

The self is a ceaseless builder—
it builds towers of memory,
walls of fear,
rooms filled with echoes of yesterday,
and corridors leading into tomorrow's dreams.
It decorates its chambers with words like
mine, my path, my truth, my God—
and having adorned its prison,

it calls it home.

Yet all along
the sacred waits
just outside the threshold—
unreachable
so long as the self guards the door.

For centuries
teachers have spoken
of surrender,
renunciation,
purification,
the slow wearing down
of ego's shape.

But every method
is a movement of the self,
every discipline
a refinement of its shadow,
every effort
another thread
woven into its continuity.

The self grows subtle,
gentle,
holy even—
but it remains.

It remains
as long as it seeks.

The ending of the self
is not the work of time.

It does not come
through years of meditation,
through promises made to heaven,
through pilgrimages in distant lands.

It ends
the moment you see
its entire movement—
the fears it hides behind courage,
the desires it conceals beneath virtue,
the wounds it protects with pride,
the pleasures it clings to as identity.

Choiceless Seeing is the ending.

Not slowly,
not gradually,
but like a candle blown out
in a single, effortless breath.

To see the self
is to watch thought
weaving itself into “me”—
a tapestry of memories,
fragments of pleasure,
rains of sorrow,
dreams of becoming.

To see without resistance,
without naming,
without trying to fix or shape—
to watch the whole river
of thought and feeling
without stepping into its waters—
is to let the self unfold

and dissolve
in the light of attention.

Complete attention
is the fire
in which the self burns away
without effort.

And what remains
when the self is silent?

A stillness
vast as dawn
before the first bird calls.
A quiet
so complete
that it holds the whole sky
without dividing it.

In that stillness
there is a gentleness
that does not belong to thought,
a tenderness
that does not choose its object.

It is compassion—
not the compassion that we cultivate,
not the compassion born of duty or religion,
but a compassion as natural
as the fragrance of a flower
blooming without witness.

Compassion is the absence
of the self.

When the self is not,
God is not a belief,
nor a concept,
nor an image carved by human longing.

God becomes
the very movement of compassion—
limitless,
undefended,
without the shadow of motive.

It is not “my” compassion
or “your” compassion.
It is not directed here
or withheld there.
It is not a virtue to be practised
nor a feeling to be cultivated.

It is the breath
of a mind
without a centre.

And in that breath
lies the sacred.

Not as a figure enthroned in heaven,
not as a power dispensing grace,
not as a reward for the pious—
but as a quiet radiance
filling every leaf,
every star,
every human face
when seen without the colouring of the self.

This radiance

is the origin of all creation,
the song behind wind,
the stillness behind mountains,
the immeasurable pulse
behind all things that live.

It has no beginning
and no end.
It needs no belief,
no seeker,
no priest.

It is revealed
only when the seeker dissolves.

To live without the self
is the greatest simplicity.
There is no burden of becoming,
no weight of fear,
no resistance to life's flow.

One moves
as the river moves—
not knowing yesterday,
not fearing tomorrow,
meeting each bend
with clarity and innocence.

The world shines
with unimagined colour
when seen through a mind
that carries nothing.

Every step
becomes an act of love.

Every breath
an expression of freedom.

Where the self ends,
the sacred begins.
And where the sacred begins,
life itself
becomes compassion.

Not a compassion that belongs to a person,
but compassion that is the person
when the person is gone.

This is the beauty
of a mind
where the self is not—

a mind transparent as the morning air,
quiet as moonlit water,
vast as the unfolding universe.

It is in this vastness
that God—
or that which is beyond all names—
touches the earth
through a human heart
free of itself.

The Cosmic Order

There is an order in the universe that is older than the stars.
Before the first atom spun in the dark silence of space,
before life rippled in the ancient seas,
before thought named the world,
there was an order—
vast, unbroken, immeasurable.

This order is not imposed.
It is not created by a deity,
nor discovered by philosophers,
nor captured by scriptures.
It is simply there—
as natural as a bird in flight,
as effortless as the movement of water,
as inevitable as dawn.

And within the human mind,
this same order expresses itself
as choiceless awareness.

Where Choiceless Awareness Begins

We must understand what choiceless awareness is not.

It is not a state one cultivates.
It is not the result of discipline.
It is not the opposite of confusion.
It is not born of practice, method, mantra, or system.

Choiceless awareness is the ending of choice—
choice not in the outer world but inwardly,
choice that arises from conflict,

choice that expresses division between
“What is” and “what should be.”

When this inner division ends,
awareness stands alone—
simple, direct, without distortion.

This awareness is not yours or mine.
It is not personal.
The personal mind is a fragment of time;
awareness is the movement of life itself.

Disorder Is the Movement of the ‘Me’

Wherever the “me” operates—
its fears, ambitions, wounds, memories, demands—
there is disorder.

The self is the essence of contradiction:
one part wanting, another resisting;
one part fearing, another pursuing;
one part clinging, another escaping.

This inner fragmentation
is the source of all psychological disorder.

A mind living in contradiction
cannot know order—
as a broken mirror cannot reflect clearly.

When the “me” quiets, even for a moment,
there is a different quality of attention—
a clarity free of motive.
This clarity is the doorway
to the order that is inherent, not made.

The Cosmic Order and Human Conflict

Look at the sky on a clear night.

The stars are not trying to outshine each other.

The galaxies do not compete.

The seasons do not strive to become something else.

A river does not wish to flow upward;

a tree does not envy another tree.

There is order without comparison,

movement without contradiction,

action without the burden of becoming.

This same cosmic order

is available to the human mind—

but only when the psychological self ends.

The cosmos has no centre;

the “me” is a false centre.

Where the false centre operates,

life turns into conflict.

Where the centre ends,

life flowers into order.

Awareness Without Choice Is the Flowering of Order

Choiceless awareness is not passive.

It is an extraordinarily active state—

active without effort,

vigilant without tension,

sensitive without fear.

In such awareness,
thought reveals its structure.
You see how it arises from memory,
how it repeats itself,
how it seeks security in illusion,
how it divides the world
into 'me' and 'not me'.

In watching this movement completely,
without wanting to change it,
thought naturally finds its rightful place.

Where thought ends its wrong movement,
order emerges.

This order is not created;
it is uncovered.

As a sculptor removes excess stone
to reveal the figure within,
awareness removes the noise of the self
to reveal the order that was always present.

Compassionate Intelligence

When there is order,
there is intelligence—
not the intelligence of knowledge or logic,
but an intelligence born of deep sensitivity.

This intelligence is compassion—
not sentiment,
not emotional reaction,
not charity,
but a profound, unbounded sensitivity

to the whole movement of life.

In choiceless awareness,
this compassion flowers naturally.
It does not belong to an individual;
it is not “my compassion.”

It is the compassion of life—
a universal intelligence
expressing itself through a quiet mind.

You may call this intelligence “God,”
or refuse the word entirely.
The word is not the thing.
The sacred is not in the name
but in the state of a mind
that is utterly free of itself.

When Awareness IS the Cosmos

When awareness is choiceless,
when the “me” is absent,
the boundary between the observer and the observed
disappears.

There is only seeing—
not the seer.
Only listening—
not the listener.
Only experiencing—
not the experiencer.

In this non-division,
the mind becomes vast—
not in measure,

but in depth and silence.

Then the order of the cosmos
is not something outside you;
you are that order.

Not metaphorically,
but as a fact.

The cosmos is orderly
because it has no psychological self.
When the human mind is free of the self,
it shares the same unfathomable order,
the same silence,
the same compassion,
the same intelligence.

This is the order of life.
This is the sacred that cannot be named.

The Ending Is the Beginning

When the self ends,
choiceless awareness begins.
Where choiceless awareness is,
compassion flowers.
Where compassion is,
order prevails.
Where order prevails,
the mind stands in the clarity
of the infinite.

And in that clarity
one touches something
immeasurable,

untouched by time,
untouched by thought.

Call it God,
call it truth,
call it the nameless.

Or call it nothing.

The name does not matter.
The seeing does.

There is an order
older than the first star,
quieter than dawn
before the birds wake,
wider than the silence
between two heartbeats.

It is the order
that holds galaxies in effortless flight,
that shapes the curve of a leaf,
that turns the tide
without ever asking why.

This order
is choiceless awareness—
the listening that has no centre,
the seeing that casts no shadow,
the stillness
in which the whole of life
moves as one.

Where the “me” begins,
disorder begins—
the small, trembling self
with its fears and comparisons,
its wounds and dreams,
its endless need
to become something
other than what is.

The self is a ripple
breaking the stillness of a lake,
a whisper that distorts
the transparency of the mind.

When that ripple fades,
when that whisper ends
in its own understanding,
the lake clears,
the mind becomes space,
and order—
the order not made by you or me—
appears like a sky
after long rain.

Look at the stars.

They do not choose to shine;
they shine.
They do not choose their path;
they move in an immense harmony
that needs no conductor.

This harmony
is the same in a bird’s wing,
in the birth of a cloud,

in the life and death of a forest.
And it is the same
in a mind
that is free of its own noise.

When choice ends,
when the mind stops dividing
one moment from the next,
one desire from another,
awareness becomes whole—
and wholeness is order.

In that order
there flowers a strange intelligence—
not of books,
not of reason,
not of memory.

It is the intelligence
of a dew drop holding the morning light,
of a child's laughter
breaking through sorrow,
of a single flame
burning without smoke.

This intelligence is compassion—
not given by thought,
not born of will,
not cultivated through effort.

It is the natural fragrance
of a mind that does not struggle
to become.

Where compassion is,

there is no “mine” and “yours,”
no high or low,
no centre to guard,
no boundary to defend.

Compassion has no opposite
because it belongs to no self.

You may call this compassion God.
You may call it truth.
You may refuse all names
and simply remain still.

The name makes no difference.
The flower blooms
whether you call it a flower
or say nothing at all.

What matters
is the blooming.

When the “me” ends,
awareness stands alone—
clear as the morning sky,
immense as the night without stars,
quiet as the breath
between two thoughts.

In that quietness
you are not separate
from the leaf trembling in the wind,
from the river bending around stone,
from the vastness
that holds all things.

In that quietness
you are the vastness.

This is the order of life—
choiceless,
effortless,
untouched by time.

This is the intelligence
that moves without direction,
that heals without intention,
that loves without motive.

This is the sacred
that needs no temple,
no prayer,
no belief.

It is here,
in this very moment,
when the mind is empty
and the heart is whole.

It is the order
that needs no maker;
the light
that needs no flame;
the silence
in which the infinite
becomes intimate.

A Dialogue

Questioner 1 (Student):

Sir, you often speak of choiceless awareness.
But what is it?
Is it merely a state of attention?
Or something deeper?

Answer:

Let us begin again, sir—not with definitions but with observation.

Can you look at that tree outside the window
without naming it,
without comparing it,
without saying, “I like it,” or “I don’t like it”?
Just look—completely.

In that looking, there is no choice.
There is only observation.
That is choiceless awareness.

But this is only the beginning.
Choiceless awareness is also the discovery
that where there is no centre,
there is order.

Physicist:

Are you suggesting, sir,
that choiceless awareness is related
to the very order we see in the universe—
in galaxies, planets, atoms?

Answer:

Yes, sir.

The cosmos has no psychological self.
It has no “I” opposing “what is.”
There is no ambition in a star,
no fear in a galaxy,
no conflict in the movement of seasons.
Its order is inherent—
not put together by thought.

The human mind, however,
has created a centre—
a “me”—
and this centre is the source of disorder.

When that centre is absent,
the mind falls into the natural order
that governs all life.
That order is choiceless awareness.

Questioner 2 (Monk):

Sir, in my tradition we cultivate awareness
through meditation, discipline, effort.
Is that not the path to this order?

Answer:

The moment you “cultivate,”
you introduce time.
Effort implies conflict, does it not?
The mind saying,
“I must be this,
I must not be that.”
All such effort strengthens the centre.

Choiceless awareness is not cultivated.

It unfolds only when the mind sees
the futility of effort.

When you see danger,
you do not practise running away—
you run.
Similarly, when you see the danger of the “me,”
the “me” ends instantly.

Where the “me” ends,
choiceless awareness begins.

Young Doctor:

Sir, you say awareness arises
when the self ends.
But in daily life
we are constantly choosing—
career, relationships, decisions.
How can one live without choice?

Answer:

We are speaking of inner choice, sir—
choice born of conflict,
choice born of desire,
choice born of fear.

Outwardly, you choose
whether to take a bus or a car,
whether to become a doctor or a carpenter.
But inwardly—
when you see something clearly—
is there choice?

When you see a snake,
you do not choose to run—
you run.

Where there is clarity,
there is no choice.
And choiceless awareness
is clarity without effort.

Scientist:

Sir, you say choiceless awareness
is an inherent order.
Is this order what religions call God?

Answer:

If you like, sir,
you may call it God.
But the word has been corrupted
by centuries of belief, fear, tradition, and authority.
The moment you name it,
you divide it.

What we are speaking about
is a compassionate intelligence—
vast, limitless, unbounded—
that arises only when the self ends.

It is not yours or mine.
It is not personal.
It is the intelligence of life itself—
the same intelligence
that moves the ocean
and brings a child into the world.

Whether you call this “God”
or refuse the word entirely
does not matter.
The name is not the sacred.

Student:

Sir, if choiceless awareness is the order of the cosmos,
why has humanity lived in disorder
for thousands of years?

Answer:

Because we cherish the “me,” sir.
We cling to it
like a child to his toy.
The self promises security—
but gives only fear.
It promises pleasure—
but gives only sorrow.
It promises continuity—
but gives only conflict.

We have never questioned the self
with the seriousness
with which we question
our jobs or our health.

To question the self
is to question the whole structure
of human consciousness.
Very few want to look that deeply—
because looking deeply
ends the one who looks.

Monk:

Sir, can the self really end?
Or is that another ideal?

Answer:

When you watch anger
the moment it arises,
without naming it,
without resisting it,
without escaping—
what happens?

There is only the movement itself—
not a separate observer.
In that instant
anger ends.

The observer is the observed.
When this is seen
not intellectually
but factually,
the centre dissolves.

And in that dissolution
there is immense energy,
immense clarity,
immense compassion.

That compassion is choiceless awareness.

Physicist:

Sir, you speak of compassion
as an intelligence.
Is compassion the highest expression
of this cosmic order?

Answer:

Sir, compassion is not sentiment,
not emotion,
not tender feeling.
Compassion is the absence of the centre.
It is the flowering
of a mind that is quiet.

A mind that is quiet
is not dead—
on the contrary,
it is extraordinarily alive,
sensitive,
alert.

In that sensitivity
there is love—
not the love of attachment
or desire
or memory—
but a love
that holds all life
as one movement.

This love
is the order of the cosmos.
It is the order of life.
It is choiceless awareness.

Young Doctor:

Sir, how does this awareness
operate in daily life?

Answer:

When the mind is attentive—
not forced,
not disciplined,
but naturally attentive—
your actions flow from clarity,
not from confusion.

You speak without hurt.
You listen without reaction.
You see without prejudice.
You act without conflict.

This is not an ideal.
It is the natural outcome
of a mind that has understood itself.

And that mind—
free of its own noise—
moves in the same order
that moves the stars.

Student:

Sir, is this order permanent?

Answer:

Nothing permanent can be alive.

Permanence is the invention of thought.

What matters
is not its duration
but its quality—
the quality of a mind
that meets each moment
without the burden of yesterday.

In that timeless movement
there is choiceless awareness.
And in that awareness
the sacred may enter.

Scientist:

Sir, may we ask one last question?
Are you saying that the universe
is aware through us
when we are choicelessly aware?

Answer:

When the mind is quiet,
completely still,
without the movement of the self,
then awareness is not yours.
It is the movement of life
through a still mind.

Then you do not look at the universe—
you are the universe looking at itself.

This is not mysticism.
It is the deepest truth

a human being can perceive.

A mind free of the “me”
is part of the cosmic order—
the order that needs no name,
no belief,
no authority.

A mind that holds this silence
moves in compassion.
And compassion
is the highest intelligence.

Where choiceless awareness is,
the self is not.
Where the self is not,
the sacred is.

This is the order of life—
immense,
silent,
boundless.

Let us live in that silence
and discover
whether the universe itself
may whisper through us.

Choiceless awareness is one of the most misunderstood yet profoundly transformative insights in human awareness. It has been mistaken for a technique, a form of meditation, a method of observation, or a cultivated mental state. Yet choiceless awareness is none of these. It is not something to

be achieved. It is not the outcome of discipline. It is not born of will, effort, or determination. It is the natural flowering of a mind that has come to understand itself completely.

To understand choiceless awareness, we must first understand choice.

Choice exists only when the mind is confused. When you see clearly, there is no choice; there is only action. When danger is perceived, you do not choose to run—you run. When love is present, you do not choose to care—you care. Only in confusion does thought hesitate, argue, justify, compare, struggle, and choose.

Choice is the symptom of conflict.

Awareness—true awareness—is the ending of conflict.

The Nature of Awareness

Awareness is the simple act of observing what is happening within and around you. This observation is not intellectual, not analytical, not driven by motive. It is direct, immediate, unclouded by memory or desire. Awareness means to watch the movement of the mind, the movement of thoughts, the movement of emotions, without trying to reshape them, without condemning or justifying, without judging or comparing.

To observe anger the moment it arises—without naming it, without suppressing it, without rationalising it—is awareness.

To watch pleasure without the desire to hold it, to watch fear without the impulse to escape, to watch sorrow without self-pity—that is awareness.

But this is still partial, still incomplete.

When awareness is complete—when it has no direction, no centre, no motive—it becomes choiceless.

The Observer Is the Observed

The key to choiceless awareness lies in understanding the nature of the observer.

We imagine that there is a watcher inside us—an “I” who observes thoughts, who judges emotions, who decides what to hold and what to discard. This inner watcher appears separate from what it observes. But the watcher is itself part of the movement of thought.

The “I” who says “I am afraid”
is itself a product of memory.

The “I” who says “I must control my anger”
is still a projection of thought.

The “observer”
is made of the same substance
as the “observed.”

The observer is the past;
the observed is also the past.

When this is seen—not as an idea, but as a living fact—the division collapses.

What remains is only the movement itself—anger without the “I” who is angry, fear without the “I” who suffers, sorrow without the “I” who carries sorrow.

This is the moment awareness becomes choiceless.

Where there is no observer,
there can be no chooser.

The Ending of Choice

Choice is psychological movement:
Should I?
Should I not?
Is this right?
Is that wrong?
Will this give me pleasure?
Will that cause pain?

Choice is rooted in motive, in desire, in fear.
A mind that is choosing is a mind in conflict.

Choiceless awareness ends this conflict because it ends the
centre that chooses. When the observer dissolves, choice
dissolves. What remains is perception—pure perception.

Perception is action.
Where perception acts, thought does not interfere.
Where perception acts, there is no remorse, no doubt, no
anxiety, no resistance.

Choiceless awareness is the flowering of perception.
It is seeing without the screen of thought,
seeing without the weight of memory,
seeing without the shadow of the past.

Order Without Effort

The self—the psychological centre—creates disorder:

its fears, its ambitions, its constant comparisons, its endless pursuit of becoming.

It is this self that demands continuity, security, recognition, domination.

As long as this self operates, there must be conflict.

Choiceless awareness is the ending of the self.

When the mind is quiet, still, unburdened by the noise of the “me,” there is a natural, effortless order. This order is not cultivated. It is not the result of discipline. It is the inherent order of life itself. It is the same order observable in nature—the movement of stars, the rhythm of oceans, the unfolding of a flower.

Disorder is created by thought.

Order arises when thought ends its interference.

Choiceless awareness is the state in which thought functions only where necessary and is silent otherwise. In that silence, there is order.

The Intelligence of the Cosmos

In choiceless awareness, the mind touches a dimension that is not personal. There is perception without the perceiver, understanding without the interpreter, love without the lover. This is not mystical; it is natural. When the self ends, a vast, compassionate intelligence begins to operate.

This intelligence is not yours or mine.

It is universal—

the intelligence of life itself.

When the mind is free of its own noise, the intelligence of the cosmos flows through it. This intelligence acts appropriately, without conflict, without motive, without effort. It is sensitive, compassionate, orderly, creative.

You may call this intelligence “God,”
or you may use no word at all.
The name is irrelevant.

The intelligence itself is sacred.

The Sacredness of Choiceless Awareness

Choiceless awareness is not a technique of meditation; it is meditation.

It is not a method; it is a way of living.

It is not something that happens in isolation; it touches every aspect of life.

A mind that is choicelessly aware lives gently, listens deeply, sees clearly.

It meets sorrow without resistance, pleasure without attachment, and death without fear.

Such a mind does not carry the burden of becoming.

It meets life moment to moment, without the shadow of yesterday.

In that state, every perception is fresh,
every relationship is new,
every moment is whole.

Choiceless awareness is freedom—
freedom from the self,
freedom from fear,
freedom from conflict.

And in that freedom,
life becomes sacred.

The One Flame Behind All Seeing

Choiceless awareness is not something rare, not a privilege
of the few.

It is the simplest thing—
the art of watching without the watcher.

And because it is simple,
the mind overlooks it.

But for the one who sees,
choiceless awareness opens a door
to an unbounded reality.
It reveals the order of the cosmos
within the quietness of one's own mind.

It is compassion without motive,
intelligence without centre,
love without boundary.

It is the flame that burns
without smoke.

The Science of Choiceless Awareness

Choiceless awareness is often regarded as a mystical state,
the outcome of deep meditation or spiritual discipline. Yet
when examined carefully, it reveals itself as a profoundly
scientific phenomenon—one that intersects with the

functioning of the brain, the laws of physics, the evolution of consciousness, and the inherent order of the universe itself.

Science, when not confined by belief, points toward the same fundamental truth:

there exists an order deeper than thought,
a clarity beyond conditioning,
an intelligence not born of memory.

This deeper order is what Krishnamurti called choiceless awareness.

The Brain and the Burden of Choice

Modern neuroscience recognizes that most of what we call “choice” is not conscious at all.

The brain operates through countless unconscious processes—sensory integration, emotional reactions, memory retrieval, predictive modelling. By the time we experience ourselves as “choosing,” the brain has already produced the impulse.

Choice, in this sense, is an afterthought.

Functional MRI studies show that:

- The brain initiates action before conscious awareness of decision.
- Emotional centres react before rational centres interpret.
- Memory networks distort perception to maintain psychological continuity.

Thus, psychological choice is not freedom; it is conditioning repeating itself.

We choose because we are divided:
between opposing desires,
between fear and longing,
between what is and what should be.

Choice is the brain's attempt to resolve conflict within an already fragmented system.

When there is no fragmentation,
choice becomes unnecessary.

This aligns perfectly with Krishnamurti's statement:

“Where there is clarity, there is no choice.”

The Observer as an Illusion of Neural Activity

Neuroscience has dismantled the idea of a central “self” or “observer” inside the brain.

There is no single region that corresponds to “I.”

Instead, the self is a construct—
a networked illusion created by:

- the default mode network (DMN)
- autobiographical memory circuits
- language regions generating internal narration
- emotional evaluation centres

The observer—the one who says “I am angry,” “I am afraid,” “I must choose”—is a neurological process, not an entity.

Krishnamurti's insight mirrors this:

“The observer is the observed.”

Anger is a neural event.

The “I who is angry” is another neural event.
Separating them creates distortion.

When the brain sees the structure of this illusion clearly,
the observer collapses.

With the collapse of the observer,
the division between “me” and “my experience” ends,
and awareness becomes choiceless.

Choiceless Awareness and Cognitive Order

In a state of confusion, the prefrontal cortex and limbic system are in constant tug-of-war.
Fear generates impulses;
thought generates rationalizations;
memory generates biases.

This is psychological noise.

However, when awareness is total and without preference,
a remarkable shift occurs:

- Limbic activity quietens.
- The prefrontal cortex stops projecting futures.
- Sensory networks synchronize.
- The default mode network (the “self-making machinery”) deactivates.

The brain moves from fragmentation to coherence.

This coherence is not manufactured; it arises spontaneously
when the mind stops interfering with its own activity.

In neuroscience, this is known as neural integration— a state
where all parts of the brain communicate harmoniously

without any single region dominating.

This integrated order is indistinguishable from what Krishnamurti described as the natural order of choiceless awareness.

The Universe as an Order Without Choice

Choiceless awareness is not merely psychological. It reflects a fundamental principle of physics.

Look at the universe:

- Stars ignite without desire.
- Galaxies rotate without conflict.
- Electrons move in probabilistic harmony.
- Biological systems self-organize without central control.

This is order without a chooser.

Self-organization theory, chaos theory, and quantum mechanics all show that order emerges naturally in complex systems without any external agent.

Life, too, evolved not through choice but through inherent cosmic order.

The human mind, being part of the same universe, is intended to move in this order.

Disorder arises only when thought—which is limited, fragmentary, time-bound—tries to dominate the vastness of consciousness.

When thought ends its interference, the mind falls back into the same effortless order

observed in nature.

This state is choiceless awareness.

Evolutionary Biology and the False Centre

Evolution gave the brain certain survival tools:

- quick threat detection
- memory of danger
- reward-seeking behaviour
- tribal conditioning

These mechanisms were essential for survival in the wild.
But they created a sense of a separate self—
a centre that must protect itself at all costs.

This centre—the psychological “I”— is the result of
evolutionary conditioning, not cosmic design.

It fractures perception into “me” and “not me,” creating fear,
desire, conflict, and choice.

But the brain has also evolved the capacity for:

- meta-cognition
- self-observation
- awareness without reaction

This higher function allows the mind to see its own
conditioning.

When the mind clearly observes its conditioned reactions
without resisting them or identifying with them,
there is a profound biological shift: the old, reactive
pathways become quiet, and a new intelligence—
unconditioned, integrated, compassionate—begins to

operate. This is the biological foundation of choiceless awareness.

The Emergence of Compassionate Intelligence

Compassion is not sentimental.

It is a highly evolved state of neural coherence and psychological wholeness.

Scientific studies show:

- Compassion activates networks responsible for empathy and self-regulation.
- It reduces activity in fear centres like the amygdala.
- It increases synchrony across diverse brain regions.
- It promotes clarity, creativity, and insight.

But compassion cannot be cultivated through will.

Will is a function of the self, and the self is the root of fragmentation.

Compassion emerges naturally
when the self is absent.

This is why Krishnamurti said:

“Compassion is the highest intelligence.”

It is an intelligence not bound by memory or desire.
It is global, integrative, non-fragmented.

In scientific terms, choiceless awareness is the state in which the brain operates in maximum coherence— and this expresses itself as compassion.

Choiceless Awareness: A Unified Scientific Model

Putting the pieces together:

- Neuroscience shows that the observer is an illusion.
- Cognitive science shows that choice is the symptom of conflict.
- Physics shows that the universe operates without a chooser.
- Biology shows that the self is a survival construct.
- Systems theory shows that order emerges naturally without control.

Thus, choiceless awareness is not mystical. It is the natural state of a mind that has ended the false centre—the psychological “me.”

When the self ends:

- the brain becomes coherent
- perception becomes clear
- action becomes intelligent
- compassion becomes natural
- life moves without conflict

This state reflects the deepest order of the cosmos— an order that existed long before the human brain, an order that permeates all life.

Choiceless awareness is the mind aligned with that order.

The Sacred Through the Lens of Science

When the brain is silent,
not through suppression
but through understanding,
something extraordinary appears.

It is not mystical.
It is not supernatural.
It is not the product of belief.

It is a quality of perception
that is limitless,
boundaryless,
timeless.

Science cannot name it,
philosophy cannot describe it,
religion cannot claim it.

It is the state of a mind
in complete harmony
with the universe that created it.

This harmony is choiceless awareness.
And this awareness is sacred.

Choiceless Awareness

To understand awareness without the interference of thought,
one must first see clearly
how deeply thought has intruded into every corner of our lives.

Thought has taken possession of our emotions,
our relationships,
our pleasures,
our fears,
our idea of the world,
and our image of ourselves.
It has become the centre from which we look,
judge,
react,
and act.

Yet thought itself is a fragment—
a movement of memory,
a residue of experience,
a shadow of the past projecting itself as the future.

And from a fragment
we attempt to look at the whole of life.

This is the root of confusion.

We try to feel love through thought,
to touch beauty through thought,
to understand sorrow through thought.
But thought is a tool—
extraordinary and necessary in its own field—

yet hopelessly inadequate
when it enters the realm of relationship and perception.

Thought can build a house,
perform surgery,
solve complex equations;
but it cannot touch the depth of a tear,
the immensity of a sunset,
or the delicate fragrance of compassion.

When thought interferes,
it brings division.
It creates the observer
separate from the observed,
the thinker apart from the thought,
the experiencer divided from the experience.

And where there is division
there must be conflict.

So, the question is not
how to suppress thought,
nor how to control it,
shape it,
or force it into silence.
All such efforts belong again to thought
and therefore, only strengthen the “me”
which is itself the cause of disturbance.

What matters is to see—
to see the movement of thought as it arises,
without choice,
without condemnation,
without the desire to hold or avoid it.

This very seeing
brings about a different quality of mind.

When you watch a bird in flight,
you do not correct its movement;
you simply observe.
Your observation does not burden the sky.
In the same way,
when thought arises—
as a memory,
as an image,
as a word—
you watch.

This watchfulness is not effort.
Effort belongs to conflict.
Awareness is without conflict,
without direction,
without motive.

It is like light:
it illumines whatever is there.

In this light,
thought begins to reveal its structure—
how it springs from yesterday,
how it repeats itself endlessly,
how it seeks security
in beliefs,
conclusions,
identities,
and escapes.

As this seeing deepens,
a peculiar thing happens.

Thought slows down.
Not because you force it,
but because you are giving it total attention.

Attention is like flame;
it burns away the unnecessary.
It brings order without discipline.

In that attention,
thought realises its limitation.
It sees it cannot go beyond certain boundaries—
the boundary of its own past.

When thought sees its own limit
and remains within its proper place,
there awakens a different intelligence—
not cleverness,
not knowledge,
but an intelligence born of silence.

This silence is not cultivated.
It is not the silence of withdrawal,
nor the silence created by control.
It is the silence that comes naturally
when the chatter of thought has ended.

In that silence,
awareness flowers.

It is awareness without a centre,
without the observer,
without the screen of memory.

Awareness then is not “my awareness”;
it is awareness—

like space,
like light,
like a breeze passing through leaves.

In this awareness,
the mind is extraordinarily alive.

It is sensitive to colour,
to movement,
to the cry of a child,
to the sorrow behind a smile,
to the beauty of a lone tree in the evening light.

It listens without comparison,
sees without naming,
feels without the distortion of motive.

And from this sensitivity
arises a responsibility—
not the responsibility imposed by society,
but an inner responsibility
to care for life in all its forms,
to act without violence,
to live without division.

Such a mind knows what love is.

Love is not within the domain of thought.
It is not caught in the nets of pleasure or fear.
It arises when thought is quiet,
as a fragrance arises when the flower is untouched.

To live with such awareness
is to live without psychological conflict.
It is to meet life as it comes—

fresh, new, unburdened by the past.

This is thought-free living—
not the absence of thought in the practical field,
but the freedom from its interference
in the field of relationship and perception.

In this freedom
life becomes an unbroken movement of understanding.
Each moment teaches;
each encounter reveals;
each breath carries the vitality of the whole.

And the mind,
uncluttered by the noise of becoming,
awakens to an immeasurable vastness.

It stands alone,
yet not isolated;
silent,
yet fully alive;
empty,
yet containing the whole sky.

This is awareness
without the interference of thought.

Dialogue in the Spirit of J. Krishnamurti

The Foundations of Seeing

To look without motive is the beginning of freedom.

Chapter 1 — The Invitation to Look

Questioner 1:

Sir, all my life I have lived in confusion.
My mind is always chattering,
always comparing,
always wanting.
Is awareness truly possible
for someone like me?

Answer:

Let us begin by asking:
What is the mind doing right now?

Is it listening?
Or is it translating?

Questioner 1:

It is partly listening,
partly translating what you say
into my own ideas.

Answer:

Then you are not listening.
You are listening to your own noise.

To listen
is to be free of yourself
even for a second.

Questioner 1:

But how can the mind suddenly be free?

Answer:

Sir, freedom is not gradual.
You are either free or not.
You cannot be partially free
just as you cannot be partially alive.

Begin by listening wholly
for one instant.

That instant opens the door
to a different dimension.

Chapter 2 — The Active Barrier: The “Me”

The self is noise pretending to be music.

Questioner 2:

Sir, you say the self is the problem.
But the self is all I know.
My name, my preferences, my memories—
Are these not necessary?

Answer:

We are not denying the functional self:
the ability to drive a car,
speak a language,
recall your home.

We are questioning
the psychological self—
the self that clings,
possesses,
compares,
and fears.

This psychological self
is merely a bundle of memories
demanding continuity.

Questioner 2:

But without continuity
life seems empty.

Answer:

On the contrary.
Continuity is the very cause
of inner emptiness.

You try to fill emptiness
with continuity,
but continuity itself
is the emptiness.

Chapter 3 — Thought's Wrong Turn

Thought is a tool that forgot it was a tool.

Questioner 3:

Sir, thought seems to dominate everything—
relationship, fear, desire.
Why does thought enter these areas
where it creates so much disturbance?

Answer:

Thought enters because
you have given it authority.

You have made thought into a master
instead of a servant.

Thought is marvellous
in the field of technology,
science,
language,
medicine.

But when you ask thought to guide love,
or to dictate action in relationship,
you are asking a carpenter
to perform surgery.

Naturally there is blood.

Questioner 3:

Then why don't we see this clearly?

Answer:

Because seeing
requires freedom from desire.
And desire clouds perception.

The Flame of Attention

Chapter 4 — Watching Thought Without the Watcher

Where the watcher ends, clarity begins.

Observer:

Sir, when I observe myself,
there is an observer watching.
This observer itself seems to create division.

How is one to observe

without an observer?

Answer:

The observer is the observed.

Please see this
not as an idea
but as a fact.

The observer—
the “I” who watches—
is made of thought.
Thought trying to watch thought
creates division.

But when you see
the anger itself is the observer,
the division ends instantly.

Observer:

But sir, this feels like a paradox.

Answer:

Only because thought
tries to understand it.

Thought cannot understand
its own limitation.
Only awareness can.

Chapter 5 — Attention Without Effort

*Effort divides; attention gathers everything into one
movement.*

Questioner 1:

Sir, is attention a form of discipline?

Answer:

Attention is the absence of effort.

Effort always implies
a contradiction—
the desire to be something other
than what you are.

In effort,
there is conflict.

In attention,
there is harmony.

Attention is a flame
that burns without smoke.

Questioner 1:

But how does one sustain attention?

Answer:

Why should it be sustained?
Anything sustained becomes mechanical.

Attention happens
when there is interest.

Find out what prevents interest—
fear, boredom, distraction—
and attention blooms naturally.

The Ending of Illusion

Chapter 6 — The Ending of Psychological Thought

Illusion ends when the mind stops defending it.

Questioner 2:

Sir, can psychological thought end?
Or is the self eternal?

Answer:

The self is as eternal
as your shadow.
It exists only as long
as there is light behind you.

When you face reality
directly,
the shadow disappears.

Questioner 2:

So, the self ends in seeing?

Answer:

Yes.
But not in your seeing.
Seeing happens when the “you”
is not there.

Chapter 7 — The Doorway to the Sacred

The sacred is found only in a mind that is utterly simple.

Observer:

Sir, sometimes
in deep stillness
there is a sense of vastness,
a presence that cannot be described.

Is that the sacred?

Answer:

Do not name it.
The moment you name it
you divide it.

The sacred cannot be sought.
It comes when the mind
is utterly quiet
because it has seen
the whole movement
of its own disorder.

The sacred is not an experience.
Experiences belong to the experiencer.
And the experiencer is the self.

The sacred comes
when the self ends.

Chapter 8 — The Ground of Being

When knowledge falls silent, being reveals itself.

Questioner 3:

Sir, is there a ground
beyond awareness?
Something absolute?

Answer:

When the mind is free of the known,
there is a different state—
a state untouched by time.

But do not try to reach it.
The very attempt
projects the known
into the unknown.

It is only when the mind
ceases to chase
its own projections
that the unknown
touches the mind.

One does not move towards truth.
Truth comes
when the mind is still.

Living Without the Self

Chapter 9 — Intelligence in Daily Life

Intelligence acts where thought hesitates.

Questioner 1:

Sir, how does all this
help in daily living—
work, relationships,
family responsibilities?

Answer:

When thought is quiet,
clarity acts.
Not “you” acting through clarity—
clarity itself acts.

A mind that sees without distortion
knows what to do
in each moment.

That is intelligence.

Questioner 1:

But is such intelligence practical?

Answer:

The practical is born of clarity.
Confusion is never practical.

Chapter 10 — Love Without the Self

Love is the flame in which the self disappears.

Observer:

What is love in this state of awareness?

Answer:

Love is not thought,
not remembrance,
not attachment.

Love is not desire,
not pleasure,
not dependency.

Love is when the self is absent.

In love,
there is no “one who loves.”
There is only love.

A mind free of the self
is a mind capable of compassion—
which is the highest intelligence.

Chapter 11 — Death, the End of Becoming

To die to yesterday is to be born to this moment.

Questioner 2:

Sir, what is death in terms of awareness?

Answer:

Death is the ending of continuity.
The ending of the stream of the self.

To die every day
to your hurts,
fears,
pleasures,
attachments—

That is to live with death.
And in dying each day
there is renewal,
freshness,
innocence.

The Eternal Now

Chapter 12 — The Immeasurable Silence

Silence is not the absence of sound, but the absence of the self.

Observer:

Sir, after all this discussion,
may we ask—

What is awareness without the interference of thought
in one breath?

Answer:

It is a state
in which the mind listens
to the movement of life
without the echo of yesterday.

It is the silence
in which thought realises
its limitation
and steps aside.

It is the clarity
that needs no authority.

It is the stillness
from which compassion flows.

It is the vast emptiness
in which the universe
is reflected without distortion.

It is the end

of the observer.

And in that ending
is the beginning
of the timeless.

The Unmasking of Fear and Desire

Chapter 13 — The Root of Fear

Fear lives in the shadow of tomorrow.

Psychiatrist:

Sir, I work with fear every day.
People are paralysed by it—
fear of loss, loneliness, failure,
of not becoming something.
How does awareness meet fear?

Answer:

To meet fear,
you must not run away from it.

Running away
is interference by thought.

What happens when you do not run,
do not analyse,
do not suppress?

Psychiatrist:

Fear intensifies.

Answer:

Only because you are secretly resisting.

Let us do it now.

Observe fear
as you would watch a bird in the sky.

(A silence fills the room.)

Psychiatrist:

There is a trembling...
a tightening in the chest.

Answer:

Stay with it.
Do not name it.
Do not escape.

When you do not name fear,
you are no longer looking through the past.

Then fear is not “my fear”—
it is fear.

Fear as a fact,
not as “mine.”

Psychiatrist:

Something changes when I do that.
There is a distance.

Answer:

No, sir.
Not distance—
space.

Fear unfolds in space
without the interference of the “me.”

And in that space
fear ends.

Fear ends
when the observer ends.

Chapter 14 — Pleasure: The Sweet Poison

Pleasure becomes sorrow the moment thought clings to it.

Questioner 1:

Sir, you said fear and desire are linked.
How?

Answer:

From pleasure
comes the fear of losing pleasure.

Pleasure remembered
becomes desire.

Desire unfulfilled
becomes fear.

This is one movement.

Questioner 1:

But what is wrong with pleasure?

Answer:

Nothing—
until thought enters.

The moment thought says,
“Tomorrow I must have this again,”
pleasure becomes bondage.

Pleasure becomes the seed
of sorrow.

Questioner 1:

So is the solution
to deny pleasure?

Answer:

Denial is the other side of pursuit.
Both are the movement of thought.

The key is to see pleasure
without the interference of thought.

Then pleasure is a flower—
not a chain.

Chapter 15 — Sorrow and the Ending of Time

Sorrow is the cry of a mind unwilling to let go.

Observer:

Sir, you speak of ending fear and pleasure.
But sorrow seems deeper,
more ancient.
Can sorrow end?

Answer:

What is sorrow?

Is it not the cry of the self
for continuity?

When someone you love dies,
the sorrow is not for them—
it is for yourself:
your loneliness,
your emptiness,
your shattered image.

Observer:

That is hard to admit.

Answer:

Honesty is the beginning of freedom.

Sorrow is the shadow of the self.
When the self ends—
sorrow ends instantly.

Not tomorrow.
Not gradually.

Immediately.

Chapter 16 — Conflict Is the Self

Where the 'me' is, conflict must be.

Questioner 2:

Sir, is conflict inevitable in humans?

Answer:

As long as the self exists—
conflict is inevitable.

Because the self
is the essence of division.

The self says:
“I am this,
I must become that.”
“I want this,
I fear that.”
“I must win,
he must lose.”

Where there is division
there must be conflict.

Ending conflict
means ending the centre
that divides.

Questioner 2:

Is that not a terrifying thing—
to end the centre?

Answer:

Only for the centre.
Not for the mind.

Chapter 17 — Authority and the Birth of Disorder

To follow another is to abandon oneself.

New Questioner:

Sir, why do we seek authority—
spiritual, political, psychological?

Answer:

Because we are afraid
to stand alone.

To stand alone
requires tremendous clarity.

The mind seeks authority
as an escape
from its own confusion.

But authority—
whether of a guru,
scripture,
tradition—
breeds imitation,
not understanding.

New Questioner:

Then is discipline wrong?

Answer:

Imposed discipline is always wrong.
It shapes the mind
according to the pattern of another.

But a mind that observes itself
has its own order—
a discipline born of insight,
not enforcement.

Chapter 18 — The Art of Listening

True listening happens when the past is quiet.

Questioner 1:

Sir, earlier you said
listening is the first step.
What is real listening?

Answer:

Listening without the interpreter.

Can you listen without the translation
of memory,
bias,
opinion?

Try it now.
Listen to the bird outside.
Do not name it.
Do not judge the sound.

Just listen.

(They listen.)

In that pure listening,
there is no listener.

Where the listener is absent—
silence begins.

Chapter 19 — Meditation Without the Meditator

Meditation is the flowering of a mind that is not seeking.

Monk:

Sir, I have meditated for forty years.
I seek peace.
But my mind still wanders.
What is true meditation?

Answer:

Meditation is not practice.
Practice strengthens the meditator,
and the meditator is the self.

True meditation
is the ending of the self.

It is choiceless awareness
of the whole movement of thought.

Meditation is not concentration.
A concentrated mind is a narrow mind.

Meditation is vast—
like the sky.

Only a mind free of effort
can meditate.

Chapter 20 — The Cosmic Order and the Human Mind

The universe breathes in harmony; only the self resists.

Scientist:

Sir, as a physicist,
I am struck by the order in the cosmos—
galaxies, atoms, energy fields.
But the human mind
seems deeply disordered.

Why this contradiction?

Answer:

Because the cosmos has no psychological self.
The cosmos operates without becoming.
It is movement without a centre.

Man has created a centre—
the “me”—
which demands permanence
in an impermanent universe.

This contradiction
is the root of disorder.

To live in harmony with the cosmos
is to live without the self.

Scientist:

Is that the highest form of intelligence?

Answer:

Yes.
When the self ends,
the mind aligns
with the order of the universe.

Chapter 21 — The Flame That Burns Away Illusion

Awareness is a flame that does not cast a shadow.

Awareness is a flame
that burns without smoke.
When that flame is bright—
thought finds its place.

Fear dissolves.
Sorrow ends.
Desire becomes simple.
Pleasure no longer binds.
Conflict evaporates.
Authority becomes unnecessary.

Meditation becomes natural.
Compassion flowers.

And the mind
falls into harmony
with the order of the cosmos.

In that harmony
there is a sacredness—
not created by man,
not imagined,
but real as sunlight.

This is awareness
without the interference of thought.

**The Sacred, the Unknown, and the Ending of
the Psychological Universe**

Chapter 22 — The Threshold of the Unknown

The unknown enters only through a door left open by silence.

New Questioner:

Sir, there is talk everywhere of the unknown—
the soul, higher self, enlightenment.
Are these real,
or are they projections of thought?

Answer:

Anything named by thought
is already within the field of the known.

The unknown cannot be approached
through belief or imagination.

It is only when the known ends
that the unknown begins.

New Questioner:

Then must the mind be empty?

Answer:

Empty of psychological content—
not of knowledge,
not of practical skill,
but empty of the self
that gathers experience like treasure.

Only such a mind
can come to the threshold
of the unknown.

Chapter 23 — The Ending of the Psychological Universe

When the centre collapses, the universe is near.

Scientist:

Sir, from the perspective of physics,
the universe is vast, expanding, measurable.
But you speak of something
beyond measurement.
What is this “immeasurable”?

Answer:

The measurable
is within time.
The immeasurable
is outside time.

The psychological universe—
your fears, your ambitions, your memories—
is entirely within time.

When that psychological universe ends,
the immeasurable enters the mind.

Scientist:

Is the ending of the psychological universe
the ending of time?

Answer:

Psychological time—
the movement of becoming—
ends.

Clock time remains,
but the inner movement of becoming
completely stops.

In that cessation
there is an explosion of stillness.

Chapter 24 — Silence: The Doorway to the Sacred

Only a still mind can touch the timeless.

Questioner 1:

Sir, you often speak of silence.
Not the silence of the environment,
but an inner silence.
What is this silence?

Answer:

Silence is the absence of the observer.

When thought ends its interference
through understanding,
not suppression,
a silence blossoms
which is not produced by effort.

This silence is the ground
in which the sacred may appear.

Questioner 1:

Is this silence permanent?

Answer:

Nothing living is permanent.
But in that silence
there is no question of duration.

Silence is not in time.

Chapter 25 — The Sacred and the Profane

The sacred is profaned the moment it is named.

Monk:

Sir, in all traditions
the sacred is separate from daily living.
The sacred is in rituals, temples, scriptures.
You say something different.

Answer:

The sacred is profaned
the moment it is enclosed by thought.

Temples and rituals
can only hold symbols,
not the sacred.

The sacred is not a thing;
it is a state of mind
that is incapable of violence,
incapable of distortion.

A mind that is utterly still,
utterly humble,
utterly free—

such a mind is the sacred.

Not the stone,
not the image,
not the word.

Monk:

But are you saying
all religion is false?

Answer:

Organised religion is the betrayal
of the sacred.

Truth is a pathless land.

Chapter 26 — The Movement of Creation

Creation flows where the self is not.

Artist:

Sir, as an artist
I sometimes feel a moment of creation
that does not come from thought.
It is like a lightning flash.
What is that?

Answer:

Creation is not invention.
Invention comes from skill,
training,
accumulated knowledge.

Creation comes when the mind is quiet.

In that quietness
something vast
moves through the mind.

The mind becomes an instrument—
not the creator.

Artist:

Is that inspiration?

Answer:

No.

Inspiration still implies a centre
being inspired.

In creation
there is no centre.

Only the act.

Chapter 27 — The Cosmic View of Death

Death is the great cleansing fire of continuity.

Philosopher:

Sir, we have spoken of fear and suffering,
but what about death?
Not physical death,
but the mystery of death.
Is death the end?

Answer:

Death is the ending of continuity.

Your memories,
your achievements,
your identity—
all these are the continuity
of the psychological self.

To meet death
is to end that continuity
voluntarily.

This ending
is the beginning
of the timeless.

Philosopher:

But why should one end continuity
while living?

Answer:

To live without the burden of yesterday
is to die every day—
and therefore to be reborn each moment.

Such a mind
meets death without fear.

Because it has died already.

**Chapter 28 — The Weightlessness of a Mind Without
the Self**

A mind without burden moves like light.

Questioner 2:

Sir, what is the quality of a mind
without the self?

Answer:

It is weightless.

It carries no burden
of the past.

It is not seeking
nor resisting.

It is not measuring
nor judging.

It is extraordinarily light—
like a leaf floating
on a still lake.

And in this weightlessness
there is immense depth.

Questioner 2:

And such a mind acts without confusion?

Answer:

It acts from clarity,
not from motive.

Chapter 29 — The Touch of the Unknown

The infinite brushes against a mind that knows how to be empty.

Mystic:

Sir, in meditation
I have felt moments
of something vast,
infinite,
as if the boundaries of the self
were dissolving.
Is this the unknown?

Answer:

When the self ends
even for a second,
the unknown touches the mind.

Do not pursue it.
Do not claim it.
Do not repeat it.

What is repeated
is memory,
not the unknown.

The unknown can visit
only a mind
that is utterly empty
of ambition,
fear,
and experience.

Only an innocent mind
can meet the infinite.

Chapter 30 — The Mind That Sees Eternity in a Moment

Eternity flowers only in the now.

Questioner:

Sir, is there such a thing
as eternity?

Answer:

Eternity is not time extended.
Eternity is the absence of time.

When the mind
is completely still—
not forced,
not trained,
but still because it has seen
the whole movement of thought—
in that stillness
there is no time.

And where there is no time
there is eternity.

Eternity is not tomorrow.

Eternity is now—
when the “now” is free
of the past.

Awareness in Daily Living, Relationship, and Love

Chapter 31 — The Mirror of Daily Life

Daily life is the mirror that never lies.

Householder:

Sir, all this sounds profound,
but daily life is full of small irritations—
traffic, money, arguments at home.
How is awareness relevant to ordinary life?

Answer:

Daily life *is* the laboratory of awareness.
Not monasteries, temples, retreats.

How you speak to your spouse,
how you look at a stranger,
how you react when criticized—
these reveal the whole structure
of the “me.”

Daily life is the mirror
in which the self is exposed.

If you look carefully—
that is meditation.

Chapter 32 — Relationship as a Living Flame

Relationship reveals the self, moment by moment.

Questioner 1:

Sir, relationship is where I suffer the most.
Attachment, hurt, dependency—
these are constant.

Can awareness heal relationship?

Answer:

Relationship is the mirror
in which you see yourself.

You suffer in relationship
because you do not want to see
what the mirror shows.

You want comfort,
not truth.

When the self operates,
relationship becomes possession.

Where there is possession
there is fear
and therefore jealousy,
violence.

To watch every movement in relationship
without condemning—
that is the beginning
of a sacred relationship.

Chapter 33 — Love Without the Shadow of Thought

Where thought enters, love departs.

Young Woman:

Sir, what is love?

Answer:

Do you really want to know?

Or do you want to preserve
your pleasant illusions?

Love is not pleasure.
Pleasure brings fear—
fear of losing,
fear of comparison.

Love is not desire.
Desire is the projection of thought.

Love is not attachment.
Attachment breeds sorrow.

Love is not “my love” and “your love.”
Love is not divided.

When the mind is free of the self—
free of fear,
free of jealousy,
free of comparison—
love appears.
Love is a flame
in which the self is absent.

Chapter 34 — Awareness and Work

Clarity brings order even into the busiest day.

Businessman:

Sir, I work in a stressful profession.

How can awareness exist
in ambition-driven environments?

Answer:

Ambition destroys clarity.
Ambition is the continuity
of the self.

Awareness brings order
into work.

A mind that is clear
acts without conflict.

Such a mind may still work hard,
may create,
may innovate,
but it does not act
from fear
or greed
or comparison.

Awareness is intelligence in action.

Chapter 35 — The Meditation of Everyday Life

Every moment watched completely is meditation.

Observer:

Sir, must meditation be a separate activity?

Answer:

Meditation is the essence
of daily living.

Meditation is not chanting,
not repetition,
not concentration.

Meditation is watching
the movement of the mind—
each thought,
each feeling,
each reaction—
without naming,
without suppressing.

This watching
is the flame
that burns away confusion.

Chapter 36 — The Ending of Psychological Noise

Noise ends when one stops arguing with reality.

To live with awareness
is to live with extraordinary quietness.

Not the quietness of withdrawal,
but the quietness
that comes when the mind
has understood itself.

In that quietness
there is great beauty.

That beauty is love.

The Ground of All Being

The Cosmic, the Timeless, the Immeasurable

Chapter 37 — The Ground That Is Beyond Thought

Beyond thought lies the vastness without name.

Philosopher:

Sir, we have touched on the unknown,
but is there a ground
beyond all movement?

Answer:

There is a ground
beyond thought,
beyond time,
beyond experience.

This ground
is not something to be believed in.
It is not in books,
not in gurus,
not in systems.

It can only be approached
when the self ends.

Then the mind
is completely empty—
not barren,
but alive,
sensitive,
limitless.

In that emptiness
is the ground of being.

Chapter 38 — The Flame of Creation

Creation awakens where the mind is innocent.

Artist:

Sir, you said earlier
that creation happens
when the mind is quiet.

Is this ground
the source of all creation?

Answer:

Yes.

The ground is the source
from which all life flows.

Creation is not personal.
It is not “my painting,”
“my poem,”
“my idea.”

Where the self is absent,
creation can act
through the mind.

Then the mind
is merely an instrument—
a flute
through which the wind blows.

Chapter 39 — The Infinite in the Immediate

The infinite hides in the smallest blade of grass.

Scientist:

Sir, does this infinite ground
have anything to do
with the cosmos?

Answer:

The cosmos is not separate
from your awareness.

When the self ends,
the mind is no longer separate
from the universe.

The mind becomes vast—
not in size,
but in depth,
in silence,
in sensitivity.

Such a mind
does not look at the stars—
it sees itself
as part of the same movement.

Chapter 40 — The Ending of Time

Time ends when becoming ends.

Questioner 1:

Sir, what is eternity?

Answer:

Eternity is not endless time.
Eternity is the absence of time.

When the mind
stops moving away
from what is—
when it stops chasing
and stops resisting—
time ends.

What remains
is eternal.

This is not mystical.
It is a fact
when the mind sees the truth
of the movement of thought.

Chapter 41 — The Sacredness of Being

Being is sacred when untouched by the past.

Mystic:

Sir, is the sacred
a personal experience?

Answer:

The sacred cannot be personal.
Personal experience
belongs to the self,
and the self is a small thing.

The sacred is vast,
immeasurable,
beyond all thought.

It appears
only in a mind
that is utterly simple—

free of ambition,
free of fear,
free of becoming.

Such a mind
is the sacred.

Chapter 42 — The Perception of Wholeness

When the fragment ends, the whole appears.

To see wholly
is to live wholly.

When the fragment ends,
the whole appears.

That wholeness
is compassion,
intelligence,
love,
beauty,
and truth.

The whole
is the sacred.

Death, Freedom, and the Timeless

Chapter 43 — The Death of the Self

The self dies in the light of total attention.

Philosopher:

Sir, is the ending of the self
the ultimate step?

Answer:

There are no steps.
There is only the ending of illusion.

The self is noise.
When the noise ends
silence appears.

And in that silence
is the whole universe.

Death is not a conclusion—
it is the ending of continuity.

To die to your memories each day
is to live without burden.

Chapter 44 — Freedom Is the First Step, Not the Last

Freedom is the soil in which understanding grows.

Questioner 2:

Sir, we speak of freedom
as if it is a final goal.

Answer:

Freedom is the beginning,
not the end.

Without freedom
from fear,
from belief,
from tradition,

from authority—
the mind cannot even begin to observe.

Freedom is the first step
into the unknown.

Chapter 45 — The Mind That Has No Anchor

A mind with no anchor is free to move with life.

Observer:

Sir, such a mind—
a mind without self—
does it belong anywhere?

Answer:

A mind without the self
belongs to the whole of life.

It is rootless,
therefore it is grounded.
It is empty,
therefore full.
It is silent,
therefore capable
of hearing the universe.

Such a mind
has no anchor—
yet it does not drift.

It moves with life
because it *is* life.

Chapter 46 — The Timeless Within the Moment

The timeless touches the mind that is utterly quiet.

Questioner:

Sir, in one phrase,
what is awareness without the interference of thought?

Answer:

It is a mind
that meets each moment
without the shadow of yesterday.

A mind
that listens without interpretation,
sees without naming,
loves without possessing.

A mind
that is utterly quiet—
not because it is trained,
but because it has understood itself.

Such a mind
is the meeting point
of the finite
and the infinite.

It is the heart
of meditation,
the essence of compassion,
the flame of intelligence.

It is the ground
of all being.

And in that ground
there is no “you,”

no “me,”
no division.

There is only
the immeasurable silence
of the timeless.

The Mind That Has Come to the End of Itself

Chapter 47 — Stepping Beyond Words

When words fall away, understanding begins.

Elder Listener:

Sir, you have spoken of awareness,
the ending of thought,
the sacred,
the immeasurable.

Is there anything more to say?

Answer:

When you come to the end of words,
silence begins.

Words are only the shell.
The kernel is silence.

If one has listened
with a mind and heart that are clear,
then the journey is over.
Not in time,
but in understanding.

Elder Listener:

But sir...
is there a final truth?

Answer:

Truth is not final.
It is not something that exists
once and for all.

Truth is living.
It moves,
it flows,
like a river with endless spring.

Only a mind that is utterly quiet
can meet truth
moment to moment.

A mind cluttered with knowledge,
with belief,
with fear—
such a mind sees only its own projections.

But a quiet mind
meets truth
as it meets the wind—
without resistance.

Chapter 48 — The Ending of Psychological Time

Thought creates time; awareness ends it.

Scientist:

Sir, you said earlier
that when thought ends,
time ends.

Is this truly possible?

Answer:

Time as “yesterday, today, tomorrow” exists.
You must catch a train,
go to work,
measure distance.

But psychological time—
the time of “I will become,”
“I will be free,”
“I will change”—
that is the invention of thought.

When the mind sees the falsity
of becoming,
the whole movement of time
collapses.

And in that collapse
there is tremendous energy.

That energy is compassion.

Scientist:

So in the absence of becoming,
the mind is free?

Answer:

Free in the only sense that matters—
free from itself.

Chapter 49 — In the Presence of the Sacred

The sacred arrives when the self is absent.

Mystic:

Sir, you often speak of the sacred
without describing it.

What is the sacred?

Answer:

To describe it
is to destroy it.

But one can indicate—
like pointing at the moon
without mistaking the finger
for the moon.

The sacred is
when the mind is completely still,
when the self is absent,
when there is no desire,
no demand,
no seeking.

In that stillness
there is a quality
that is not of time.

It is vast,
gentle,
immeasurably alive.

One touches it
only when one's heart
is free of hurt.

The sacred is not in temples,
not in images,
not in chants.

It is in the depth of silence
when silence is free of effort.

Chapter 50 — A Life Without Walls

A mind without walls is a mind without fear.

Young Seeker:

Sir, after hearing all this,
one feels the desire
to live such a life—
clear, simple, compassionate.

But modern life is full of pressure.
How can one remain untouched?

Answer:

Do not seek to remain untouched.
That itself is a wall.

Live without walls.

Let experience come
and pass through you
without leaving a mark.

Do not store it,
do not resist it.

A mind without walls
is a mind without fear.

A mind without fear
meets life freshly each moment.

That freshness
is the essence of innocence.

And innocence
is the greatest intelligence.

Chapter 51 — The Flowering of Compassion

Compassion blooms in the soil of silence.

Nurse:

Sir, in my work
I see suffering every day.
Children dying,
people losing limbs,
families breaking down.

What place has awareness
in the face of such pain?

Answer:

Compassion is not pity,
nor is it sympathy.

Compassion is to feel
the suffering of the world
as your own—
not emotionally,
but wholly.

Compassion is intelligence
because it acts instantly,
without motive.

When you feel compassion,
the self is not.

Awareness without the self
is compassion.

Compassion is the natural fragrance
of the quiet mind.

Chapter 52 — The Mind in Total Silence

Total silence is total understanding.

Philosopher:

Sir, may we ask one last question?
What is the highest state of mind
that a human being can know?

Answer:

A mind that is totally silent.

Not the silence of will,
not the silence of control,
not the silence of suppression.

But the silence
that comes when the whole movement of thought
has been understood
and has subsided naturally.

In that silence
there is no centre.
There is no boundary.

The mind is not separate
from the vastness of existence.

It is the vastness.

In such a mind,
thought is like a gentle ripple
on a deep ocean.
It functions where necessary
and is quiet otherwise.

This silence
is not an achievement.
It is the natural state
when the self ends.

Chapter 53 — The Last Words: A Mind That Holds the Sky

A free mind holds the sky without possessing a thing.

If you have listened deeply,
without resistance,
without interpretation,
you will have touched something sacred.

Not because of me,
but because of your own seeing.

The ending of the self
is the beginning of the infinite.

A mind that is still
is a mind that holds the sky.

And such a mind
never seeks,
never fears,
never clings.

It lives
with immeasurable beauty.

Not tomorrow.
Now.

This now
is the eternal.

The book ends here,
but your seeing does not end.

Seeing
is endless.

Chapter 54 — The Mind as Vast as the Stars

Seeker:

Sir, when I look at this sky,
I feel a strange quietness.
As if my problems shrink,
as if the “me” becomes small.
Is this the beginning of choiceless awareness?

Answer:

When you look at the stars
without naming a single one,
without bringing in your past,
your knowledge,
your loneliness or your hopes—
then you are not looking *as a self*.
You are simply looking.

In that looking,
the “me” becomes transparent—
almost weightless.

This transparency
is the beginning of choiceless awareness.

Seeker:

Why do the stars silence the mind so easily
while in daily life thought becomes so loud?

Answer:

Because the stars cannot benefit you,
cannot hurt you,
cannot praise you,
cannot reject you.
So thought has no foothold there.

But your daily life
revolves around the “me”—
my success,
my fear,
my image,
my future.

Where the “me” tries to continue,
thought becomes noisy.
Where the “me” is absent,
the mind becomes vast.

Seeker:

Then is the cosmic mind already within us?

Answer:

Not within you—
for “within” implies a centre.

It is *around you,*
through you,
before you were born,
after you die.

The mind that is not occupied with itself
shares something of that cosmic immensity—
a quietness that is not personal,
a silence that has no owner.

You touch the infinite
when you are nothing.

Seeker:

Sir, is this cosmic awareness
a mystical state?

Answer:

No, sir,
the mystical is still an escape—
a projection of desire seeking the extraordinary.

Choiceless awareness is simple fact:
the mind without resistance.
The mind without choice.
The mind without a centre.

When the centre is absent,
the mind is boundless.
Its emptiness is not barren—
it is alive,
vibrant,
immense.

From that emptiness
flows compassion,
creativity,
and intelligence.

This is not mysticism.
It is clarity.

Seeker:

When I watch the night sky now,
there is no watcher.
Just watching.
Just space.
Is this the sacred?

Answer:

When the watcher ends
and only watching remains,
you enter the same dimension
in which the stars move.

Not physically,
but inwardly.

In that inward vastness
there is a sacredness—
not created by thought,
not held in temples,
not born of belief.

It is sacred
because it is untouched
by the “me.”
It is sacred
because nothing of time
enters it.

It is sacred
because it cannot be possessed.

That sacredness
is the ground of the cosmos.

Seeker:

Sir...

is the universe aware of us?

Answer:

The universe expresses itself
through the quiet mind—
not as a separate entity,
but as the vastness in which
the mind moves.

When your mind is completely still,
you are not separate from the universe.
Not metaphorically—
actually.

The stars are not outside you.
You are the space
in which they shine.

Seeker:

Then what is my place
in all this?

Answer:

If you have a place,
you become small.

If you have no place,
you are as vast as all existence.

To live with no centre,
no boundary—
to live without the “me”—
is to live in choiceless awareness.

That awareness
is cosmic.
It *is* sacred.
It *is* timeless.

It is the end of the self
and the beginning
of the infinite.

Chapter 55 — The Universe as Your Mirror

Seeker:

Sir, you said the universe is not separate from us.
But what does that mean?
How can something so vast—
galaxies, black holes, the infinite—
have anything to do with my small human mind?

Answer:

Your mind is only small
when it is occupied with itself.

When it is entangled in fear,
in ambition,
in the ceaseless chatter of becoming,
it becomes narrow,
fragmented,
limited.

But when the mind is quiet—
completely still—
it is as vast as the cosmos.

Not metaphorically,
but in reality.

Because silence has no boundary.

Seeker:

But how does the universe “mirror” me?

Answer:

Everything you see
is filtered through the structure of your mind.

If your mind is fearful,
even the universe seems indifferent,
cold,
dangerous.

If your mind is burdened by sorrow,
the world appears heavy.

If your mind is quiet,
the universe reveals its order,
its extraordinary intelligence.

So, the universe you see
is shaped by the state of your awareness.

You do not see the world as it is—
you see the world as you are.

That is the mirror.

Seeker:

So the stars reflect my mind?

Answer:

The stars reflect the mind
only when the mind is empty of itself.

When thought is quiet,
the mind becomes a vast space—
a space in which the movement of galaxies
and the movement of your own awareness
are not two things
but one unfolding.

In that stillness,
you begin to sense
the same order that holds a star in its course
holding your mind in clarity.

Seeker:

And when I am confused?

Answer:

Then the universe becomes distant.
Not in fact,
but in your perception.

Confusion creates fragmentation.
Fragmentation creates separation.

When you are fragmented,
you feel small—
a speck lost in infinity.

But when fragmentation ends,
that infinity flows through you
as naturally as breath.

Seeker:

How does one end this fragmentation?

Answer:

By seeing it.

By seeing each thought as it arises—
your fear,
your desire,
your comparison,
your loneliness—
without escape,
without judgement,
without resistance.

The moment you see a fragment
as a fragment,
it loses its power.

And when all fragments are seen clearly,
the mind becomes whole.

A whole mind
mirrors a whole universe.

Seeker:

Sir, sometimes I feel a strange unity
when looking at the night sky.
Like for a moment
the boundary between myself and the stars disappears.
What is that?

Answer:

That is the mind forgetting itself.

In that moment
you are not a fragment—
you are awareness itself.

And awareness
has no boundary.

It is limitless
like the universe.

When awareness is present,
there is no “you” experiencing unity.
There is only unity.

Seeker:

Is this unity the sacred?

Answer:

The sacred is not unity.
The sacred is not oneness.
These are still ideas,
still experiences that the mind can grasp.

The sacred is what is
when all grasping ends—
when the mind is utterly still
because it has understood
its own movement.

In that stillness,
you do not merge with the universe.
You do not unite with it.
You **are** that stillness
in which the universe unfolds.

There is no duality left
to be bridged.

Seeker:

Sir...
if the universe is my mirror,
then what is my responsibility?

Answer:

Your responsibility
is to keep the mirror clean.

Not by discipline.
Not by control.
But by watching every moment of thought
as it arises.

A quiet mind
reflects the universe clearly.
A confused mind
reflects only itself.

When your mind is clear,
the universe looks through you—
not as something separate,
but as a single movement
of intelligence and compassion.

Seeker:

Sir...
in this moment
there is no me...
no watcher...
only the vastness...

Answer:

Then the mirror has disappeared,
and only the infinite remains.

Chapter 56 — The Light That Moves Through All Things

Seeker:

Sir, you spoke of the universe as a mirror.

Now, as the sun rises...
there is a different feeling.
It is as if all things—
the rocks, the trees, the sky—
are touched by the same light.
What is this light that moves through all things?

Answer:

The light you see
is not only sunlight.
There is another light—
not of the sun,
not of the stars,
not of fire or flame.

It is the light of awareness.
A light that illuminates the whole field of the mind
without effort.

When that light is present,
you see the beauty of a leaf,
the sorrow of a passing thought,
the vastness of the sky,
and the movement of the self
with the same clarity.

It is one light—
not many.

Seeker:

But is this light something beyond the mind?

Answer:

No, sir.
It is not beyond the mind.

It *is* the mind
when it is free of the self.

When the mind is not clouded by fear,
not fragmented by desire,
not burdened by memory—
it becomes astonishingly clear.

That clarity is light.

It reveals the truth of everything it touches.

It reveals the heart of fear,
the nature of sorrow,
the beauty of love,
and the immense stillness
that lies behind all movement.

Seeker:

Sir, can this light ever be lost?

Answer:

The light is never lost.
What is lost
is the mind's capacity to see it.

When the "me" arises—
its worries,
its ambitions,
its anxieties,
its endless search for security—
the light becomes dimmed.

Not because the light has changed,
but because the window has become clouded.

When the window is cleaned—
through simple, choiceless awareness—
the light shines through once more.

Seeker:

Is this light related to the sacred?

Answer:

The sacred is not separate from this light.
The sacred *is* this light
when the mind is utterly quiet.

When you look at the world
without the filter of the past,
without naming,
without judging—
you see a radiance
in even the smallest thing.

A blade of grass
becomes a miracle.
A drop of water
contains the entire order of the universe.
A human face
reveals the whole story of mankind.

This seeing
is sacred.
This light
is sacred.

It is not yours,
not mine.
It belongs to the universe.

Seeker:

Sir, how does one live with this light

in the noise of daily life?

Answer:

By seeing the noise
as part of that light.

Do not separate life
into the sacred and the ordinary.
Do not say,
“This is meditation,
that is not.”
“This is spiritual,
that is worldly.”

When awareness is awake,
it moves through all things—
through the cooking of a meal,
through the washing of hands,
through the speaking of words,
through the silence of dawn.

Then the smallest movement
is filled with clarity.
The smallest act
is touched by intelligence.

This is the light
moving through daily life.

Seeker:

Sir...
there is a moment now—
a feeling of great peace...
as if everything is connected
by some invisible presence...

Answer:

That presence
is not something mystical.
It is the absence
of the self.

When the self is not—
even for a moment—
a light shines
that is not of this world
and yet is in everything.

It moves through the trees,
through the earth,
through the beating of your heart,
through the songs of birds,
through the rising and setting of the sun.

It is the light
that holds the stars in their courses
and brings compassion
into the human mind.

To live with this light
is to live with beauty.

To live with this light
is to live without fear.

To live with this light
is to live as part of the universe—
not separate,
not divided,
but whole.

Seeker:

Sir, when I breathe in this stillness,
there is a strange feeling—
as if the breath is not mine,
as if the air itself is alive.
Is the infinite touching us?

Answer:

The infinite is not something
that touches you from the outside.
It is what remains
when the “you” is quiet.

Your breath is not yours.
It belongs to the whole of life—
to trees, oceans, winds,
the movement of the earth itself.

When the mind becomes silent,
you feel this directly.
A breath taken in stillness
is the breath of the infinite.

Seeker:

Is this why silence feels so vast?

Answer:

Silence is vast
because it is not bounded by the self.
The self is small,
a narrow thing made of memory.
But silence is without centre,
without boundary.

When you breathe in silence,
you are breathing with the universe.

Not poetically—
actually.

Seeker:

So, the infinite is not far—
it is already here?

Answer:

It has always been here.
It is the “me” that stands in the way.
When the “me” falls silent,
even for a heartbeat,
the infinite enters the mind
as effortlessly as breath entering the lungs.

And in that moment,
you are not separate from the stars.

You are the breath
of the infinite.

Chapter 58 — The Sacred Space Between Thoughts

Seeker:

Sir, you speak of silence
not as the opposite of noise
but as something alive.
Where does this silence exist?
In meditation?
In the mind?
In the world?

Answer:

Silence exists
in the space between two thoughts.

Thought rises,
unfolds,
and ends.
In the ending,
before the next thought begins,
there is a gap—
a space untouched by memory.

That space
is the doorway to the sacred.

Seeker:
But sir, that gap is so brief.

Answer:
It is brief
only when thought rushes.
When the mind watches thought
without resistance,
without choice,
the space between thoughts
expands.

Not in time,
but in depth.

In that depth
you encounter silence—
not the silence of absence,
but the silence of creation.

A silence
in which the universe listens.

Seeker:
So that tiny space—

that pause—
contains something sacred?

Answer:

It contains the entire universe.
Because in that space
the “me” is not.
And where the “me” is absent,
the sacred flowers.

This is why
the space between thoughts
is not emptiness.
It is fullness—
alive, luminous, infinite.

It is the ground
from which all things arise
and into which all things return.

The sacred
is hidden in that space.
And the mind that is attentive
can enter it.

Chapter 59 — The Universe Listening Through You

Seeker:

Sir, sometimes
when the mind is very quiet,
it feels as if something immense
is listening through me.
Not “to” me—

but “through” me.
What is that?

Answer:

When the mind becomes quiet,
it is no longer personal.
It is no longer yours.

A quiet mind
is part of the universe—
like a clear lake
reflecting the whole sky.

In such quietness,
the universe listens through you.

It looks through your eyes
without the distortion of the self.
It hears
without the noise of memory.
It feels
without the boundaries of identity.

When the “me” is silent,
the universe uses your senses
to know itself.

Seeker:

But sir, that sounds mystical.

Answer:

Not mystical.
Factual.

When you are angry,
the world looks angry.
When you are afraid,

the world looks dangerous.
When you are silent,
the world becomes luminous.

In your silence
the universe listens,
because there is no barrier
between your mind
and the vastness around you.

And in that listening
lies tremendous compassion.

Seeker:

So, the universe is not separate from us?

Answer:

It never was.

It is the self that creates separation.
When the self ends,
the universe flows
through the open channels
of the senses,
through the clarity of mind,
through the tenderness of heart.

A quiet mind
is the universe
in human form.

It is the universe
listening to its own movement.

When the mind grows silent
the stars draw closer,
as if recognizing themselves
in the stillness behind your eyes.

The breath you take
is the breath of ancient suns.
The light that touches your skin
began its journey
before the first human dream.

And when the “me” dissolves
like mist before dawn,
you stand where the universe stands—
in the vast, sacred quiet
beyond thought.

Here,
you do not seek the infinite.
You are the infinite
discovering itself.

The Timeless Ground of Being

Chapter 60 — The End of the Known

Seeker:

Sir, I feel I have come to the edge
of everything I know.
Thought, fear, pleasure, sorrow—
I have watched them all.
But beyond this point
there seems to be nothing.
What is this nothing?

Answer:

The “nothing” you see
is the end of the known.

It is where thought cannot enter.
It is where memory has no place.
It is where time loses its meaning.

This nothing
is not emptiness
but vastness.

The ocean does not fear its own depth.
Why should you fear yours?

Seeker:

But sir, stepping beyond the known
feels like stepping into death.

Answer:

It *is* death—
the death of the “me.”

The “me” can only live
in the field of the known.
To step beyond it
is to step into freedom.

What dies
is illusion.
What lives
is truth.

Beyond the known,
you encounter a mind
that belongs to the universe.

Seeker:

Is that the awakening of a new awareness?

Answer:

Not new—
it has always been there.

You have removed
only what covered it.

The timeless mind
is not born,
does not evolve,
does not die.

It is the ground of being.

Chapter 61 — The Mind Beyond Time

Seeker:

Sir, you speak of a mind beyond time.
But how can a human mind,
with its history and conditioning,
ever go beyond time?

Answer:

Time is created by thought.

Thought says,
“I was,”
“I am,”
“I will be.”

But awareness has no past
and no future.

It sees only now—
this moment,
this breath,
this movement of life.

When the mind sees the nature of time,
it steps out of its stream.

And in that stepping out,
it enters the eternal.

Seeker:

Is the eternal the same as the infinite?

Answer:

The eternal is timeless.
The infinite is boundless.

In the mind beyond time,
the two are one.

No boundaries.
No becoming.
No movement from here to there.

Only a vast, unmoving silence
in which all creation arises.

Seeker:

Sir, in this silence
is there awareness?

Answer:

In this silence
there is only awareness.

Not aware “of” something.
Not awareness “of you.”

Awareness itself—
self-luminous,
without cause,
without direction.

It is the ground
from which both the universe
and the mind
are born.

Chapter 62 — The Uncreated Light

Seeker:

Sir... after all these dialogues,
there remains one question:
What is the source of awareness itself?
Where does this immense clarity come from?

Answer:

Awareness has no source.

It is uncreated.

It is not produced by the brain—
the brain only reflects it,
as a still lake reflects the moon.

This light
has no beginning.
It has no cause.
It is not born from anything.

It is the essence
of all existence.

Seeker:

Is this what religions have called God?

Answer:

Religions have named it—
and by naming it
they have destroyed it.

The moment you name the unnameable,
you reduce it
to a concept
inside the limited mind.

The uncreated light
is not God,
not truth,
not a divine presence—
it is what *is*
before thought touches anything.

It is the light
that moves through all things—
through the birth of a star,
through the fall of a leaf,
through the silence of the mind
when it has ended.

Seeker:

Sir...
is this the ultimate freedom?

Answer:

Yes.
Freedom from the self,

freedom from time,
freedom from becoming,
freedom from fear.

To live in this uncreated light
is to live a life
that is both ordinary
and sacred.

A life where nothing is sought
and everything is seen.

A life where awareness
flows without interference.

A life in harmony
with the universe itself.

Cosmic Poem

Before the first star was born
you were the quiet space
in which starlight would one day shine.

Before the first breath of life
you were the stillness
from which all breath arises.

And when the last thought ends
and the self falls silent,
you return to that infinite ground—
untouched, unborn, everlasting.

Here,
the universe is not outside you.

It is your own vastness
looking back.

The Final Awakening

Chapter 63 — The Ending of the Seeker

Seeker:

Sir, we have walked through fear,
pleasure, sorrow, desire,
the universe, the infinite,
the space between thoughts,
the uncreated light...

And yet
something in me still asks,
What is awakening?

Answer:

Awakening is the ending
of the one who asks.

As long as the seeker exists,
awakening cannot.

The seeker *is* the movement of the past—
its fears,
its longings,
its memories,
its wounds,
its search for certainty.

When you ask,
you continue the seeker.

Awakening begins
when the question ends.

Seeker:

But sir, without the seeker,
who am I?

Answer:

You are not “someone.”
You are awareness without identity.

Your essence is not a person
but a presence—
a presence without boundary,
without history,
without becoming.

This presence
is the light of all understanding.

It is awakening.

Seeker:

Then is awakening an experience?

Answer:

No.

An experience must have an experiencer.
Where there is an experiencer,
there is division.
Where there is division,
there cannot be awakening.

Awakening is not an experience—
it is the ending
of the one who experiences.

In that ending
there is immeasurable freedom.

Seeker:

Is awakening permanent?
Or does it come and go?

Answer:

Only that which begins
can end.

Awakening does not begin.

It is not born of thought,
effort,
discipline,
or search.

Awakening is the ground
that has always been there—
hidden only by the noise
of the self.

When the noise ends,
the ground remains.

That is awakening.

Seeker:

Sir, for the first time...
the question itself seems to fade.
There is a strange stillness...

a sense of great space...
without centre.

Answer:

When the centre dissolves,
the mind becomes vast.

Not your mind—
mind.

The mind of all humanity,
the mind of the universe,
the mind that is one with life itself.

In that vastness,
there is no observer
and nothing observed.
Only a silent, luminous seeing.

That is awakening.

Seeker:

Sir...
I feel...
there is no seeker...
no teacher...
no me...
only this...
this vast silence...

Answer:

In that silence
is the total ending
and the complete beginning.

It is the end of the known
and the birth of the timeless.

This silence
is awakening.

It is not something to hold.
Not something to remember.
Not something to pursue.

It is the natural state
when thought has understood itself
and comes to rest.

Live in that silence.
Let it breathe through you.
Let it move your life.

For in that silence
the sacred is not sought—
it simply is.

“The Silence Before the First Star”

Before thought was born,
before memory learned to speak,
before the first fear cast its shadow—
you were the quiet.

Not a person,
not a name,
not a story—
but the open, endless space
in which all stories rise and fall
like waves returning to an ancient sea.

You are the light
that travels through galaxies
without knowing distance.

You are the breath
that moves through all living things
without belonging to any.

And when the “me” fades
like a dream at dawn,
you return to that ageless ground
where nothing is separate,
nothing is sought,
nothing is missed.

Here,
the universe is not outside you.
It is your own stillness
unfolding in infinite directions.

Here,
awareness does not choose.
It simply shines—
as starlight shines,
as a river flows,
as silence holds the entire sky.

Let this silence
be your home.
Let this vastness
be your companion.
Let this light—
the light that needs no source—
guide your steps
even when you do not walk.

For in this silence
before the first star,
after the last thought,

beyond time and becoming—
you are whole.

You are free.

Cosmic Meditation — The Last Step That Is No Step

Sit quietly.
Let the breath come and go
like the tide of the universe.

Watch a single thought arise.
Do not touch it.
Do not follow it.
Do not resist it.

Watch it end.

Between one thought and the next
there is a space—
limitless, luminous, eternal.

Rest in that space.

It is not yours.
It is not the world's.
It is the timeless ground
of all existence.

In that space
there is no seeker,
no path,
no becoming,
no time.

There is only
awareness without interference.

This is the final awakening.
The awakening that leaves no trace.

The awakening that
was always here.

Order in the Light of Awareness

You cannot say,
“I have learned what it is to be virtuous, and now it is
finished.”
Because the moment you say, “I am virtuous,”
virtue is already dead.
It has become a memory,
a conclusion,
a fixed image of yourself.

And anything born of memory
is no longer alive.

Virtue is not a habit.
It is not something you cultivate
day after day
until it becomes second nature.
A habit—however noble—
is mechanical.
It operates like a machine,
and what is mechanical
cannot be virtuous.

Virtue is order.
Not the order that discipline creates,
not the order imposed by fear,
not the order that conforms to tradition or authority—
but an order that arises naturally
when the mind sees the truth of disorder.

Disorder exists
where there is contradiction,
where there is conflict between “what is”

and “what should be,”
between desire and actuality,
between the observer and the observed.

To see this disorder completely—
without escape,
without justification,
without trying to change it—
is already the beginning of order.

And that seeing
is always from moment to moment.

You cannot carry it over.
You cannot say,
“I was clear yesterday,”
or
“I understood last week.”
That is like saying
you breathed once long ago
and expect to live on that single breath.

Virtue, therefore,
is alive only when the mind is awake now,
when it sees clearly now,
when it is attentive now.

In this attention
there is no accumulation.
There is no “I who am virtuous.”
There is only the movement of clarity.

And because there is no accumulation,
no continuity of the self in it,
there is freedom.

Freedom is not at the end of virtue.
Freedom is virtue.
Because freedom exists only
when the mind is not burdened by becoming,
not caught in ideals,
not imprisoned by conclusions,
not chained to its own past.

So, virtue is not a path you walk;
it is the very act of seeing.
And that seeing must be fresh each moment—
like a leaf trembling in the morning light,
alive, unrepeatable,
never the same as before.

Where this freshness is,
there is order.
Where there is order,
there is freedom.
And in that freedom
lies the beauty of living.

Most of us think of virtue as something to be acquired—
as one acquires knowledge, skill, or experience.
We say, “I am learning to be patient...
I am practising kindness...
I am improving myself every day.”
But the moment virtue becomes something to be
accumulated,
it ceases to be virtue.
It becomes a possession—
something the self claims, stores, displays, and defends.

And what the self possesses
is always tainted by the self.

To say “I am virtuous”
is already corruption,
because the virtue you speak of
is no longer alive.
It has become a memory,
a conclusion,
a self-image.
It is dead.

Virtue is not a continuity
that stretches across time.
It is not a habit that grows stronger
through repetition.
It is not a trophy of moral effort
or spiritual discipline.
Virtue is not the product of the past.

Virtue is order,
and order is not a fixed pattern
but a living flame
that must be kindled anew
from moment to moment.

The Illusion of Accumulated Goodness

We say,
“Give me time; I will become better.
I will become more compassionate,
more truthful,
more loving.
Virtue takes practice.”

But practice implies repetition,
and repetition is mechanical.
A mind that practises goodness
becomes good only in habit—
not in truth.

The repetition of goodness
is merely the strengthening of the self
that wants to be good.

Such a mind may appear virtuous,
but beneath the surface
lies ambition, fear,
the longing to be someone—
to be admired,
to be secure in righteousness.

The self hides behind virtue
as it hides behind wealth,
power,
knowledge,
or belief.

So, virtue cannot be stored.
It cannot be carried forward.
It cannot be turned into
a spiritual bank account.

Virtue exists only
when the mind is without accumulation.

And a mind without accumulation
is a free mind.

Order Is Born When Disorder Is Seen

What is disorder?
It is the conflict between “what is”
and “what should be.”
It is the endless struggle
between desire and duty,
between fact and ideal,
between the observer and the observed.

Disorder is the movement of fragmentation—
the mind pulling itself in opposite directions.

We try to correct disorder
through discipline,
through will,
through suppression,
through conformity.
But these very attempts
are movements of the same disorder.

Order cannot be brought about
by a mind in conflict.
Only when conflict is fully understood
does order arise naturally.

To see disorder without judgement,
without escape,
without the wish to become orderly—
that seeing is order.

Order is not imposed.
Order flowers when confusion is understood.

The Present Moment Is the Only Field of Virtue

You cannot say,
“I was virtuous yesterday,”
because yesterday is dead.
You cannot say,
“I will be virtuous tomorrow,”
because tomorrow is yet another projection of desire.

Virtue exists only now—
in the moment of clear seeing.

When the mind is attentive,
alert,
fully present,
virtue is there—
not as an achievement
but as a natural state.

Just as a flower opens
when the morning light touches it,
virtue opens
in the light of total awareness.

You cannot force it,
cultivate it,
discipline it.
You can only be awake.

And this awakening
cannot be carried over.

The awakened mind
must awaken again
each moment.

Thus, virtue is a living thing—
never old,
never mechanical,
never bound to memory.

The Death of Continuity and the Birth of Freedom

The self wants continuity—
to be something,
to become something,
to remain something.
It says,
“I was good yesterday;
I will continue that goodness today.”

But goodness cannot continue.
Only memory continues.
And memory is dead.

When virtue ends as continuity
it begins as freedom.

Freedom is not the end product of virtue.
Freedom is virtue.
In freedom, there is order—
the order of an unconditioned perception.

This freedom is not obtained
through renunciation or effort.
It comes
when the mind sees the total truth
that the “me,”
the doer pursuing virtue,
is the source of contradiction.

When the self is absent,
virtue is present.

When effort ends,
order begins.

When becoming drops away,
freedom blooms.

The Beauty of a Mind That Sees

A mind that sees clearly
does not ask how to be virtuous.
It simply sees the fact—
the fact of disorder,
the fact of fear,
the fact of ambition,
the fact of envy.

In the seeing of the fact
lies the ending of the fact.

There is no distance
between perception and action
in a mind that is awake.

That is why virtue is always now—
in the freshness of awareness,
in the stillness of attention,
in the simplicity of observation.

Virtue is the fragrance
of a mind without a centre.

It is the order

that arises
when the whole movement of thought
has been understood.

And in that order
is freedom.
And in freedom
there is beauty—
a beauty untouched by time.

This beauty
is the essence
of true living.

Poem

You cannot say,
“I have learned to be virtuous.”
The moment virtue becomes a lesson,
it becomes a memory—
and memory is never alive.

What is learned
belongs to the past,
and the past cannot breathe
in the freshness of the present.

Virtue is not a coat
you wear each day.
It is not a habit
polished by repetition.
It cannot be stored
like grain in a barn
to be used whenever needed.

Virtue lives
only in the very moment
when the mind is awake—
awake like a leaf trembling
in the first light of dawn.

Most of us
plant gardens of discipline
and call them virtue.
We sow seeds of effort,
water them with will,
trim them with ideals.
But what grows there
is only the self
wearing the mask of goodness.

Virtue born of practice
is the self rehearsing itself—
polished, refined,
but still the same shadow
cast by memory.

Anything mechanical
cannot be pure.
Anything cultivated
cannot be free.

Virtue is freedom,
and freedom cannot be practised.

Order is not the child of obedience,
nor the gift of discipline,
nor the result of resistance.
Order appears
when the mind sees disorder

without running from it.

Disorder is the conflict
between “what is”
and “what should be,”
between the ache of truth
and the dream of becoming.

When the mind sees
this whole movement—
sees it without judgement,
without escape,
without the tremor of fear—
a strange thing happens:

Disorder ends
in its own light.

In the very seeing
is the flowering of order.

And virtue—
which is order—
is born anew each moment.
It does not stretch
like a rope through time.
It cannot say,
“I was virtuous yesterday,”
for yesterday is ashes
blown by the evening wind.

Nor can it say,
“I will be virtuous tomorrow,”
for tomorrow is only
desire taking the shape

of the future.

Virtue is now—
only now—
as the perfume of a flower
exists only
when the flower opens.

The self seeks continuity.
It wants to continue goodness
as it continues ambition,
fear,
pleasure,
achievement.
It says,
“I am this,”
and clings to its own image
as though the image
were truth.

But the continuity of the self
is the continuity of illusion.
And the continuity of virtue
is the continuity of pride.

When continuity ends,
freedom begins.

And in freedom
there is order—
the order of a mind
free from its own becoming.

Look at yourself
without yesterday,

without tomorrow,
without the weight
of what you think you are.
Look with eyes
that do not store
nor compare
nor condemn.

In such looking
virtue unfolds.
Not as a discipline,
not as a rule,
not as a reward—
but as the natural beauty
of a mind without conflict.

Virtue is the fragrance
of attention.
It is the quietness
that descends
when thought no longer struggles
to become something.

In that quietness
there is a light—
a light without source,
a light that reveals everything
as it is.

And in that light
the heart is free.

Freedom is not far away.
It is not at the end of effort.
It is not waiting

at the summit of achievement.
Freedom is here,
in the moment when seeing
is complete.

When the mind is still
without being made still,
when virtue blooms
without being cultivated,
when order rises
without being imposed—

then life is whole,
simple,
immense.

Virtue is not a goal.
Virtue is the movement
of a mind in clarity.

And this clarity—
born in a single moment
of pure attention—
is the beauty
of the awakened heart.

Love, Compassion, Intelligence

What do you think love is, sir?
Not what the poets say,
not what your parents or teachers have repeated,
not the images you carry in your mind—
but actually, factually,
what does it mean when you say,
“I love you”?

Most of us use that phrase lightly,
carelessly,
without exploring its depth,
its fragrance,
its immensity.

When you say “I love you,”
is it love?
Or is it attachment,
dependence,
fear,
pleasure,
possession,
the desire to be held by another
so that you need not face the loneliness within?

In attachment there is fear—
the fear of losing,
the fear of being hurt,
the fear that what you cling to
will slip away.
And where there is fear,
can love ever bloom?

Love is not attachment.
Love has no shadow of fear in it.
Love has no demand,
no asking,
no waiting for something in return.

Do you know the difference
between love and compassion?
Love may be between two people—
the tenderness of relationship,
the warmth of affection.
But compassion
is like a vast wind
moving across the world.
It belongs to no person;
it is not mine or yours.
It is the flame that appears
when the self has dissolved
in understanding.

To come upon that compassion
is to understand yourself deeply—
your hurts,
your loneliness,
your fears,
your pleasures,
your ambitions.
It is to see them
without judgement,
without escape.
Only then does the heart
become clear.

And meditation, sir,
is part of this clarity.

Not the meditation of practice,
not the repetition of words,
not the pursuit of silence,
but the simple, choiceless awareness
of every movement of thought.
Meditation is part of life—
as much a part of life
as love,
as fear,
as being hurt,
as pleasure,
as having a skill or job.
To meditate
is to understand yourself
from moment to moment.

Have you ever asked
why you are being educated?
Is it merely to pass examinations,
to obtain degrees,
to secure a position,
to repeat what others have said?
Or is it to awaken intelligence—
that intelligence which sees clearly
and acts instantly?

Intelligence is not the accumulation of knowledge.
It is the sensitivity that comes
when the mind is utterly attentive.
Intelligence means
seeing something clearly and acting immediately—
not seeing the danger of division, violence, greed
and acting ten years later.

If you want to be a professional,

if you want a job,
if you seek the right livelihood—
what is guiding you?
Are you driven by the desire
for money, position, security, status?
Or do you listen to what your intelligence says?

Intelligence does not choose
based on fear or ambition.
It acts out of clarity.
And clarity comes
when you begin to question seriously—
not only what love is,
not only what meditation is,
but also, what you are becoming,
what you are seeking,
what you are doing with your life.

To live with intelligence
is the beginning of a different kind of existence—
where love is without fear,
compassion flows naturally,
and action is immediate,
simple,
right.

What do you think love is?
Not what you have read,
not what tradition has said,
not what your parents or teachers have repeated—
but what you feel,
what you discover,
what you see directly in yourself.

When you say to someone, "I love you,"
what does it mean?
What is the depth of it,
the flavour of it,
the whole significance of that statement?

For most of us, love is entangled
with attachment, pleasure, fear, hurt, longing.
We cling to another and call it love.
We depend upon another psychologically
and name that dependence affection.
We are frightened of losing,
frightened of being alone,
frightened of the emptiness we carry inside.

And then we say, "I love you."

But in attachment there is fear—
the fear of losing what gives comfort,
the fear of loneliness returning,
the fear of uncertainty.
Where there is fear,
can love ever exist?

Love cannot walk hand-in-hand with fear.
Fear always diminishes, narrows, contracts.
Love expands, opens, breathes.

Love is not desire.
Love is not the continuity of pleasure.
Love is not the ache of loneliness seeking escape.

So, one has to ask,
not superficially,

but with total seriousness:
“Have I ever discovered what love actually is?”

The Difference Between Love and Compassion

Love is often between two people—
a tenderness, a warmth, a relationship.
It is beautiful when it is free of fear.
It has its own fragrance.

But compassion is something entirely different—
vast, endless, unbounded.
Compassion is like a great wind
that touches all things
without asking anything of them.

Compassion does not belong to “me.”
Compassion has no centre and no circumference.
It is not personal.
It is not confined to one relationship.
It is the natural flowering
of a mind that has understood itself.

A mind that is burdened with hurt,
that is wounded,
that is seeking security,
that is full of fear—
such a mind cannot know compassion.

Compassion appears
when the self is absent.
It is the perfume
of a mind that is free
from the burden of its own structure.

Meditation as Part of Living

Find out, sir,
what it means to meditate—
because meditation is part of life
just as love is,
just as hurt is,
just as fear is,
just as having a vocation is.

Meditation is not something separate from living.
It is not sitting in a particular posture
or repeating sacred words,
or escaping into visions, patterns, or pleasures of thought.
Meditation is the understanding of life itself.

It is the seeing of thought as it arises.
It is the watching of fear,
the watching of pleasure,
the watching of ambition,
without choice,
without condemnation.

Meditation is the art of seeing clearly.
And without clarity
there is no love,
no intelligence,
no right action.

A mind that does not understand meditation
cannot understand itself,
and therefore, cannot understand relationship,
work,
love,
or sorrow.

Meditation is the movement of awareness—
not cultivated,
not disciplined,
not forced,
but natural,
spontaneous,
weightless.

It is the quality of a mind
that is awake.

Why Are You Being Educated?

Have you ever asked
why you are being educated?
Not merely to pass examinations,
to earn degrees,
to secure a salary,
to gain position,
to become “successful.”

Is this all-education means—
to fit efficiently into a violent, competitive society,
and call that “success”?

Or is education something far deeper?

Education, if it has any meaning,
must awaken intelligence—
not the intelligence of cleverness,
not the intelligence of accumulated knowledge,
but the intelligence that comes
when the mind sees the truth instantly
and acts.

Knowledge has its place—
you need skill,
you need training,
you need to earn a livelihood.
But if knowledge is all you cultivate,
you become a machine—
efficient perhaps,
successful perhaps,
but inwardly empty,
frightened,
conflicted.

Education must awaken
the capacity to love,
to see clearly,
to question profoundly,
to live without fear,
to understand the whole movement
of the human mind.

If education does not do this,
it has failed.

The Nature of Intelligence

Intelligence is not memory.

Intelligence is not the clever manipulation of ideas,
nor the ability to argue,
nor the capacity to store information.

Intelligence is the ability
to see something clearly
and act instantly.

If you see a dangerous cliff,
you do not hesitate.
If you see a poisonous snake,
action is immediate.
The seeing is the action.

This directness,
this immediacy,
this clarity
is intelligence.

But when you see something clearly
and postpone action—
when you say,
“Yes, that is true,
but I will act later,”
the very postponement
is the denial of intelligence.

A mind that delays
is a mind caught in fear.

A mind that sees clearly
acts without conflict.

Right Livelihood and True Choice

If you wish to be a professional—
a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, an artist—
what is guiding your choice?

Is it money?
Is it status?
Is it ambition?

Is it fear of insecurity?

Or is it what your intelligence says?

If intelligence,
not fear,
not desire,
not conditioning—
but actual intelligence—
guides your action,
then the choice is simple.

Right livelihood
is not what society tells you is right.
Right livelihood
is work that arises naturally
from clarity.

It is not determined by comparison
or competition
or the lust for position.

It comes from understanding yourself,
from feeling your way inwardly,
from listening to the quiet voice
of intelligence.

When intelligence acts,
there is no conflict.
There is no regret.
There is no contradiction.

Intelligence is the harmony
between seeing and doing.

Where Love, Compassion, Intelligence Meet

Love without fear
becomes compassion.
Compassion without division
becomes intelligence.
Intelligence without time
becomes right action.

These are not different things.
They are one movement—
the movement of a mind
that is awake.

To live this way
is to live without conflict.
It is to live without fear.
It is to live without division.

It is to live in freedom.

And this freedom
is the flowering
of a life
that has understood itself completely.

What do you think love is, sir?
Not the word,
not the sigh,
not the trembling desire
that comes and goes
like a restless breeze.

What is love

when all noise is quiet,
when the heart stands naked
before itself?

When you say,
“I love you,”
what is the depth of those words?
Do they carry the fragrance of freedom,
or the scent of fear?
Is it love that speaks—
or the trembling of attachment
that clings and calls it love?

In attachment
there is fear.
Fear of losing,
fear of being left,
fear of the emptiness within
that one refuses to face.

Where fear walks,
love cannot enter.

Love, sir, is delicate.
It cannot be held.
The moment you hold it,
you bruise it.
The moment you depend on it,
you imprison it.
The moment you fear losing it,
you have already lost it.

Love asks nothing.
It does not bargain,
does not plead,

does not demand.
It is a flower
that blooms freely
in the open field of a quiet mind.

But compassion—
compassion is another dimension altogether.
Love may touch one person,
but compassion touches the whole world.
Compassion has no “you” and “me.”
It flows like a vast river
in whose waters
all pain is understood
and all division ends.

Compassion is love
with all the walls gone.

And meditation—
what place has it in all this?
Is meditation separate from living?
Is it something you do in a corner,
in a posture,
with eyes half-closed
and breath controlled?

Meditation is the understanding of life—
the whole of it—
love, hurt, fear, pleasure,
and the sorrow of comparison.
Meditation is watching the mind
the way you watch the sky—
without judgement,
without interference.

To meditate
is to be aware
of every movement of thought.
To see thought arise
like a wave from the depths,
to see it pass
without clinging or condemning.

Meditation is not escape.
It is attention.
It is the purity of seeing.

Have you ever asked,
not because a teacher insisted,
but out of your own flame of curiosity:
“Why am I being educated?”

Is it only to pass examinations,
to earn a living,
to climb the ladder of success
and call that “achievement”?
Is that all life is—
a polished repetition
of what others have thought before you?

Education must awaken intelligence—
not the cunning of the brain,
not the sharpness of argument,
but the clarity
that sees the false as false
and the true as true
without delay.

Intelligence is immediate.
It acts as soon as it sees.

To see danger
and wait ten years to act
is not intelligence—
it is confusion,
fear,
and the lethargy of conditioning.

Intelligence is light
meeting darkness
without hesitation.

And when you ask,
“What career should I choose?
What should I do with my life?”
who answers?

Is it your ambition?
Your fear of insecurity?
Your desire for status?
Your parents’ expectations?
Or the clarity
of your own intelligence?

If you want to be a professional—
a surgeon, a teacher, an engineer, an artist—
let it be the movement of intelligence,
not the groaning of fear
or the whisper of comparison.

Right livelihood
is not determined by society’s approval.
It is born from the stillness
of a mind that sees
where it belongs
without conflict.

A mind guided by intelligence
does not choose for reward,
does not choose out of fear.
It acts because action is right—
without the burden of becoming.

Love, compassion, intelligence—
these are one movement,
one flame
with many colours.

Love is the opening of the heart.
Compassion is the dissolving of the self.
Intelligence is action
springing from clarity.

When the heart loves
without fear,
compassion appears.
When compassion flows
without centre,
intelligence lights the way.
When intelligence acts
without time,
life becomes simple,
beautiful,
whole.

This is the flowering
of a mind that has understood itself.

Such a mind
knows what love is,
what compassion is,

what intelligence is—

not through books,
not through teachers,
not through authority—

but through the exquisite art
of seeing.

And to see
is the beginning
of freedom.

What is love
in a universe where suns are born and die,
where galaxies drift for millions of years
without ever touching,
where silence stretches farther
than the mind can ever imagine?

What is love
in a cosmos where everything moves
without attachment,
without fear,
without clinging—
where a star explodes
not because it wishes to continue
but because its time has come?

When you say, “I love you,”
is it love?
Or is it the trembling of the little self
terrified of its own emptiness?
Is it the vastness of the cosmos
speaking through you,
or the narrowness of memory

seeking continuity?

For in attachment
there is always fear—
fear of losing,
fear of being alone,
fear that the warmth of another
may vanish like starlight
fading at dawn.

Where fear is,
love cannot be.
Fear shrinks the heart
into a tiny fragment,
but love
is as wide as the universe itself.

Love is delicate
like the birth of a star—
silent, spontaneous,
a light that appears
without reason or cause.
It does not ask;
it does not cling;
it does not demand to remain.

Love moves freely
as the galaxies move—
without centre,
without boundary,
without ownership.

But compassion—
compassion is the cosmic tide
that flows through all life.
It belongs to no one,
it holds no name,
it asks for nothing.

Compassion is
the universe recognizing itself
in every living thing.

To come upon compassion
is to come upon
the infinite.

And meditation—
what is meditation
before all methods and mantras,
before systems and techniques?

Meditation is the silence
in which the universe unfolds.
It is the stillness
in which thought dies down
like a wave dissolving
into the vast ocean.

Meditation is cosmic awareness—
the mind observing itself
as the universe observes itself
through the birth and death of stars.

Meditation is part of life
in the same way
that gravity is part of space—
not separate,
not chosen,
but inherent.

To meditate
is to see the entire movement of thought
as clearly as the night sky
sees the movement of a comet.

Have you ever asked
why you are being educated,
not merely for a career
or a salary
or a place in the world
but in the deeper cosmic sense?

Are you being educated
to adjust to society,
or to awaken intelligence—
the intelligence that sees instantly,
like lightning piercing darkness?

Intelligence is not memory.
Memory is matter,
dust of the past.
But intelligence
is like cosmic light—
it acts immediately,
without hesitation,
without the drag of time.

When intelligence sees,
it acts.
When intelligence acts,
there is no conflict.

To delay action
is to fracture intelligence.

And when you ask,
“What work should I do?
What should be my place in the world?”
what guides you?

Is it the gravity of fear,
the pull of ambition,
the orbit of desire,

the pressure of society?

Or is it the clarity
of your own intelligence—
a clarity as unburdened
as a star travelling alone
through empty space?

Right livelihood
is not chosen
by desire or fear.
It arises naturally
from a mind
that listens
to the quiet whisper of truth.

A mind guided by conditioning
chooses with conflict.
A mind guided by intelligence
chooses with the ease
of planets moving
in their rightful path.

Love, compassion, intelligence—
these are not separate.
They are one cosmic movement,
a single great pulse
that beats through the universe
and through the human heart.

Love is the warmth of the star.
Compassion is the light
that touches all things.
Intelligence is the clarity
that illumines the path
without effort.

Where love is,

the self ends.
Where the self ends,
compassion is born.
Where compassion moves,
intelligence acts.

This is the cosmic order—
the inherent harmony
when the mind
is free from fear.

To live in this order
is to live without conflict,
without division,
without resistance.

It is to live
as the universe lives—
in wholeness,
in silence,
in immeasurable beauty.

This is the blessing
of a mind
that has understood itself
and touched
the sacred vastness
of the cosmos.

- *“When the self becomes silent, the universe begins to speak.”*
- *“In the stillness of awareness, the whole cosmos is revealed.”*
- *“Where fear ends, the infinite enters.”*

- *“The mind that is vast and quiet moves with the rhythm of the stars.”*
- *“When the heart is free of itself, compassion becomes as wide as the cosmos.”*
- *“The universe has no centre—only the self creates one.”*
- *“To see without the self is to touch the boundless.”*
- *“Love is the space in which all things live.”*
- *“A quiet mind is the doorway to the eternal.”*
- *“When the observer dissolves, the cosmos shines through the mind.”*

Where the Self ends, the Cosmos Begins

Question:

Sir, can we discuss the control of government and our day-to-day life?

Governments, institutions, systems—
they seem to dominate everything we do.

How are we to live when so much power rests in the hands of so few?

Answer:

Before we talk about government, sir,
let us first understand the one thing
we almost never question—
the government inside ourselves.

The authority of belief,
the authority of fear,
the authority of habit,
the authority of pleasure and pain—
this internal government
controls us far more than any outer system.

If inwardly we are conditioned,
confused, frightened,
easily influenced—
then whatever government we create
will reflect that confusion.

The outer world is the expression
of our inner disorder.

So before asking
how to change the government,
should we not ask:

Can the mind itself be free of authority?
Free of fear?
Free of the desire to be controlled?

Only a mind that is inwardly free
can create a society that is outwardly just.

How will you end the power of the few and help the many?

Question:

How will you bring about a cessation of the power of the few
and educate or help the vast majority?

Answer:

Who are the “few,” sir?
And who are the “many”?

The “few” exist
because the “many” give them power—
through obedience,
through imitation,
through fear,
through the desire to be safe.

The leader is created
by the follower.

When the mind seeks guidance,
it creates authority.
When the mind is afraid,
it creates power structures.

So, the question is not
how to end the power of the few—
it will always arise
as long as the many live in confusion.

But if the individual sees clearly—
if he begins to understand himself—
he will not obey blindly,
he will not imitate,
he will not follow.
Then the power of the few
dries up like water in the sun.

True help for the vast majority
begins when you, the individual,
become a light to yourself.
A single clear mind
is more revolutionary
than a thousand confused reformers.

Only a few individuals in history bring about change.

Question:

In history, only a very few individuals bring about a change.
Will you have the energy, the capacity, the drive,
the love to bring about a different world?

Answer:

The question is never about “me,” sir.
The speaker is irrelevant.

The real question is:
Do you have the energy,
the passion,
the love
to bring about a different world?

A world cannot change
through one individual,
however, clear he may be.
He can only show a mirror.

But if you look into that mirror,

if you see yourself as you are
without distortion,
without fear—
then the very seeing
is a radical transformation.

It is not the few who change the world.
It is the awakening of intelligence
in the heart of ordinary human beings
that ends the old pattern.

And that awakening
is available now,
to anyone who is willing to see.

We have accepted the illusion that separation is living.

Question:

We have accepted the illusion
that we are living when we are separate.
Are you aware of this division and its consequences?
Why has this division existed at all?
Why has man accepted it?
How has it come into being?

Answer:

Division begins
the moment thought says,
“This is me,”
and “That is not me.”

Thought creates the centre—
the “I,”
the “self,”
the image—
and around that centre
thought builds walls
of belief,

ideology,
nationality,
religion,
ambition.

And behind those walls
we feel safe.

But that safety
is an illusion,
because the wall itself
creates conflict.

Where there is division,
there must be violence—
between nations,
between races,
between religions,
between husband and wife,
within oneself.

Thought invented division
for physical survival.
But psychological division—
“My belief,”
“My faith,”
“My people”—
is unnecessary
and destructive.

The tragedy, sir,
is that we mistake division for identity
and identity for living.

To be aware of this entire movement—
not verbally,
but actually—
is the ending of division.

Can you look at your spouse without the past interfering?

Question:

Can you observe your wife or your husband
without the memory of the past intruding?
Is this possible in actual, daily life—
not as a theory?

Answer:

Let us look at it slowly.

When you look at your husband or wife,
what do you actually see?

Do you see the living person
before you—
their expressions,
their emotions,
the light in their eyes?

Or do you see an image—
built over years
out of hurt,
pleasure,
habit,
expectation?

The past stands between you
and the other.
Memory becomes the observer.
The image becomes the relationship.

Where there is an image
there is no real relationship.

So can you look
without the past?

Can you look
without the image?

This requires
a totally different kind of attention—
an attention without motive,
without fear,
without the desire to change
or to hold on.

When you look in that way,
there is no observer.
There is only observation.

In that pure seeing
the past is quiet.
The image dissolves.
And for the first time
you are in relationship.

This is not theory.
This is possible
every moment of daily life
when the mind is awake.

The Essence

Government, power, history,
separation, relationship—
all these are the outer ripples
of the inner movement of the mind.

When we understand the inner,
the outer transforms.

A mind that is free
from fear and division
creates a world

without oppression.

A mind that sees clearly
acts with intelligence.

A mind that looks without the past
loves without conflict.

A mind that has understood itself
is the beginning
of a new world.

Question:

Can we speak of government, sir,
and the control it exerts
over our day-to-day living?

Answer:

Before we discuss the rulers of the land,
let us look at the ruler within—
the authority of fear,
the tyranny of desire,
the dictatorship of habit,
the shadow of the past
that governs every thought.

What government can oppress you more
than your own conditioning?

The world outside
is carved out of the mind inside.
If the mind is confused,
confusion becomes law.
If the mind is violent,
violence becomes order.
If the mind is afraid,
authority becomes inevitable.

Change the source,
and the river flows clean.

Question

How shall we end the power of the few
and help the countless many?

Answer:

The few exist
because the many bow.
The powerful stand tall
because fear kneels before them.

A leader is born
from the follower's surrender.

End the need to follow,
and power dissolves like mist.
End the desire to be guided,
and authority fades into air.

Do not ask
how to help the many.
Ask instead
whether you can become
a light to yourself—
for a single flame
dispels centuries of darkness.

Question

In history, only a few
seem to transform the world.
Will you be one of them, sir?
Will you have the energy,
the passion,
the compassion
to change the world?

Answer:

It is not the one that changes the world.
It is the awakening of intelligence
in the hearts of the many
that ends the old pattern.

Do not concern yourself
with the speaker.
He is merely a wind
passing through the leaves.

But if you hear the wind,
if you listen in stillness,
something in you may awaken—
a flame without smoke,
a clarity without noise.

And that awakening
is the beginning
of a new earth.

Question:

We live divided lives—
nation against nation,
religion against religion,
husband against wife,
the mind torn within itself.
Why has man accepted this illusion of separation?

Answer:

Division begins
when thought draws a circle
around itself
and says,
“This is me,”
and “That is not me.”

From that moment
the heart shrinks.
Fear enters.
Violence follows.

The walls of belief,
the fences of nationality,
the boundaries of religion—
all grow
from the single seed
of the self.

Thought created division
to protect the body,
but then extended that protection
into the psychological field
where it has no place.

The tragedy is not
that division exists,
but that we worship it.

Awareness of this whole movement
is the ending of it.

To see the false as false
is to deny it instantly.

Question:

Can you look at your wife,
your husband,
without the memory of the past
coming between you?
Is this possible in daily life?

Answer:

Look quietly, sir—
what do you actually see

when you look at another?

Do you see the living face
before you?

Or do you see a portrait
painted by memory—
layer upon layer
of hurt and pleasure,
expectation and fear?

When the past looks,
the present is invisible.

Can you look
without that screen?
Can you look
without naming,
without judging,
without wanting?

Such looking
is like a clear sky
untouched by yesterday's clouds.

In that pure seeing
there is no observer.
There is only observation—
a movement without centre,
an affection without image.

Relationship begins
when the past ends.

The world you see outside
is the echo of the world within.
End the conflict here,
and conflict ends everywhere.

End division in the heart,
and a new civilisation begins.

A mind that sees clearly
acts instantly.
A heart free of fear
loves without measure.
A life awake
creates no leader
and follows none.

When the self is quiet,
the world becomes simple.
When the observer ends,
the beauty of the other is revealed.
When division dissolves,
love enters—
wide as the sky.

And from that love
flows compassion.
From that compassion
flows intelligence.
From that intelligence
flows right action.

This is the end of division.
This is the beginning
of a new world.

Question:

Sir, can we speak of government and its control over our daily lives?

The power of the few seems enormous.

How are we to live under such forces?

Answer:

Look first, not at the governments built of stone and law,
but at the government inside your own mind—
the inner monarchy of fear,
the silent dictatorship of desire,
the thick walls of memory
that tell you where to go,
what to do,
what to avoid.

What greater authority exists
than the past governing the present?

If the inner world is in disorder,
the outer world will mirror it—
just as a turbulent ocean reflects
a turbulent wind.

A confused mind creates a confused society.
A frightened mind creates oppressive power.
A divided mind creates divided nations.

Transformation does not begin
in the parliaments of earth,
but in the galaxies of the heart.

Question:

Then how shall we end the power of the few
and help the many?

Answer:

The few shine
only because the many hand them their light.

The powerful rise
from the collective fear of the powerless.
Authority is born
from the longing to be guided.

The pedestal exists
because we build it stone by stone
from our own uncertainty.

End imitation,
and leaders lose their crown.
End fear,
and authority dissolves
like a comet fading in the morning sky.

Do not ask how to awaken the many.
Awaken yourself—
for a single conscious mind
is more powerful
than empires built on confusion.

A star need not convince the night
to shine;
its mere light
breaks the darkness.

Question:

Only a few beings in history
seem to bring great change.
Will you be one of them, sir?
Will you have the energy,
the love,
the cosmic force
to alter the world?

Answer:

The question is not about the speaker.
The speaker is only a signpost—
a passing cloud
in the eternal sky.

The question is whether you—
you, the listener—

have the passion to dissolve illusion,
the clarity to see division,
the compassion to act instantly.

A single human being
who understands himself
shifts the axis of the world.
Not a hero,
not a saviour—
but a mind that burns
with the light of its own perception.

Change comes
when intelligence awakens—
not in the chosen few,
but in the hearts
of ordinary human beings
who see the false
and drop it
as effortlessly
as a leaf falls
into the river of space.

Question:

Why do we live as though separation were life itself?
Why has division taken root in the human mind?
Why do we accept it?

Answer:

Division was born
the moment thought drew a boundary
around itself
and declared,
“This is me.”

From that centre—
tiny as a spark in cosmic night—
grew the vast machinery of conflict:

nation against nation,
belief against belief,
yesterday against today.

Thought created division
for physical survival,
but extended that survival instinct
into the psychological realm
where it becomes poison.

We worship the self
as ancient peoples worshipped stars—
not knowing
that the self is only a flicker,
a brief formation of memory
drifting through the galaxy of consciousness.

When you see
that the “me” is an illusion,
a shadow cast by thought,
division ends instantly.

And when division ends,
the mind becomes vast—
as vast as the universe
from which it came.

Question:

Can you look at your husband, your wife,
without the dead weight of memory?
Can you see without the past?
Is this actually possible
in daily living?

Answer:

Look at the one beside you
as the universe looks upon a star—
without judgement,

without yesterday,
without the dust of memory.

When the past looks,
it does not see.
It only repeats.

But when the mind is quiet—
quiet like a moonlit lake
unruffled by wind—
then observation is pure.
Then there is no observer,
only seeing.

In that seeing
the image dissolves,
and what remains
is relationship
without shadow.

This is not theory.
This is not imagination.
It is possible
when the mind stands still
as space itself.

The cosmos knows no division.
Stars do not argue.
Planets do not compete.
Galaxies do not define borders.
Only the human mind,
lost in the illusion of the self,
creates separation
and calls it living.

End division within,
and you join the order

of the universe.
End resistance
and you move as freely
as the wind across the void.
End fear
and compassion becomes
as boundless as space.

A mind that understands itself
is as vast as the sky.
A heart that is free
is as gentle as starlight.
A life without division
is a life in harmony
with the infinite.

This is the cosmic revolution—
the revolution of awareness.
It begins not in systems,
but in silence.

And in that silence
the universe
flows through you.

Where Awareness Touches, Violence Ends

1. Sadistic tendencies arise from deep psychological pain

Behind cruelty
is fear,
self-loathing,
humiliation,
loneliness,
and a desperate need
for power and control.

Choiceless awareness shows:

A hurt mind hurts others.

A healed mind harms none.

This book does not preach morality.
It exposes the inner movement of the “me”—
the very source of hurt turning into violence.

This alone can awaken understanding.

2. The book helps people see themselves clearly

Sadists rarely face their own mind.
They hide behind:

- dominance
- superiority
- anger

- emotional numbness
- ideological masks
- cruelty disguised as “strength”

This book gently reveals:

“Look at thought as it is—without judgment.”

This is revolutionary.

It breaks their armor,
not with attack
but with clarity.

Clarity dissolves cruelty,
because cruelty cannot survive being observed.

3. The book teaches responsibility without guilt

A sadistic mind often avoids responsibility.
Awareness teaches:

“You are responsible for your inner movement.”

Not as blame,
not as guilt,
but as a fact.

This responsibility is transformative.
It shows the reader that:

- fear can be understood
- pain can be healed

- conflict is created by the self
- awareness can end violence inwardly

This is how society slowly changes—
one mind at a time.

4. The book bypasses ego and speaks to awareness

Krishnamurti never argued with disturbed minds.
He spoke to the **awareness behind the mind**.

This book does the same.

It avoids:

- moral preaching
- condemnation
- psychological labels
- spiritual superiority

It speaks directly to that part of every human
which knows it is suffering.

This is the only language
a wounded mind can hear.

5. How the book can reach them practically

a) Through prisons and rehabilitation centres

Inmates with violent tendencies often respond strongly
to teachings on awareness and self-understanding.

b) Through mental health professionals

Psychiatrists, counselors, and therapists can recommend the book as a tool for non-judgmental self-observation.

c) Through young people in conflict-prone environments

Schools, colleges, and community centres where aggression is common.

d) Through digital platforms

Short clips, quotes, and reflections spread widely among troubled youth.

e) Through police departments, military groups, and NGOs

Training programs often include mindfulness and emotional intelligence sessions. This book fits perfectly.

6. The greatest contribution to society:

Ending inner violence

Sadism is only one end of the spectrum.
The root is the same as:

- anger
- envy
- jealousy
- domination

- revenge
- hatred

This book addresses **the root**, not the symptom.

Krishnamurti said:

“To transform the world, we must begin with ourselves.”

This book gives people a mirror
to see themselves without distortion.

The moment the mind sees the movement of cruelty,
the movement loses its power.

That is social transformation
at the deepest level.

7. The book does not “target sadists”—it dissolves the sadistic mind-pattern

A sadistic person may never call themselves sadistic.
But when they read:

“Watch every movement of thought
without escape, without judgment.”

something inside them pauses.

A crack appears
in the hard shell of the self.

Through that crack
light enters.

Awareness begins.

And where awareness is,
violence ends.

**JK's teachings can help society
not by correcting others,
but by awakening clarity
in the human mind.**

Where there is clarity,
there is no cruelty.

Where there is awareness,
there is no violence.

Where the self ends,
love begins.

Observation Without the Observer

To watch every movement of thought
is not a discipline,
not a method,
not a new form of self-improvement.
It is the simple act
of being present to what is happening
in the field of the mind—
from moment to moment—
without choice.

When a thought arises—
a memory, a fear, a desire,
a comparison, a judgement—
see it immediately,
as it is,
without naming it,
without resisting it,
without pursuing it.

In this watching,
you are not the watcher and thought.
The watcher **is** thought.
The one who says “I am watching”
is itself another movement of thought
trying to control the first movement.

If this is seen clearly,
then there is only the movement,
only the thought unfolding—
and in that undivided observation
something extraordinary happens:

Thought slows down.
Its momentum weakens.

Its compulsive continuity breaks.
It begins to reveal its entire structure—
its motives,
its hidden fears,
its subtle escapes,
its mechanical nature.

You are not “trying” to do anything.
You are simply watching.

Try it—
not for an hour,
not in meditation halls,
not with force—
but now, in this very moment.
Watch the next thought arise.
Do not choose it,
do not judge it,
do not hold it,
do not push it away.

Just see it.

In that seeing
you will discover something astonishing:

When a thought is fully understood
the moment it appears,
it ends instantly—
without conflict,
without suppression,
without residue.

And when one thought ends completely
without leaving a mark,
the next thought slows,

the next becomes lighter,
the next weaker.

The mind becomes sensitive,
light,
transparent.

In such total awareness,
thought finds its natural place—
as a tool,
not a master.

And in the quiet space
left behind by a thought that ends
without resistance—
there is silence.

A silence that is alive,
vast,
innocent.

That silence is not cultivated.
It is not the result of effort.
It is the natural flowering
of a mind that watches itself
without choice.

And in that silence
lies the sacred.

Violence and Awareness

Questioner:

Sir, why is there so much violence in the world?
Nations fight, families fight, people hurt each other...
Even within myself there is anger and conflict.
How can one understand this violence?

Answer:

Let us begin very simply, sir.
Violence is not “out there”—
it begins in the human heart.

Before a fist is raised,
before a word is spoken,
before a blow is struck,
violence has already begun
in the movement of thought.

Anger is violence.
Comparison is violence.
Ambition is violence.
Imitation is violence.
Envy, jealousy, domination—
these are all forms of violence.

Violence is the shadow
of a mind that does not understand itself.

Questioner:

But sir, why does violence arise at all?

Answer:

Because the self must defend itself.
The “me” is fragile—

made of images, memories, hurts, fears.
It feels threatened by anything
that questions its continuity.

To protect itself,
it strikes,
it resists,
it dominates,
it hurts.

The self is the root of violence.

As long as the “me” exists,
violence will exist.

Questioner:

Sir, are you saying the ending of the self
is the ending of violence?

Answer:

The self is born of thought.
Thought divides—
“my belief,”
“your belief,”
“my group,”
“your group,”
“my ambition,”
“your success.”

Where there is division
there must be conflict.

The ending of violence
requires the ending of the division
created by thought.

This does not mean suppressing thought
or controlling desire.
Suppression is another form of violence.

It means **seeing**
the entire movement of thought
without judgement.

In that seeing,
thought finds its rightful place
and violence subsides.

Questioner:

Sir, is awareness the key?

Answer:

Awareness is the flame
that reveals the whole structure of violence.

When anger appears,
watch it.
Do not condemn it.
Do not justify it.
Do not act upon it.

See it as you would see
a wild animal passing through the forest—
alert,
sensitive,
without fear.

If you watch anger
without escape
or resistance,
anger flowers and ends.

Every feeling must flower and end—
only then is the mind free.

Questioner:

But sir, what about physical violence in the world?
Wars, riots, crime?

Answer:

The world is not separate from us.
The world is what we are—
our greed,
our fear,
our aggression,
our desire for security,
projected outward
in larger and more organized forms.

If the individual mind
is violent,
society will be violent.

To bring peace to the world
one must start
very close—
with oneself.

This is not selfishness.
On the contrary—
it is the beginning of compassion.

Questioner:

What is the role of compassion in ending violence?

Answer:

Compassion is not the opposite of violence.
It is not something cultivated
through effort or discipline.

Compassion arises naturally
when the self is quiet.

A quiet mind
is a compassionate mind.

A mind that understands itself
has no need to injure another.

When you see the suffering in yourself
and do not run from it,
you understand the suffering of all humanity.

Out of that understanding
grows compassion—
and compassion
is the ending of violence.

Questioner:

Sir...
is it really possible
to live without violence?

Answer:

Yes, sir.
It is possible.
Not tomorrow,
not through practice,
not through gradual change—
but **now**,
in this very moment.

When the mind sees something clearly,
it drops it instantly.

When you see the danger of violence—
not intellectually,

but as you see the danger of a snake—
the very seeing
is the ending.

Then life becomes simple,
gentle,
intelligent.

In such a life
there is no conflict,
no brutality,
no hatred.

In such a life
there is peace—
not the peace of escape,
but the peace of understanding.

That peace
is the beginning
of a new mind
and a new society.

Poem

Violence does not begin
with the raising of a hand,
the breaking of a bone,
the striking of a blow.

It begins much earlier—
in the small, silent corners of the mind
where anger is born,
where comparison festers,

where desire sharpens itself
into hunger and hurt.

Violence is the shadow
cast by a mind
that has forgotten how to see.

It lives in the glance of envy,
in the tightening jaw of frustration,
in the quiet wish to dominate,
in the trembling need
to be someone,
to become something,
to outshine another.

Violence is the cry
of the frightened self
defending its fragile image.

And the world outside
—its wars, its prisons, its riots—
is only the outward mirror
of the storm inside us.

To end violence
we must watch it
not as judges,
not as moralists,
not as those who condemn,
but as one would watch
a wild bird in flight—
with attention,
with stillness,
with a heart that neither holds
nor pushes away.

When anger rises,
see its birth.
See how thought shapes it,
feeds it,
owns it.

Watch it without naming.
Watch it without resisting.

Let it flower fully
in the field of your awareness—
for what flowers
must also wither.

Violence ends
not through suppression,
not through control,
not through the will to be good,
but through **understanding**.

And understanding
is the movement of awareness.

Awareness touches violence
like light touches darkness—
without conflict,
without effort.

Then the mind becomes simple,
clear as a still lake
in which even the faintest movement
is seen without distortion.

In that stillness
the self grows quiet.
And where the self is quiet,
violence cannot take root.

From this quietness
flows compassion—
not the compassion of sentiment,
not the compassion of duty,
but the compassion
born of seeing one's own sorrow
as the sorrow of all mankind.

To live without violence
is to live without the self
and its desperate need to become.

It is to move
as the wind moves—
without motive,
without resistance,
touching all things
yet clinging to none.

It is to see
without the fog of fear.
To act
without the weight of the past.
To love
without the chains of possession.

In such a life
there is no conflict,
no brutality,
no wound carried from yesterday.

There is only clarity.
Only silence.
Only a mind
as gentle as a falling leaf,

as vast as an evening sky,
as quiet as a mountain at dawn.

This is the ending
of violence.

This is the beginning
of awareness.

Poem

Violence is not only in the fist
or in the blade
or in the breaking of bodies.

It begins far earlier—
in the unseen chambers of the mind
where fear takes its first breath,
where memory sharpens itself
into the knife of the “me,”
where desire coils
like a sleeping serpent.

Before a star explodes,
it trembles.
Before a mind strikes,
it burns with unseen fires.

Violence is this trembling—
the inward earthquake
of a self-trying to protect
its fragile image
in an infinite universe.

The cosmos moves
without anger.
Galaxies collide

without hatred.
Stars dissolve
without bitterness.

Only the human mind,
lost in its own shadow,
forgets the order
that holds all things together.

Violence is the echo
of this forgetting.

It is the sound
of a mind that believes
it is separate from the whole—
a lonely fragment
trying to conquer other fragments
in a universe where nothing
is truly separate.

But awareness—
awareness is cosmic.

It is the same stillness
in which galaxies float,
the same silence
in which starlight travels
a billion years
to touch the earth.

Awareness does not fight violence.
It illuminates it.

And what is illuminated
cannot remain the same.

Watch your anger rise—
as you would watch
a distant star flare and fade.

Do not grasp it.
Do not push it away.
Let it burn itself out
in the vast sky of your attention.

In that vastness
anger is swallowed
by its own insignificance.

Watch fear—
not as an enemy
but as a small, trembling ripple
in the ocean of awareness.

When you see fear clearly,
it dissolves
like a cloud melting
in the morning sun.

For awareness
is the sun of the mind.

Violence exists only
in the shadows.

Where awareness shines,
no shadow survives.

Then the mind becomes
as open as the cosmos—
unbounded,
unfragmented,
free.

In such a mind
there is no violence,
because there is no “me”
to defend,

no image to protect,
no boundary to fight for.

There is only clarity—
the clarity of starlight,
the clarity of silence,
the clarity of a universe
without conflict.

And in that clarity
flowers compassion—
not a sentiment,
not a duty,
but a cosmic truth:

**The other is not separate from you.
There is only one movement—
the movement of life itself.**

To live in this understanding
is to live without violence.
To see with this vision
is to see with the eyes of the universe.

And when the universe sees through you,
your life becomes
as gentle as moonlight,
as vast as the night sky,
as silent
as creation before the first star.

The Revolution of Understanding Yourself

When you begin to understand yourself—
not according to any book,
not according to any teacher,
not through the authority of tradition—
but through the living movement of your own mind,
then a tremendous revolution takes place.

The mind that understands itself
no longer seeks guidance.
It no longer looks to another
for what to do,
how to live,
how to meditate,
what to believe.

Because **the search for guidance
is the search for comfort,**
and comfort is the escape from fear.

But when you understand fear directly—
as it arises—
the need for comfort disappears,
and with it the need for teachers, gurus, systems, paths.

A mind that understands itself
does not belong to any teaching
because **it is learning directly from life.**

It watches its anger,
its sorrow,
its loneliness,
its ambition,
its pleasure,

its fear—
and in this watching,
it is its own teacher,
its own book,
its own flame of understanding.

Such a mind cannot follow another,
because **following is a form of imitation**,
and imitation is the death of intelligence.

When you understand yourself deeply—
without condemnation,
without justification,
without comparison—
you discover an intelligence
that is not personal,
not conditioned,
not narrow.

It is the intelligence
of a mind that is silent,
clear,
unburdened by the past.

In that silence,
action springs naturally
from compassion—
not from motive,
not from fear,
not from reward,
not from the desire to become something.

Compassion then is not a cultivated virtue.
It is **the natural fragrance
of a mind without conflict**.

Freedom is not something you achieve.

It is not at the end of a spiritual path.
It is not the prize for discipline or effort.

Freedom **is the ending of the self**
with all its demands,
its fears,
its ambitions,
its endless struggle to be somebody.

And compassion blossoms
only in that freedom.

So, when you understand yourself—
completely, honestly, directly—
you are no longer a Buddhist,
a Hindu,
a Christian,
a follower of Krishnamurti,
or of anybody.

You do not belong to a doctrine,
a method,
a belief,
a tradition.

You belong to no teaching—
because **you belong to freedom.**

And where there is freedom,
there is compassion.
Where there is compassion,
there is a wholly different way of living—
a life of sensitivity, humility,
and an intelligence
that moves with the beauty of a quiet, unbounded mind.

When you begin to understand yourself—
not through the words of a teacher,
nor through the promises of a path,
but in the quiet seeing
of your own thoughts,
your fears,
your wounds—
a new light begins to move within you.

It is not borrowed.
It is not inherited.
It belongs to no tradition.

It is the light
of direct perception.

And in that light
all teachings become unnecessary,
as lamps become unnecessary
when the sun rises.

You do not belong
to any doctrine or system then.
You belong only to seeing—
to the clarity that appears
when the mind looks at itself
without escape.

In that clarity,
the self grows quiet,
and in that quietness
freedom blooms
like a wild flower
in untended soil.

And from that freedom
comes compassion—
not the compassion

of effort
or duty
or virtue,
but the compassion
that arises
when the heart is no longer burdened
by its own shadow.

To understand yourself
is to step out of the long night
of dependence,
and into the morning light
of a mind that is whole.

In that wholeness
you move lightly,
simply,
gently—
with the ease of a breeze through leaves,
with the strength of a river
that does not resist its own flow.

And then,
without belonging to any teaching,
you belong to life itself.

When you truly understand yourself—
not through scriptures carved in ancient stone,
not through the footsteps of saints or masters,
but through the silent observation
of your own mind—
something extraordinary happens.

The boundaries of teaching dissolve,

as stars dissolve into the sky
that holds them.

You no longer belong
to any book,
any guru,
any path,
any tradition.

You belong to the infinite.

For self-understanding
is not a human act—
it is a cosmic opening,
a clearing in awareness
through which the universe
looks at itself.

When the mind sees its own movement—
its fears rising like comets,
its desires glowing like suns,
its memories drifting like nebulae—
it becomes spacious
as the night sky.

In that vastness,
the “me” fades
the way a shadow
disappears at dawn.

And when the self ends,
freedom begins—
a freedom as natural
as starlight leaving a distant galaxy.

From that freedom
compassion flows

like cosmic wind:
gentle, boundless,
touching all things
without possession.

Compassion is not effort—
it is the gravity
of a mind without centre,
drawing all life
into its quiet orbit of care.

When you understand yourself,
you move as the universe moves—
without choice,
without fear,
without resistance.

You become space
in which all things arise and fall.
You become silence
in which creation breathes.
You become awareness
without edges.

Then there is no teaching to follow,
no authority to obey,
no path to walk.

There is only
this vast, unbounded presence—
the cosmic stillness
in which freedom and compassion
are one.

When the Senses Awaken Together

Can All the Senses Work Together Harmoniously?

This is one of the most profound questions because it points directly to the quality of perception, and therefore, to the quality of the mind itself.

For most of us,
the senses do not function together.
Each operates in isolation:

- the eye sees,
- the ear hears,
- the tongue tastes,
- the body feels,
- the nose smells—

but thought immediately enters
and breaks the totality of perception.

Thought says:

- “I like this,”
- “I dislike that,”
- “I want more,”
- “I want to avoid this,”
- “This reminds me of...”
- “This gives me pleasure.”

In this interference,
the senses are no longer whole.
They are distorted by memory,
desire,
fear,
comparison,

and the past.

And where there is distortion,
there can be no harmony.

What does it mean for the senses to work together?

To see a tree,
to hear the wind in its leaves,
to feel the sunlight on the skin,
to smell the earth after rain—
in one instant,
without division.

Not as separate sensations,
not filtered through thought,
not broken into fragments.

When all the senses operate together,
there is a total perception—
a perception untouched by the past,
uncorrupted by motive.

This wholeness of the senses
is the awakening of intelligence.

Why don't the senses function together in our daily life?

Because the “me” comes in.

The “me” is the fragment,
the centre that seeks pleasure
and avoids pain.

It selects.

It chooses.
It suppresses.
It pursues.

The moment the “me” acts,
harmony ends.

The senses become servants
of desire and fear—
not instruments of perception.

So, the problem is not the senses.
The problem is the interference of thought,
the constant intrusion
of the psychological self.

When all the senses function together, thought becomes quiet

This is a crucial insight.

When the senses are fully awake,
fully alive,
fully attentive—

- seeing is sharper,
- listening is deeper,
- feeling is sensitive,
- the whole body–mind is present.

In that state
there is no space for the “me”
to comment, analyse, judge, or compare.

Thought naturally becomes quiet—
not through discipline,

not through suppression,
but through the energy of total perception.

A mind in which the senses operate together
is a mind without conflict.

Is this harmony a rare mystical experience?

No.
It is simply
a mind that is completely attentive.

Such attention is not extraordinary.
It is natural
when the mind is not occupied
with its own noise.

The extraordinary thing is
how rarely we allow it.

One look at a sunset
without naming it “sunset,”
without saying “how beautiful,”
without wanting to capture it—
just looking—
and the senses are one.

In that moment
there is no centre,
no observer,
no division.

Only perception.

So, can all the senses work together harmoniously?

Yes.

They can—

but only when the “me” does not interfere,
only when thought does not rush in
with its memories and motives.

In that harmony,
there is great beauty.
Great sensitivity.
Great intelligence.

It is in that state
that life is perceived
as a total movement—
not broken,
not fragmented,
but whole.

And only a whole mind
can meet life
without fear.

When All the Senses Awaken Together

Q: Sir, you often say that when all the senses function together, there is great beauty. Can all the senses really work in harmony?

A: They can—

but they rarely do.
Because the mind is fragmented,

and a fragmented mind cannot perceive anything wholly.

Q: What do you mean by fragmented?

A: Fragmentation is the movement of the “me”—

the centre that judges, selects, compares, condemns, wants, avoids.

This centre divides perception.

To look at a tree,
and immediately say,
“I like that tree,”
or “That reminds me of the village,”
or “I wish I had a house there”—
that is fragmentation.

The moment you bring in the “me” with its likes and dislikes,
you have broken the wholeness of perception.

Q: But sir, we cannot help liking or disliking. That is natural.

A: Of course.

It is natural
as long as you have accepted it blindly.

But if you begin to observe
how the mind instantly distorts perception through naming,
through thought,
through memory—
you will see that liking and disliking are not natural at all.
They are conditioned.

Look at that tree without naming, without comparison.
Just look.
In that looking
all the senses begin to move together.

Q: Are you saying naming is wrong?

A: I am not saying anything is right or wrong.

I am asking you to observe what happens
when you name.

The moment you say “tree,”
you have brought in the past.
The word stands between you and the fact.
You are not seeing the tree;
you are seeing your knowledge about it.

Where knowledge enters,
the senses cease to be whole.

Q: But knowledge is essential, sir. Without knowledge we
would be lost.

A: Knowledge is essential for practical life—

to speak a language,
to drive a car,
to do one’s job.
But the problem begins
when knowledge enters the field of perception.

Where knowledge guides perception,
there can be no direct seeing.

To see fully—
the eye must be free of thought,
the ear must be free of interpretation,
the mind must be silent.

In that silence
all the senses awaken together.

Q: Is this awakening something mystical?

A: Not at all.

It is the simplest thing.

When you listen to music
and the mind does not wander,
don't you feel the sound in your body,
in your nerves,
in your whole being?

At that moment,
there is no centre.
There is only listening.

This listening is the beginning of harmony.

Q: But sir, I find that thought interrupts constantly. Even when I try to look at a flower, thought rushes in: "It is beautiful." "I saw this before." "Where can I grow these?" Why does thought interfere?

A: Because thought is used to dominating.

It has been the master for centuries.

It is used to occupying the whole space of the mind.

Thought interferes
because it wants to control the sensation,
to own it,
to repeat it.

Thought says,
“This is beautiful; let me hold it.”
And in that holding,
it destroys the totality of perception.

Q: So how do we stop thought?

A: You cannot stop thought.

The one who attempts to stop it
is itself another movement of thought.

But you can observe thought.

When you watch thought
as you would watch a bird on a branch—
without choice, without resistance—
thought loses its insistence,
its authority.

In this quiet observation
the senses begin to operate together.

Q: Are you saying observation brings harmony?

A: Not quite.

Observation without the observer

brings harmony.

When you observe quietly,
without the “me” interfering,
the senses naturally fall into order.

The eye sees clearly,
the ear hears sharply,
the skin feels with sensitivity.
There is no contradiction
between seeing, hearing, touching.

This is not something you practise.
It comes when the mind is free of the centre.

Q: Why is the centre—this “me”—so destructive?

A: Because the centre is always seeking.

It is always wanting something—
pleasure, comfort, recognition, security.

And a mind that seeks
cannot see.

Seeking creates division,
and division destroys harmony.

When the senses function wholly,
there is no seeking.
There is only attention—
complete, undivided attention.

Q: Sir, what happens when all the senses are in harmony?

A: When all the senses awaken together,

there is great beauty,
great intensity,
great sensitivity.

In that sensitivity
there is love.
Not the love of sentiment,
not the love of attachment,
but the love that is the outcome
of complete attention.

In that harmony
the “me” is absent.

Where the “me” is absent,
the mind is vast,
limitless,
extraordinarily still.

In that stillness
there is perception without distortion.
There is action without conflict.
There is life without fear.

Q: Is this state rare?

A: It is rare

only because we never observe ourselves.
We live in habits,
in conclusions,
in reactions.

But the moment you begin to watch—
just watch—
without motive,
without reward,
without punishment—
the senses awaken.

And in that awakening
you meet life
as a whole,
undivided movement.

That wholeness
is the beauty of existence.
And only such a mind
knows what it means
to live without sorrow.

When the Senses Awaken Together

Q: Sir, can all the senses

wake together—
seeing, hearing, touching—
as one movement?

A: They can,

but rarely do.
For the mind has broken itself
into fragments,
and a fragmented mind
cannot perceive wholly.

Q: How does it break itself?

A: By the smallness of the “me”—

likes and dislikes,
wounds and memories,
hopes and fears.
The “me” touches every sensation
and divides it.

Q: But liking and disliking come naturally.

A: Do they?

Or have you been trained
from childhood
to interpret what you see—
to name,
to compare,
to judge?

Look at a tree
without the word “tree,”
without saying “beautiful” or “ugly.”
Just look—
and you will feel
all the senses come alive
like drops of rain
falling at the same moment.

Q: Why does thought interfere so quickly?

A: Because thought is eager—

eager to own the sensation,
eager to repeat it,
eager to hold pleasure
and push away pain.
This eagerness
breaks the wholeness of perception.

Thought cannot let a moment be.
It wants to shape it,
name it,
capture it.

And in that capturing,
it loses the beauty.

Q: Then how do we quiet thought?

A: You do not quiet it.

The one who tries to quiet thought
is thought itself.
But you can watch it—
watch as you watch a bird
resting on a branch:
still,
alert,
without a desire to interfere.

In that watching,
thought becomes soft,
like a leaf losing its stiffness.

Q: And the senses?

A: When thought does not intrude,

the senses unfold together—
the eye sees
without naming,
the ear hears
without translating,
the skin feels
without fear.

In this total seeing,
there is no observer.
Where there is no observer,
there is only perception—
clear as water,
complete as silence.

Q: Is such harmony rare?

A: Rare,

because we live
with our eyes turned inward
toward our own noise.

To see wholly,
the mind must be quiet—
not disciplined into quietness,
but quiet
because it understands itself.

When the senses awaken together,
a strange beauty appears:
a beauty without object,
a love without motive,
a tenderness without possession.

Q: What is this state?

A: It is the mind

without the boundary of “me.”

A mind as vast as the sky,
as sensitive as a leaf in spring,
as still as dusk
when the birds grow silent.

In that stillness,
the senses move together
like a single flame.

And in that flame
there is the wholeness of life—
undivided,
immeasurable,
sacred.

Why Man Cannot Live in Choiceless Awareness

And How We Can Help Him See Clearly

1. Because the “me” is terrified of ending

Choiceless awareness requires
the complete silence of the “me.”

But the self is built through years of:

- fear
- comparison
- ambition
- wounds
- conclusions
- memories
- spiritual ideas
- the desire to become someone

This psychological structure—
though fragile, though illusory—
has invested everything in its own continuity.

And awareness threatens it.

So, the self resists awareness
as one might resist death,
because *awareness is the death of the self*.

This is why people cannot remain
in choiceless awareness.

2. Because thought always interferes

Thought has one function:
to operate in time.

Thought wants to solve, choose, judge, compare, interpret.

Choiceless awareness has no choosing...
no judging...
no interpreting.

So thought feels useless in that state.

Therefore, it immediately enters and says:

- “This is good.”
- “This is boring.”
- “I must continue this state.”
- “How do I maintain this?”
- “What does it mean?”
- “I am experiencing something.”

Whenever thought enters,
choiceless awareness ends.

People cannot stay in it
because thought is constantly interfering.

3. Because people want results, not understanding

Awareness gives **no reward**.

No bliss, no vision, no spiritual fireworks.

It only gives *truth*—
often uncomfortable truth.

But people want:

- peace,
- comfort,
- mystical experiences,
- self-improvement,
- enlightenment,
- escape.

Choiceless awareness offers none of these.

So, people abandon it
because it does not feed their expectations.

4. Because we escape from “what is”

Choiceless awareness requires
facing every thought, feeling, fear
exactly as it is.

But people immediately escape into:

- distraction
- entertainment
- religion
- philosophy
- work
- relationships
- spirituality
- imagination
- comparison

- self-pity

This movement of escape
is the very movement that prevents awareness.

Man does not see “what is”—
he escapes into “what should be.”

5. Because conditioning is ancient, heavy, collective

Each human carries:

- thousands of years of fear
- collective conditioning
- religious programming
- cultural pressure
- family expectations
- psychological wounds
- aggressive instincts
- social conditioning
- the weight of the past

This conditioning becomes automatic.

Autopilot.

Choiceless awareness is impossible
as long as the mind functions mechanically.

How Do We Help Them Understand?

In the spirit of Krishnamurti’s teaching approach

1. Not through teaching, but through seeing

You cannot *teach* choiceless awareness.

Teaching implies authority—
and authority kills awareness.

Instead, you help people **see**—
see the movement of thought,
see their own fear,
see their escapes.

Seeing is transformation.

2. Begin with what they actually experience—fear, anger, hurt

Do not talk of the “infinite,”
“silence,”
“pure awareness”
in the beginning.

Start with their daily life:

- fear of losing someone
- anger at a spouse
- craving for recognition
- loneliness
- jealousy
- the pain of comparison
- depression
- frustration

When they watch these movements
without judgment,
they discover awareness naturally.

3. Use very simple language

Choiceless awareness is subtle—
but the explanation must be simple.

For example:

- “Watch your fear as it arises.”
- “Observe a thought without naming it.”
- “Let each feeling flower and end.”
- “Do not interfere with your mind—just look.”

Simple words
open the door to profound truth.

4. Show that awareness is not a practice

If you tell people:

- “Practice awareness,”
- “Try to be aware,”
- “Meditate every day,”

they turn it into another effort.

Choiceless awareness happens **now**,
or not at all.

You help them see that awareness is:

- natural,
- spontaneous,
- effortless,
- immediate.

5. Let them feel that awareness is freedom, not control

People fear awareness
because they think it demands control.

But awareness removes control.

You help them see:

- Watching anger ends anger.
- Watching fear weakens fear.
- Watching desire brings clarity.
- Watching the mind frees it.

Awareness is freedom,
not discipline.

6. Use silence as the teacher

After explaining,
allow silence.

A minute of silence
teaches more than a thousand words.

In silence
they feel the space
between two thoughts.

That space *is* choiceless awareness.

7. Teach through your own state of being

This is the deepest key.

If **you** are in choiceless awareness
even for moments,
others will feel it.

Your clarity becomes a mirror
in which their mind sees itself.

Transformation happens
not by words,
but by presence.

And what is the essence of our advice?

Speak simply, truthfully:

**“Just watch your mind.
Do nothing more.
Awareness will take care of the rest.”**

Because:

When awareness is present,
thought falls into order.
Fear reveals its root.
Desire loses its grip.
Sorrow ends.
Violence dissolves.
The self becomes quiet.
Life becomes simple.

And choiceless awareness
is no longer a struggle—
it becomes the natural state
of a mind that has understood itself.

The universe moves without choice.
Stars are born, dissolve, and are born again
with no hesitation,

no resistance,
no fear of ending.

The galaxies rotate
without asking,
“Should I turn this way or that?”
The planets orbit
without seeking reward.
Light travels
without clinging to the darkness it leaves behind.

But the human mind—
born of the same cosmic dust,
shaped by the same universal laws—
has lost this effortless movement.

It chooses.
It hesitates.
It divides.
It clings.
It resists.
It fights.

**And in the very act of choosing,
choiceless awareness disappears.**

1. Because the “me” fears its own impermanence

The universe blossoms and dissolves
with ease.

But the human “me”—
a small bundle of memories, hurts, hopes, images—
refuses to dissolve.

It trembles at the thought of ending,
as though ending were death,
as though death were annihilation.

Choiceless awareness
is the flame in which the “me” dies.
So the “me” resists it
with all the energy of fear.

2. Because thought believes it is the creator

The stars do not think.
They shine.

The river does not deliberate.
It flows.

But thought,
tiny and limited yet proud,
believes itself to be the architect
of life,
safety,
identity,
future.

Choiceless awareness requires
an intelligence beyond thought—
a cosmic intelligence,
effortless and vast.

So thought fights it,
interferes with it,
claims it,
distorts it.

Like clouds covering the sun,
thought tries to hide
the infinite clarity beneath it.

3. Because man chases experiences, not truth

The universe knows no “experience.”
It knows only movement.

But human beings chase
pleasure,
peace,
visions,
states of mind,
spiritual glimpses.

Choiceless awareness gives nothing to chase—
because it is the ending of the chaser.

So, man abandons it,
running after the next illusion
in the cosmic marketplace of desires.

4. Because conditioning is older than the stars within you

Before you were born,
your mind inherited
fear millions of years old,
aggression carved into the species,
the sorrow of ancestors,
the rituals of tribes,
the divisions of nations,
the beliefs of centuries.

This conditioning
is like a gravitational field
pulling the mind back into habit.

Choiceless awareness
is the escape velocity
from this ancient gravity—
and few dare break free.

How Do We Help Human Beings Understand?

1. Speak to the space behind their thoughts

Not to their opinions,
not to their conditioning,
not to their fears—
but to the vast silence
that watches all of this.

When you speak to that silence,
the person listens
with the whole being.

2. Begin where their suffering begins

Do not begin with the infinite.
Begin with:

- their fear
- their loneliness
- their anger
- their jealousy
- their sorrow
- their restlessness

When they see the movement of suffering,
they see the movement of thought.

When they see the movement of thought,
they touch awareness.

And awareness is cosmic.

3. Use metaphors of the universe

because cosmic truth bypasses resistance.

Tell them:

- “Watch your anger as you watch a star rise.”
- “Let a thought pass like a cloud in infinite sky.”
- “Be the space in which fear appears and disappears.”

These images awaken
a deeper intelligence
than argument ever can.

4. Let silence teach what words cannot

A minute of silence
contains more truth
than a hundred books.

In silence,
the cosmic order touches the mind.
Thought becomes quiet
without effort.
Awareness opens
like a flower at dawn.

Let them experience silence.
This is the true teacher.

5. Do not guide—mirror

You cannot lead anyone to choiceless awareness.

But you can become
a mirror of stillness.

When they look into your clarity,
they see their own confusion

without shame,
without judgment.

Seeing is transformation.

And what is the essence of our message?

Tell them:

“Just watch.

Let every thought arise and fall.
Let every fear reveal itself.
Let every desire complete its arc.
Do nothing to interfere.”

For awareness
is not a practice—
it is the natural state
when the self is absent.

When awareness awakens,
you are no longer
a fragment struggling in chaos.

You become
the space in which
the cosmos moves—

silent,
boundless,
and without choice.

Where Awareness Becomes Character

A Human Being's Character Is Shaped by the Quality of Awareness

A human being's character
is not built by discipline,
not shaped by imitation,
not formed by will
or by the pursuit of ideals.

Character—
in its deepest, purest sense—
is born out of awareness,
not out of conformity.

When the mind watches itself
without judgement,
without choice,
without the desire to become something,
there is a clarity
that naturally brings order.

This order is character.

It does not come from effort.
It is not the result of moral teaching.
It arises when the mind sees
its own motives, fears, pleasures, ambitions,
the entire movement of the “me,”
as they are—
not as they should be.

A mind that sees clearly
acts clearly.

A mind that sees partially
acts in contradiction.

Choiceless awareness means
to look without the interference of desire—
to see without condemning,
without justifying,
without running away.

In such attention,
the hidden is revealed:
the subtle greed,
the small vanities,
the deep fears,
the ancient hurts.

When these are seen directly,
without the screen of the observer,
they lose their power.

And when the mind is free
from its own distortions,
its actions have integrity,
its words have meaning,
its relationships have simplicity.

This wholeness—
this inner order born of understanding—
is character.

Without awareness,
character becomes imitation—

a mask,
a pattern,
a conditioned response.

With choiceless awareness,
character becomes
the flowering of intelligence.

It is not something you cultivate;
it is something that emerges
when the mind is utterly honest with itself,
utterly awake
to its own movement.

So, man's character
depends not on what he follows,
not on what he believes,
but on how deeply he sees.

The depth of awareness
is the depth of character.

Poem

Character as the Flower of Awareness

Character is not carved by discipline,
nor shaped by borrowed ideals.
It is not stitched from commandments,
nor trained into being
through reward and punishment.

Character flowers
in the light of awareness.

When the mind watches itself—
its motives,
its fears,
its small deceits,
its restless desires—
with no condemnation
and no escape,
a strange order begins to appear.

This order is not imposed;
it is not the product of will.
It grows
as a flower grows,
quietly,
naturally,
in the warmth
of total attention.

Where awareness is shallow,
character becomes a mask—
a polite imitation,
a cultivated behaviour,
a pattern made to please society.

But where awareness is deep,
actions spring from clarity,
words arise from truth,
relationships breathe with honesty.

The mind that sees itself wholly
cannot act in fragments.
It cannot deceive,
cannot pretend,
cannot wound.

Seeing ends the disorder.
And in that ending
there is integrity.

For choiceless awareness
is a mirror
that holds nothing back.
It shows the hidden corners,
the subtle shadows,
the unspoken fears.

When all this is seen
without the hand of the “me,”
character becomes
a movement of intelligence—
not something practised,
but something lived.

It is the fragrance
of a mind
that is awake.

The Art of Watching Thought

Thought begins in silence—
a tiny ripple in the vastness of the mind—
a flicker rising from memory,
from fear,
from the wounds of yesterday,
from the hopes of tomorrow.

Most of us never see its birth.
We only see its consequences:
confusion,
anxiety,
attachment,
sorrow,
conflict.

But the beginning is hidden,
too subtle,
too swift,
too familiar to notice.

To watch thought
is to bring a light
into the depths of the mind—
a light so gentle
that it does not disturb,
yet so clear
that nothing escapes it.

The First Stirring

Watch the very first movement:
before the word,
before the image,

before the story.

A thought rises the way
a fish breaks the surface of a quiet lake—
sudden, delicate,
gone in an instant
unless you are attentive.

This is the moment
where understanding is born.

If the mind is sluggish,
if it waits,
if it judges,
the thought slips away
and begins its work in darkness—
growing into fear,
shaping desire,
building the “me.”

But if you are alert—
if the mind is watchful,
sensitive,
open like a morning sky—
the thought is seen
as it moves.

And what is seen,
in the very seeing,
loses its power to deceive.

Seeing Without Interference

To watch thought
is not to analyse it.

Analysis is the mind examining itself
through another part of itself—
like a thief catching a thief.

To watch is to stand still
as thought unfolds.
Without pushing it away,
without holding it close,
without calling it good or bad.

Just watch,
as you would watch a cloud drifting,
a flame moving in the wind.

In that watching,
the watcher disappears.
There is only seeing.

Then thought has no place to hide.

The Thought That Escapes Creates Sorrow

Understand this deeply:

It is not the thought that is seen
that creates sorrow.
It is the thought that moves in darkness,
unnoticed,
unquestioned,
unobserved.

That hidden thought becomes
fear for tomorrow,
hurt remembered from yesterday,
dreams of becoming something,

demands for continuity,
images of success,
images of failure.

Out of that unseen world
the “me” is born.

The “me”—
that restless centre,
that ancient echo,
that bundle of memories—
lives on thoughts
that were never noticed
when they were small.

To watch thought
at the moment of its birth
is to cut sorrow at its root.

The Movement into the “Me”

Watch closely and you will see:

A thought becomes an image,
the image becomes an emotion,
the emotion becomes the “me,”
and the “me” becomes the prisoner
of its own invention.

A single remembered insult
creates the wounded “me.”
A single memory of pleasure
creates the longing “me.”
A single moment of fear
creates the defensive “me.”

And the “me”
spends the rest of life
trying to heal its wounds,
protect its pleasures,
escape its fears—
never realising
that it is the outcome of thought.

When you watch thought
as it moves,
the “me” has no soil to grow in.
It remains a shadow
seen for what it is—
a passing wave
in the ocean of the mind.

A Mind That Watches Is Never in Conflict

Conflict arises
when two thoughts collide—
one wanting this,
another wanting that.
When one fear meets another fear.
When pleasure seeks continuity
and life refuses to cooperate.

A mind that watches thought
does not choose between thoughts.
It sees them all
in a single flame of attention.

In such seeing
there is no division,
no argument,

no opposition.

Thought falls silent
without resistance.

Silence becomes
not an achievement
but a natural flowering.

The Beauty of Watching Without Effort

To watch thought
is not a practice.
It is not something
you do in the morning
and forget for the rest of the day.

It is like breathing.
It is like listening to a bird
without naming it.
It is like feeling your heartbeat
without trying to control it.

Effort has no place
in awareness.

Effort belongs to the “me”
trying to change itself.
Awareness belongs
to a mind that sees.

When you watch thought
without strain,
the watching deepens,
widens,

becomes effortless.

It is a living movement—
a flame that burns quietly
throughout the day.

What Happens When You Truly Watch Thought

You will notice
something extraordinary:

Thought slows down.
Thought becomes transparent.
Thought loses its dominance.

Not because you suppressed it,
but because you understood it.

When thought sees itself
as a mechanical movement
born of memory,
it stops pretending
to be the master of life.

In that moment,
the mind is free.

Not from thought—
thought is still there
for practical matters—
but free from the tyranny
of psychological thought.

Free from
fear of tomorrow,

wounds of yesterday,
the pressure to become,
the anxiety of comparison,
the loneliness of the “me.”

The Mind in the Light of Awareness

A mind that watches thought
is like a lake
without ripples—
still,
deep,
reflective.

It sees life as a whole.
It meets sorrow
without resistance.
It meets joy
without clinging.

It meets death
without fear
because the “me”
that fears ending
is no longer solid.

And in this watching
there is a different kind of intelligence—
not the intelligence of knowledge
or experience,
but the intelligence of understanding.

This intelligence
is compassion.

Compassion is not practiced;
it blossoms
when the mind
is no longer occupied
with itself.

The Beginning of Seeing

Watch thought.
Not occasionally,
not seriously one moment
and casually the next.

Watch it as you breathe,
as you walk,
as you listen,
as you meet life.

Watch the birth of a thought
and you will understand
the nature of the thinker.

Watch the thinker
and you will see
it is nothing
but thought.

Thought understood
is thought ended.

And in the ending of thought
there is
immense silence—
a silence in which
the whole of life

is mirrored.

This silence
is the beginning
and the ending
of freedom.

Inward Seeing, Outward Clarity

We are concerned here with something very simple yet
immensely subtle:
whether the mind can look at itself without distortion.
Not as an analyst studying a patient,
not as an observer examining an object,
but as a whole movement—
fluid, shifting, alive—
seen without division.

Most of us never stay with ourselves.
When we are alone, the mind becomes restless,
moving from one thought to another,
seeking distraction, escape, occupation.
It does this because we have never learned the art of simply
watching.
We either condemn what arises
or try to hold on to the pleasant
or run away from the unpleasant.

To watch without choice
is the beginning of inward clarity.

When a thought appears,
to see it as it is—
without naming, without suppressing, without judging—
is an extraordinary act.
It is like watching a bird rest briefly on a branch.
The moment you try to catch it,
you disturb its flight.

So, let the mind reveal itself.
If there is fear, watch the fear.

If there is desire, watch desire unfold.
If there is judgement, watch the judgement.
Every movement is part of the same stream.

Where there is complete observation,
there is no observer separate from the observed.
The observer is the observed—
the fear, the thought, the image.
When this is seen directly,
without intellectual effort or verbalisation,
the division ends.

And when the division ends,
there is silence.

This silence is not cultivated.
It is not the outcome of discipline, practice, or repetition.
It comes naturally,
as water becomes still when nothing stirs it.
And in that stillness,
the mind is clear—
not controlled,
not shaped by belief or desire,
but clear in itself.

From this inward quietness,
one looks outward.
And then the world is seen as it is—
the tree in its marvellous proportion,
the human face without the burden of images,
the movement of life without the colouring of memory.
When the heart is quiet,
the world is revealed in its own beauty.

So inward seeing and outward clarity

are not two separate movements.
They are one.
If the mind is confused inwardly,
what it sees outwardly will be confused.
If the mind is silent inwardly,
the outward world stands in extraordinary clarity.
The inner and outer are one field,
one continuous movement.

And from this understanding flows action.

Action that arises from motive brings conflict.
Action that arises from fear or ambition
is always partial,
always divisive.
But when the mind has understood itself completely—
its motives, desires, fears, conditioning—
there is a natural order.

Out of that order,
action flowers.

It is not forced,
not calculated,
not born of the will.
It flowers as naturally as a blossom opens in the morning
sun—
because the conditions for flowering are present.

Such action has the quality of intelligence.
It is free of resistance and regret.
It is whole.
And in such wholeness
there is compassion—
a compassion not directed toward one or another,

but like light:
touching everything.

To begin within
is not selfishness.
It is to discover the structure of human consciousness—
your fear is not different from another's fear,
your sorrow not different from another's sorrow.
In understanding oneself,
one understands all humanity.

This inward seeing
is the beginning of freedom.
And in that freedom
life blossoms
in clarity,
in simplicity,
in the quiet beauty
of a mind that sees.

Seeing Begins Within

Question:

Sir, it seems simple when you say it—
“Watch yourself first”—
but when I am alone,
my mind becomes restless.
It jumps from one thing to another.
How can one begin?

Answer:

May we look at it together?
Not as teacher and student,
but as two friends exploring.

Why does the mind become restless
when one is alone?
Is it because we have never actually stayed with ourselves?
We are always escaping,
moving outward,
running to something.

So could we,
for a few minutes,
be completely still
and look?

Question:

Look at what, sir?

Answer:

At whatever is happening in the mind.
At the thought that arises.
At the fear that suddenly appears.
At the desire that begins to unfold.
Look at it without trying to alter it.

If you try to change it,
you are no longer looking.
You are operating from a motive.

Question:

Yes, but the mind interferes.
It judges; it compares.

Answer:

Naturally.
Judgement is part of thought.
So, when there is judgement,

observe the judgement.
Do not resist it.
Do not say, “I must not judge.”
That becomes another activity of thought.

Can you watch judgement
the same way you watch a bird on the branch—
quietly,
without trying to catch it?

Question:

Sometimes I see a thought very clearly.
It is like a flash.
And then everything goes silent for a moment.

Answer:

That silence is not something you have created.
It comes when the mind has seen
the whole movement of thought
without resistance.

But the moment you say,
“I will hold on to that silence,”
it is gone—
because the desire to hold
is another movement of thought.

Do you see this?

Question:

I do, sir.
But what happens next?
How does this help us see the world clearly?

Answer:

If your mind is burdened—
by fear, by hurt, by ambition—
how can you see anything outside clearly?
The burden colours the seeing.

To look at a tree,
you must be free of inner noise.
To look at another human being,
you must be free of the images you have about them.

So first understand the noise within.
And as you observe it,
as you give total attention to it,
the noise subsides.
Then the mind becomes quiet.

From that quietness,
look outward.
Then the world is seen as it is—
not through the screen of your memories,
your opinions,
your past.

Question:

This feels completely different
from the usual idea of introspection.

Answer:

Introspection involves analysis—
the analyser separate from the analysed.
But the analyser is the analysed.
They are not two.

We often said:
“The observer is the observed.”

Which means the observer is the movement of thought
he is trying to examine.

Once this is seen,
there is no division.
And when there is no division,
the mind is quiet.

Question:

So, the inner and outer seeing
are not two separate acts?

Answer:

No, sir.
They are one movement.

If the mind is quiet inwardly,
it sees outwardly with clarity.
If the mind is confused inwardly,
it sees outwardly with confusion.

The two are not separate.
They are one field.

Question:

There is a sense of great gentleness
when you speak of this.

Answer:

Because observation is a gentle act.
There is no force in it,
no control,
no suppression.

It is like watching a flower open.

You cannot make it open faster.
You can only look.

And the looking itself
brings understanding.

Question:

Sir, is this the beginning of freedom?

Answer:

Freedom begins
the moment you see
the whole movement of yourself—
not bit by bit,
but as one movement.

And from that seeing
comes quietness,
clarity,
and a great compassion.

This compassion is not inward or outward.
It is simply there,
without direction.

Question:

Then the world and myself
are no longer two things?

Answer:

Yes, sir.
They are one.

When you understand the movement within,
you understand the movement of the world.

When you see yourself clearly,
you see all humanity.

This is the beauty
of beginning within.

The Quiet Turning Within

Question:

When I sit alone,
the mind runs in all directions—
restless, impatient.
How is one to begin, sir?

Answer:

Begin
by being still for a moment—
not forcing stillness,
not begging for peace.
Just let the breath settle
as leaves settle
when the wind moves away.

And then look—
very gently—
at whatever arises.

Question:

Look at what?

Answer:

At the trembling of thought,

the little stir of fear,
the quick shadow of desire,
the half-forgotten wound
that returns uninvited.

Look
as you would look at a bird
perched lightly on a branch—
without reaching for it,
without naming it.

Question:
But judgement comes instantly.

Answer:
Then watch the judgement too.
Do not chase it away.
Let it be part
of the morning light.

Every movement of the mind
is a ripple on the same water.
Watch the whole water.

Question:
Sometimes, sir,
there is a sudden stillness—
a quiet without effort.

Answer:
Yes—
when thought has shown itself fully,
it falls silent
like a bird folding its wings
at dusk.

That silence
cannot be cultivated.
It arrives
when there is no resistance.

Question:

And from this silence
should one look outward?

Answer:

Look outward
from the same quiet centre—
the sky,
the tree,
the face of another.

When the mind is quiet,
what it sees
is true.
There is no distortion,
no image,
no echo of your own fear.

Question:

Then the inner and outer
are one movement?

Answer:

One breath,
one flowing,
one unbroken seeing.

When the heart is clear,
the world is clear.

When the mind is silent,
the tree stands revealed
in its own beauty.

Question:

Is this love, sir?

Answer:

It is the ground
where love can bloom—
a tenderness
without possession,
a clarity
without division,
a stillness
that holds the whole of life
as in the palm of an open hand.

Question:

Then to begin within
is not selfishness?

Answer:

To begin within
is to see the whole of humanity.
For what you find in yourself
you will find
in every human being—
their sorrow,
their fear,
their hope,
their longing.

So, in understanding yourself,

you understand the world.

And in that understanding
there is compassion—
quiet,
unasked for,
like the light
after rain.

- *“If you are aware of the whole movement within—your thoughts, motives, fears—then from that awareness action naturally flowers.”*
- *“To see clearly, the mind must first see itself.”*
- *“The world is revealed only when the mind is quiet.”*
- *“Begin within; the outer is its reflection.”*
- *“When the mind watches itself, silence flowers.”*
- *“Look within first—then the world is seen without distortion.”*
- *“In the quiet of self-seeing, the world becomes clear.”*
- *“The inner light makes the outer world visible.”*
- *“The tree outside is as you are within.”*
- *“When the mind understands itself, there is clarity; from clarity, right seeing.”*

Action That Flowers from Awareness

Question:

Sir, you said the other day that

“If you are aware of the whole movement within—your thoughts, motives, fears—then action naturally flowers.”

What does it mean for action to “flower”?
It sounds beautiful, but I don’t quite grasp it.

Answer:

Perhaps we can look at it together,
slowly, quietly,
not trying to reach a conclusion.

First, what do we mean by “the whole movement within”?
Isn’t it the constant flow of thought—
the desires, the hurts, the comparisons,
all the hidden motives
that shape our actions?

Most of us see only a small corner of this.
We pick one thought and say,
“I must control this,”
or “This is good,”
or “This is bad.”
And the rest of the movement goes on unnoticed.

Question:

Yes, sir.
Even when I watch myself,
I tend to choose what to look at.

Answer:

Exactly.
And the very act of choosing
creates a division—
the watcher and the watched.

Is awareness a matter of choice?
Or is it possible to observe
the whole flow
without selecting?

Question:

I don't know, sir.
It seems very difficult.

Answer:

It becomes difficult
only when you try to achieve something with it.
When there is no motive,
awareness is simple.

we often said:
Just watch.
Watch the thought as it arises.
Watch the fear as it moves.
Watch the desire before it takes shape.

Do not interfere.
Do not condemn.
Do not explain.
Let the mind reveal itself.

Question:

And when it reveals itself,
what happens?

Answer:

When you see something completely—
like a snake on the path—
there is instant clarity,
instant action.

Where there is total seeing,
the seeing is the action.

Similarly,
when the mind sees its own movement fully,
without the division of the observer,
that very seeing brings order.

You don't bring order.
Awareness brings it.

Question:

So, action comes after awareness?

Answer:

Not after.
That implies time,
cause and effect.
The awareness itself is action.

A flower opens in the morning
because conditions are right.
It does not force itself to open.
It blooms naturally.

In the same way,
when the mind sees the whole of itself,
action blooms—
without conflict,
without contradiction,
without effort.

Question:

But what kind of action is this?
Is it practical?
Does it help in daily living?

Answer:

Of course.
When the mind is clear,
the smallest act—
a word spoken,
a gesture made,
a decision taken—
has a different quality.

It is not born of fear,
not driven by desire,
not tainted by self-interest.

It has the quality of intelligence.
It has the fragrance of compassion.

Such action is practical
because it is free of confusion.

Question:

Sir, is awareness then the key
to right living?

Answer:

Awareness reveals what is.
And the seeing of what is
is the beginning of right action.

You don't have to search for a key.
You don't have to practise.
You don't have to conform.

Just observe—
your thoughts,
your reactions,
your fears,
your pleasures—
the whole movement.

Allow it to unfold.
Let it show itself.

And in that watching
there is understanding.

From that understanding
comes action

that has no regret,
no contradiction,
no shadow of the “me.”

Question:

It feels as though
the action comes from silence.

Answer:

Yes, sir.
From the silence
of a mind that has understood itself.

From that silence
action flowers.

And such action
is the action of a whole mind—
not a fragmented one.

It is the beauty
of a life lived
in clarity.

The Eternal Now

Living in the Present

To live in the present is not a practice.
It is not a method you follow, nor a goal you achieve after
long discipline.
The present is not something you reach;
it is something you see—
when the mind is no longer burdened by yesterday
or seeking refuge in tomorrow.

Most of us do not live in the present.
We live in memory—
in the echoes of what has happened,
in the wounds we have collected,
in the images we have built of ourselves.

Or we live in the future—
in hopes, fears, plans, escapes, and desires.
Thought projects itself forward and backward,
creating time psychologically.

And in this psychological time
there is conflict.

Where there is conflict,
there cannot be the present.

The Present Is Not a Moment Between Past and Future

People often say,
“Live in the now,”
as though the “now” were a tiny segment of time

between what was and what will be.

But the present Krishnamurti points to
is not a fragment of time.

It is a state in which the mind is completely attentive,
free of the movement of becoming.

When you look at a tree,
a bird,
a cloud,
your own thought—
with total attention,
without naming,
without comparing,
without wanting—
that attention is the present.

In that attention
there is no centre accumulating experience,
no observer separate from the observed.
There is only seeing.

Such seeing is timeless.

The Present Ends When the “Me” Begins

The “me” lives in time.
The “me” is the past—
your memories, hurts, ambitions, beliefs,
your successes, failures, and conclusions.

When the “me” is active,
the present disappears,
because the “me” is always becoming—
becoming something better,

becoming something secure,
becoming someone important.

This movement of becoming
is the movement of time.

And time is sorrow.

When the “me” is silent,
the present is.

Observation Without Choice Is the Present

Living in the present is not achieved by effort.
Effort implies conflict—
the desire to be something other than what you are.

But observation without choice,
without resistance,
without escaping—
that very observation is freedom.

Look at your fear,
your loneliness,
your ambition,
your anger—
not to change it,
not to suppress it,
but to understand it.

In this choiceless awareness
the mind is extraordinarily sensitive,
alert,
alive.

Such a mind is living fully in the present.

When the Mind Is Present, Life Is Vast

In the present
there is no burden of the past
and no fear of the future.

There is only what is—
the movement of life without distortion.

In this clarity
every moment reveals its own beauty:
the movement of a leaf,
the smile of a stranger,
the play of shadow on water,
the flow of thought itself.

When the mind is present,
life is immense—
not because it is spectacular,
but because it is seen without the screen of thought.

To live in the present
is to live without the self.
And to live without the self
is the beginning of freedom.

A Dialogue

Questioner:

Sir, people say we must live in the present.
What does it actually mean?
Is it something one can learn?

Answer:

Let us look at it together.

When you say “live in the present,”

what is the state of your mind?

Is it free of the past?

Or is the past moving through the present,
shaping it, distorting it?

Most of us are never in the present.

We carry yesterday like a burden,

and we stretch tomorrow like a canvas of hopes and fears.

Between the two, the present is lost.

Questioner:

But surely, we must remember the past

and think about the future?

Answer:

Of course, sir.

We are talking of psychological time,
not the clock.

To remember how to drive a car is necessary.

To plan a journey is necessary.

But to carry the hurts of yesterday,
the insults, the ambitions, the fears—
that is unnecessary.

It is that psychological movement
that prevents you from living now.

Questioner:

Are you saying we must forget the past?

Answer:

Not forget—
but see it for what it is: memory.
Memory has its place,
but when memory takes the place of perception
you no longer see.

You look at a tree
through the screen of names, experiences, associations.
You look at your wife, your husband,
through the image you have built.
And you look at yourself
through the conclusions you have gathered.

Where the image is,
the present is not.

Questioner:

But how do we stay in the present?
My mind keeps wandering.

Answer:

The moment you ask how,
you have already left the present.

Methods, systems, practices—
all belong to time.
They promise a result tomorrow.
But tomorrow is still the projection of thought.

To live in the present
is to see the movement of thought itself—
not to stop it,
not to control it,
but to watch it like you watch a bird in flight.

When you watch without choice,
thought naturally becomes quiet.
And in that quietness
the present is.

Questioner:

So, the present comes when thought is silent?

Answer:

Thought is never completely silent.
But there can be moments
when the mind is utterly still—
not forced,
not disciplined,
but still because it has seen the futility of noise.

In that stillness
there is no past,
no future,
only the living movement of “what is.”

And “what is” is the present.

Questioner:

Is this state enlightenment?

Answer:

Please don’t give it a name.
The moment you name it,
you are already outside it.

Just see:
when the mind is free of movement in time,
there is a freshness,
a sensitivity,

an innocence.

That is living in the present.

Questioner:

Can ordinary people like us live this way?

Answer:

It is not a matter of being ordinary or extraordinary.

It is a matter of seeing.

When you see a snake,
you don't ask whether you are ordinary or advanced.
You just see and act.

In the same way,
if you see the nature of the past,
the nature of thought,
the nature of time—
the very seeing brings its own action.

And that action
is always in the present.

Questioner:

Then living in the present
is simply to see clearly?

Answer:

Yes, sir.

To see without the past interfering,
to hear without the screen of prejudice,
to feel without the distortion of fear—
that is the present.

When the mind is free from the movement of becoming,
free from the shadow of yesterday
and the projection of tomorrow,
there is only this—
the immeasurable beauty of now.

The present is not a moment
that slips between yesterday and tomorrow.
It is not a breath you struggle to catch,
nor a discipline you practise,
nor a habit you cultivate
through the slow labour of will.

The present is a flame—
always burning,
always new,
always untouched by time.

But we rarely feel its warmth.
We carry the past
like a bundle of old clothes:
memories worn thin,
hurts stored carefully,
ambitions folded and refolded
till they become our very skin.

We dream of the future
as a beggar dream of a feast—
hoping, calculating,
stretching a thousand tomorrows
out of a single desire.

Between these two shadows

the present is lost—
not because it is hidden,
but because the mind is elsewhere.

To live in the present
is to see this movement
and to let it fall silent.

It is to watch thought
rise like mist
and vanish like mist—
without clutching it,
without fighting it,
without making it a story.

It is to look at a tree
as though you had never seen a tree,
to hear a bird
without naming its song,
to meet sorrow
without the memory of yesterday's wounds.

In such seeing
there is no centre,
no boundary,
no accumulated becoming—
only a vast, tender awareness
in which life unfolds effortlessly.

The present is this stillness
that is not made still.
It is this clarity
that is not born of effort.
It is this quietness
that is not the result of meditation,

but the seed from which meditation blossoms.

To live in the present
is to live without the burden of “me”—
for the “me” is woven of time,
and time is never now.

When the self sleeps,
the present awakens.
When thought stops chasing itself,
the heart opens like a morning flower—
fragrant, unafraid,
untouched by yesterday’s dust.

Then every step is fresh,
every breath a discovery,
every moment a doorway
into the immeasurable.

To live in the present
is to live in freedom—
freedom that has no opposite,
freedom that is not achieved,
freedom that is simply
the innocence of seeing.

And in that freedom,
life becomes a song
without a singer,
a flame without smoke,
a river that flows
without beginning or end.

Before the universe unfolded

its first breath of light,
before stars flared into being
and time cast its golden net,
there was only this—
a silent presence
without distance,
without measure,
without past or future.

That same presence
still flows through your heartbeat,
through the wind that moves across planets,
through the deep hush
between one thought and the next.

But the mind,
lost in the echoes of memory
and the glitter of tomorrow,
cannot hear that cosmic silence.

It lives in the past—
in stories carved out of stardust and pain.
It dreams of the future—
new galaxies of hope,
new constellations of fear.
Thought travels like a restless comet
between these two shadows,
never touching the vastness
where the present lives.

To live in the present
is to slip out of the orbit of time,
to fall inward
into that ancient stillness
older than the galaxies themselves.

It is to watch thought
as one watches distant nebulae—
appearing, dissolving,
born from emptiness,
returning to emptiness—
without grasping,
without resistance.

In this choiceless seeing,
the mind becomes transparent
as a clear night sky,
and the light of awareness
shines through every fragment
like stars through thin clouds.

Then the tree
is not just a tree;
it is the universe
looking at itself in green.
The river
is not just water;
it is the Milky Way
flowing through the valley of your senses.
The wind
is not merely air;
it is the breath of creation
whispering through your soul.

Living in the present
is living where the universe lives—
not in time,
but in the immeasurable.

It is to stand on the edge of silence

and discover
there is no edge at all.
It is to realise
that the same intelligence
that spins galaxies
moves in you
when the self is absent.

When the “me” dissolves,
the present opens
like a supernova of light—
not violent,
but infinitely tender,
infinitely clear.

Then every moment
is a birth of the cosmos,
every breath
a star igniting,
every perception
a doorway into the sacred.

For the eternal is not far away.
It is here,
in the now—
in the space where thought cannot follow,
where time cannot enter,
where the universe touches your heart
and calls it home.

The Two Nows

The Difference Between Krishnamurti's "Living in the Present" and Everyone Else's

Most people—teachers, philosophers, spiritual guides—speak of living in the present as something you must practise, cultivate, or train your mind to do.

Krishnamurti's view is completely different.

His "present" is not the "present moment practice." It is not mindfulness, not meditation technique, not an effort to stay focused.

JK's present is something entirely different—a state that arises when the mind sees the whole movement of time and becomes naturally quiet.

Below is the precise difference.

Most people turn "living in the present" into a practice.

JK says: Practice destroys the present.

Most teachers say:

- Stay mindful of your breath
- Be aware of the current moment
- Bring attention back to the present
- Use techniques to remain here and now

This involves effort, control, discipline, constant correction.

Krishnamurti says:

“Where there is effort, there is conflict, and conflict is time.”

Effort belongs to time, and anything born of time cannot be the present.

Practising the present prevents living in the present.

Most people think the present is a point between past and future.

JK says the present is timelessness.

For the world, the present = this moment between past and future.

For JK, the present = a mind not burdened by time at all.

Time is psychological:

- memories
- fears
- hopes
- ambitions
- becoming

When this movement ends, the present is not a “moment”—it is a state of timeless awareness.

Most say: “Be present by focusing on something.”

JK says: “Be present by observing without the observer.”

Others teach the present through:

- focusing on the breath

- watching sensations
- concentrating on sound
- repeating mantras

But Krishnamurti says:

“Where there is the observer, there is division, and therefore no present.”

For JK, living in the present is when the observer disappears—
when there is only seeing, only listening, only observing
without separation.

This is radically different.

For most, “present living” is a calming technique.

For JK, it is the ending of the self.

Mindfulness reduces stress.
Meditation methods calm the mind.

But they keep the self intact.
A calm self is still a self.

Krishnamurti says:

“The present is only when the self is not.”

JK’s present is not for comfort.
It is revolutionary—it ends the “me,” the psychological
centre.
Only then can the present be.

Most make the present into an ideal.

JK rejects all ideals.

People say:

- I must stay in the present.
- I must not wander into the past or future.
- I must train the mind to remain here.

This becomes an ideal to chase.

Chasing an ideal is still time.

JK says:

“Ideals are escapes from what is.”

Living in the present is possible only when you observe
“what is” without escape.

Most pursue the present as a goal.

JK says: a goal destroys the present

Spiritual systems say:

- Reach the now.
- Arrive at the present.
- Attain the moment.

A goal is always in the future.

Thus, trying to reach the present takes you away from it.

JK says:

“The moment you seek the present; you are no longer in it.”

This is absolute clarity.

For most, living in the present is partial.

For JK, it is total attention.

People say:

- Be present in your activities
- Be mindful for a few minutes
- Be present when you remember to be

This is fragmentary.

JK's present is total attention—
a state where the mind is wholly aware, without centre,
without effort.

This cannot be maintained by will.
It happens naturally when the self is quiet.

For the world, the present is about peace.

For JK, it is about truth.

Others teach presence to:

- reduce stress
- improve performance
- feel calm
- be happier

For JK, the present is not for comfort.
It is the ground of truth, intelligence, freedom, and
compassion.

He says:

“In the present, the mind is free from its own conditioning.”

This is the essence.

***Others teach “living in the present” as a practice.
Krishnamurti reveals it as the natural state of a mind free
of time, free of the self.***

A Dialogue: What It Means to Live in the Present

Questioner:

Sir, everywhere people talk about living in the present.
Every book, every teacher, every video says the same
thing—

“Be in the now.”

Is your teaching different from theirs?

Answer:

It depends on what they mean by the present, and what you
mean by it.

Most of us repeat phrases without examining what lies
behind them.

Before we accept or reject anything, let us look carefully.

What do you think it means to live in the present?

**Popular “present living” is a practice. JK rejects
practice.**

Questioner:

People say we must train the mind—
focus on the breath,
stay with the body,

observe sensations,
concentrate on “this moment.”

They say that is living in the present.

Answer:

Yes, that is what the world calls the present.
But the moment you make something into a practice,
you introduce time.
Practice implies effort, repetition, control, improvement.

Where there is effort,
there is conflict.
And a mind in conflict
is never in the present.

The present is not something you reach through discipline.
It is something that is there
when the noise of effort ends.

Others say the present is a point between past and future. JK says it is timeless.

Questioner:

Meditation teachers tell us
the present moment is the tiny gap
between past and future.

Is that not correct?

Answer:

That is a fragment of time.
The present I am speaking of
is not a fragment.
It is a state in which the mind is free of time.

The psychological past—
your hurts, memories, conclusions—
must end for the present to be.

And the psychological future—
your ambitions, fears, hopes—
must also end.

Only then the present is.

It is not a moment.
It is timeless.

**Others say “be present by focusing.” JK says: focus is
exclusion, not awareness.**

Questioner:

But to stay present
we are asked to concentrate on something—
the breath, a sound, a word.

Isn't this helpful?

Answer:

Helpful for what?
To become calm?
To escape your inner turmoil?
To put a bandage over the wound?

When you focus,
you exclude everything else.
Exclusion is resistance.
Resistance is fear.

A concentrated mind
is not a free mind.

Living in the present
is not focusing.
It is observing the whole movement of life
without choosing.

In choiceless awareness
there is no centre that controls.
There is only seeing.

Others use the present to calm the mind. JK says it is the ending of the self.

Questioner:

Mindfulness makes the mind calm.
Surely that is good?

Answer:

A tranquil mind with a centre
is still in bondage.
A calm self
is still the self.

The present is not for comfort.
It is for understanding.
Understanding is possible only when the self is absent.

When the mind sees clearly
the whole movement of the “me,”
then that “me” becomes quiet.
Not suppressed,
but naturally quiet.

In that quietness,
the present flowers.

Others pursue the present as a goal. JK says any goal destroys the present.

Questioner:

Then should we try to live in the present, sir?

Answer:

The moment you try,
you create a future.
A future result
you hope to attain.

Then the present is gone.

You cannot become present.
Becoming is time.
Time is the self.

The present is when becoming ends.

Others live in fragments. JK speaks of total attention.

Questioner:

But can ordinary people
be present all the time?

Answer:

We are not talking of “all the time.”
That phrase belongs to the mind that counts,
measures, calculates.

We are talking of attention.

When you look at a tree—
if you truly look—
without naming,
without comparing,
without remembering,
in that moment
you are completely present.

That attention
is not created by practice.
It happens when the mind is free of the past.

Such attention
is the present.

Others say “live in the moment” for peace. JK says: the present is truth.

Questioner:

Many say the present gives peace.
Is that the purpose?

Answer:

Sir, peace is not the end.
Truth is.
And truth is found only
when the mind is free.

To live in the present
is to see “what is”
without the screen of memory,
fear,
desire.

In that seeing
there is freedom.
In freedom
there is compassion.
In compassion
there is intelligence.

This intelligence
is the real present.

Seeing the whole movement of time is the present.

Questioner:

But how does one reach this state?

Answer:

You do not reach it.
That is the whole point.

It comes when the mind
sees the truth of its own movement.

When you see
that the past shapes the present,
that thought projects the future,
that this entire movement is the self—
the seeing itself ends it.

In the ending
there is silence.
In that silence
is the present.

The present is a state of no centre.

Questioner:

So, the present is a mind without the “me”?

Answer:

Exactly.

Where the “me” is,

there is time.

Where time is,

there is fear.

Where fear is,

there is no present.

When the observer is not,

when there is only pure observation,

that observation

is the present.

It is a flame without yesterday,

a sky without tomorrow.

It is the timeless.

Living in the present is not an achievement. It is the ending of illusion.

Questioner:

This is very different from what most people mean.

Answer:

Yes.

Most turn the present into an achievement.

They seek it

as they seek pleasure,

success,

heaven.

But the present is not a treasure to be gained.
It is the ending of illusion.

When the mind sees the false as false
and the true as true,
the mind is present.

That is all.
Nothing to practise.
Nothing to attain.
Nothing to become.

Only a deep seeing
that frees the mind
from the shadow of time.

The present is the sacred.

Questioner:

And when one lives in this present?

Answer:

Then the sacred is near.
Not the sacred invented by belief,
ritual,
authority,
but the sacred that comes
when the mind is utterly quiet.

That silence
is the present.
And in that silence
there is an immensity

that no word can measure.

To live in the present, in Krishnamurti's sense, is to live in a mind where the self has ended, time has fallen silent, and only pure attention remains.

The Difference Between JK's Now and the World's Present

Everyone speaks of the present—
as though it were a small island
between the tides of yesterday and tomorrow,
a fragile moment
you must hold with effort,
with discipline,
with the tightening of attention.

They say:
“Stay with the breath...
return to the body...
focus on this moment...
train the mind to be here.”

But such a present is
a cage of practice,
a moment fenced in by will,
a stillness carved out of strain.

Krishnamurti's Now
is nothing of this.

JK's Now
is not reached.

It is not cultivated.
It is not remembered.
It is not repeated.

It is not born of discipline,
nor supported by method,
nor held in place by effort.

It comes
when the mind sees the truth of time—
that the past is a shadow carried by thought,
and the future is a projection
woven from fear and desire.

And when the mind sees this whole movement
in a single, clear glance,
the movement ends.
Not gradually,
not through practice,
but as a flame goes out
when the fuel is gone.

In that ending,
the Now appears—
a Now without edges,
a Now without becoming,
a Now without the watcher
and the watched.

The world's present
is a moment to achieve.
JK's Now
is the state of a mind
that has nothing to achieve.

The world's present
is a technique.
JK's Now
is a dissolution.

The world's present
is a breath you cling to.
JK's Now
is the silence between breaths
where time has no meaning.

The world's present
calms the surface.
JK's Now
empties the depths.

For the world,
the present is a place to rest.
For Krishnamurti,
the Now is the ending of the self.

In that vast, open stillness
where yesterday does not whisper
and tomorrow does not call,
awareness stands alone—
untouched, unpractised,
as ancient as the stars
and as new as a drop of dew
on a morning leaf.

That is the difference.

The world invites you to practise the present.
JK invites you to see
that the present comes of its own

when the mind ceases to carry time.

And only then
is the Now a flame without smoke,
a light without a shadow,
a silence in which
the whole universe breathes.

JK's Now and the World's Present

The world speaks of the present
as though it were a small spark
floating between the ashes of yesterday
and the smoke of tomorrow—
a fragile moment you must protect
with discipline, with method,
with the strained attention
of a mind afraid to wander.

But the universe knows no such moment.

The galaxies move
without practising movement.
Stars burn
without concentrating on their brightness.
The black hole holds silence
without effort or control.

Existence does not stay in the present.
It is the present.

The present the world teaches
is a narrow ledge
built by thought—

a ledge you cling to
with methods, breaths,
rituals of attention.

Krishnamurti's Now
is vast as a spiral arm of starlight,
and silent as the dark between galaxies.

It cannot be held.
It cannot be practised.
It cannot be sought.

It appears only
when the mind stops measuring itself
with the yardstick of time.

The world tells you:
"Stay with the breath;
train the mind to return
to this moment."

But JK's Now
is the moment before the first breath—
and after the last.

A Now that does not belong
to seconds or minutes,
to memory or projection,
to the heartbeat or the ticking clock.

It belongs
to the infinite.

Where the world's present
calms the surface of the mind

like wind quieting a pond,
JK's Now
empties the whole ocean
of its ancient sediment of thought—
revealing a depth
older than suns.

The world's present
is a candle lit by discipline.
JK's Now
is a supernova of clarity
exploding without a cause.

The world's present
is a technique.
JK's Now
is the death of technique.

The world's present
is a moment you try to enter.
JK's Now
is a vastness you enter
only when the "me" ends.

For in JK's Now
there is no yesterday to heal,
no tomorrow to fear,
no self to protect,
no observer to divide.

There is only
the immeasurable silence
in which the stars are born,
the galaxies whirl,
and consciousness awakens

to its own infinite ground.

This is the cosmic Now—
the Now that needs no practice,
no teacher,
no method,
no effort.

It is the Now that blooms
when time dies
and the mind becomes still
as the void that holds
ten trillion suns.

This
is the difference.

The Two Unselfishnesses

The Difference Between Krishnamurti's Unselfishness and the World's Unselfishness

Most traditions, religions, and moral systems teach unselfishness as a virtue, a moral duty, an ideal to cultivate, or a code of behaviour.

Krishnamurti's unselfishness has nothing to do with virtue, duty, idealism, or morality as we know them.

It is something entirely different—the ending of the psychological centre, the “me.”

Let us look closely.

The world teaches unselfishness as a behaviour.

JK speaks of unselfishness as the ending of the self.

The world says:

- Share with others
- Think of others
- Sacrifice your own interest
- Give up your comfort for someone else
- Be altruistic, be generous

This is behavioural.

The self remains, but behaves “nobly.”

Krishnamurti asks:

“Can the self, the centre of ambition, fear, hurt, simply end?”

JK's unselfishness is not good behaviour
but the total disappearance of the entity that tries to behave
unselfishly.

This is revolutionary.

The world's unselfishness strengthens the self.

JK's unselfishness ends it.

When people practise unselfishness, the hidden movement
is often:

- "I should be humble."
- "I should be kind."
- "I should put others first."
- "I am becoming a better person."

This actually strengthens the ego:

- the "spiritual" self
- the "good" self
- the "virtuous" self
- the "self-improving self"

JK says:

"When the self tries to be humble, it is still the self."

The world's unselfishness is ego refined.

JK's is ego ended.

The world's unselfishness is based on ideals.

JK rejects ideals completely.

Others say:

- Become more loving
- Become more compassionate
- Become more selfless
- Aim for higher virtue

These are ideals projected into the future.

Every ideal creates conflict between:

- what you are
- what you think you should be

Krishnamurti says:

“Ideals prevent seeing ‘what is.’”

His unselfishness is not an ideal of what should be.
It is the clear perception of what is—
and in that seeing, the selfish movement ends.

The world’s unselfishness is cultivated.

JK’s unselfishness is unpremeditated.

People try to cultivate unselfishness through:

- meditation
- charity
- moral teachings
- spiritual practices
- service
- self-discipline

All this involves effort.

JK says:

“What is cultivated is never free.”

His unselfishness is immediate, effortless—
born of understanding, not training.

The world’s unselfishness has motive.

JK’s unselfishness is without motive.

Ordinary unselfishness has hidden motives:

- “I will be rewarded.”
- “People will admire me.”
- “I will gain respect.”
- “I will please God.”
- “I will feel good about myself.”
- “I will reduce my guilt.”

Even when subtle, the motive exists.

Krishnamurti says:

“Where there is motive, there is the self.”

Unselfishness with motive is still selfishness.

JK points to a compassion without a shadow of motive.
It flows naturally when the “me” ends.

The world’s unselfishness focuses on action.

JK’s unselfishness begins in understanding.

Others say:

- Help others

- Serve humanity
- Give more
- Do good

These are actions.

JK says:

“Right action is the outcome of right understanding.”

When the mind understands the self deeply:

- its fears
- its ambitions
- its isolation
- its desires
- its hurts

...that very understanding dissolves the centre.

From that dissolution comes an intelligence that acts without selfishness.

The world’s unselfishness can still be violent inwardly.

JK’s unselfishness is free of all conflict.

Many “unselfish” people are inwardly:

- ambitious
- competitive
- jealous
- fearful
- seeking power
- full of inner conflict

Their unselfish acts hide inner turmoil.

JK says:

“Compassion cannot exist where conflict exists.”

His unselfishness is born of a mind that is free of conflict—
a mind that has understood desire, fear, ambition, and
comparison.

Then compassion is natural, not cultivated.

*The world's unselfishness is the self behaving virtuously.
Krishnamurti's unselfishness is the ending of the self
altogether.*

A Dialogue: What Does It Mean to Be Truly Unselfish?

Questioner:

Sir, everywhere people tell us to be unselfish—
to share, to give, to think of others.

Religions ask for sacrifice,
society asks for service.

Is this what you mean when you speak of compassion
and the ending of the self?

Answer:

Let us look at it slowly, sir.
When you say “be unselfish,”
what is happening inwardly?

Questioner:

I am trying to put others before myself.

Answer:

Yes.

But who is trying?

Is it not the same self
that has changed its clothing?

A moment before,
the self was seeking pleasure,
position,
importance.

Now it is seeking virtue,
humility,
service.

It is the same movement,
is it not?

The Self Hiding Behind Virtue

Questioner:

Are you saying that unselfish actions
can still be selfish?

Answer:

Of course.

When you say,

“I must be kind,”

“I must sacrifice,”

“I must serve,”

the “I” is still at the centre,
directing, choosing, improving.

The self becomes the doer of good,
which is far more dangerous
than the self that seeks pleasure.

The self hiding behind virtue
has great respectability,
and therefore, great power.

But it is still the self.

The World's Unselfishness Is Based on Ideals

Questioner:

But don't we need ideals
to make us better human beings?

Answer:

An ideal is always in the future.
It says,
"I am this,
but I must become that."

The struggle to become
is the very essence of selfishness.

The moment you pursue an ideal,
you create conflict—
between what you are
and what you should be.

In that conflict
there is no unselfishness.
There is only the self
trying to escape itself
through a noble image.

Cultivation Is Not True Unselfishness

Questioner:

But sir, we have to cultivate goodness.
Otherwise, we would remain selfish.

Answer:

What is cultivated
is never free.

If you train the mind to be kind,
it is not kindness—
it is conditioning.

True unselfishness
cannot be cultivated
any more than love can be cultivated.

When you cultivate something,
you are imposing your will on it,
and will is the movement of the self.

Motive Corrupts Unselfishness

Questioner:

But many people genuinely want to help.
They want to serve society.

Answer:

Why?
Look at it, sir.
If you help because you want a reward—
whether from society,
from God,
or from your own self-image—
then the motive corrupts the act.

Even if you help
because it gives you satisfaction,
or reduces guilt,
or makes you feel moral—
the centre is still acting.

Where the centre is,
there is selfishness,
however noble the action appears.

Understanding the Self Is the Beginning of True Unselfishness

Questioner:

Then what does it mean
to be truly unselfish?

Answer:

To understand the self—
not to suppress it,
not to discipline it,
not to beautify it,
but to see it as it is.

To see its fears,
its ambitions,
its loneliness,
its cravings,
its desire for recognition.

To see this whole movement
without condemnation,
without justification.

In the very seeing,

the movement ends.

When the self is not,
there is unselfishness—
naturally, effortlessly.

Unselfishness Without a Centre

Questioner:

Are you saying that real unselfishness
exists only when the “me” is absent?

Answer:

Exactly.

When the centre is not,
there is a different kind of energy,
a different quality of mind.

Then helping another
is like helping yourself,
because there is no division.

Compassion is not a virtue—
it is a state of being
when the self is quiet.

In that state,
action is free,
intelligent,
and unselfish.

Not because you have decided to be unselfish,
but because there is no self
to be anything.

The Simplicity of True Compassion

Questioner:

So, unselfishness is not a moral command
but the natural outcome
of understanding oneself?

Answer:

Yes, sir.

When the mind understands itself
from moment to moment,
there is no accumulation,
no centre.

Then compassion flows
like a clear spring
from the depth of silence.

It is untouched by motive,
untouched by fear,
untouched by reward.

It acts because action is needed—
not because you want to become virtuous.

This is unselfishness
in its purest sense.

Compassion Beyond the Self

Questioner:

Then compassion is beyond virtue?

Answer:

Compassion is beyond everything
that thought has put together.

It is beyond morality,
beyond religion,
beyond ideals,
beyond the self.

When compassion is,
you are not.

That is the beauty of it.

***The world's unselfishness is the self behaving nobly.
Krishnamurti's unselfishness is the ending of the self
itself.***

The Two Unselfishnesses

The world teaches unselfishness
as one teaches a child to behave:
Give a little more,
share what you have,
put others first,
practise kindness.

And so, the self,
dressed in soft robes of virtue,
walks through the world
with a polished smile—
still seeking,
still becoming,
still whispering,

“I am doing good.”

But beneath that smile
the centre remains—
the same old “me”
counting its goodness
as a merchant counts gold,
quietly enlarging itself
through noble acts.

The world’s unselfishness
is a mirror carefully cleaned,
but the face reflected in it
never changes.

Krishnamurti’s unselfishness
is not this gentle rearrangement
of the familiar self.
It is the ending of the self—
a flower opening
with no gardener,
no motive,
no reward.

It is not cultivated.
It is not practised.
It does not grow
through discipline or effort.
It arrives
when the mind sees itself clearly—
its fears and desires,
its ambitions and wounds,
its subtle longing
to be someone,
even someone good.

When this whole movement
is seen without judgement,
without choice,
without the urge to change it,
it falls silent—
like a wave
returning to the sea.

And in that silence
a different fragrance appears.

A kindness
that asks for nothing.
A giving
that does not know it gives.
A compassion
that flows
because there is no “I”
to hold it back
or to claim it.

The world’s unselfishness
is the self improved.
Krishnamurti’s unselfishness
is the self dissolved.

One is effort—
the elegant mask of becoming.
The other is freedom—
the effortless blooming
of a mind that has ended
its own shadow.

This unselfishness

is as natural
as a star shining,
as water flowing,
as the heart beating
in the quiet depth of night.

It has no virtue in it—
only the purity
of a mind
that has nothing to defend,
nothing to gain,
nothing to become.

And in that purity
lies all goodness.

The Ending of the Self and the Birth of Cosmic Unselfishness

The world teaches unselfishness
the way planets follow orbits—
by rule,
by discipline,
by habit.

Give more, they say.
Sacrifice, they say.
Live for others, they say.

And so, the self
puts on celestial robes—
glittering with virtue,
bright with noble intention—
but at the core

it is the same gravitational centre,
pulling everything back
into the orbit of “me.”

The universe knows this dance well.
Stars shine for billions of years
without announcing their generosity.
Galaxies spin
without expecting gratitude.
A supernova gives its elements
to form planets and people
without claiming virtue.

Nature does not practise unselfishness.
It is unselfish
because it has no centre to defend.

Krishnamurti’s unselfishness
is of this cosmic order.

It is not the self
polishing its edges
to become a better self.
It is not a moral star
trying to glow more brightly.
It is not a planet
adjusting its orbit through effort.

It is the explosion
of the centre itself—
a silent supernova
in the heart of consciousness.

When the self ends,
a different energy flowers.

An energy without boundary,
without calculation,
without shadow.

It is like the vastness of space—
holding galaxies
without claiming ownership.
Like the sun—
giving light
without knowing it gives.
Like gravity—
embracing everything
without intention.

The world's unselfishness
is a star adding a little more shine.
Krishnamurti's unselfishness
is the star dissolving into space itself.

One is effort.
The other is immensity.

One is a virtue cultivated
over time.
The other is a blossoming
when time ends.

For when the "me" dissolves—
like a drop merging with the cosmic sea—
compassion becomes
as vast as the night sky,
as effortless as the orbit of moons,
as natural as the pulse
of a newborn universe.

Such compassion
is not of the world.
It is not psychological.
It is not moral.

It is cosmic—
the movement of life
without a centre,
without a motive,
without a self.

This is the difference.

Human unselfishness
is the refinement of the self.
Cosmic unselfishness
is the disappearance of the self.

And in that disappearance
the universe flows through you—
quiet, boundless,
and infinitely gentle.

Total Ending of the Self

What Is the “Complete Ending of the Self” in Krishnamurti’s Teaching — and How Is It Different from Religious Teachings?

Religions try to purify, improve, or save the self.

JK says the self must end, not be improved.

Most religions—and even modern spiritual paths—teach:

- Purify the self
- Discipline the self
- Control the self
- Surrender the self to God
- Perfect the self through virtue
- Improve the self through meditation, effort, or devotion

But all these keep the self intact.

They make the self more refined, more moral, more spiritual—but still the self.

Krishnamurti says:

“A refined self is still the self.”

The moment you improve the self,
you have strengthened it.

JK is not interested in a “better self.”

He is interested in freedom from the self.

Religious teachings dissolve the self into a higher entity.

JK denies any merging or absorption.

Many religions say:

- The self dissolves into God
- The ego merges with the divine
- The soul unites with the Absolute
- The individual becomes one with Brahman

But even the idea of “I will merge with the divine” keeps the I alive.

It is the self imagining its own immortality.

Krishnamurti rejects all movement toward a higher entity:

“Any movement toward something is still the movement of the self.”

For JK, the ending of the self is not absorption,
not union,
not merging.
It is the ending of all seeking.

The self ends
when desire to become anything
—even spiritually—
ends.

Religions propose methods.

JK says method strengthens the self.

Religion teaches:

- meditation techniques

- mantras
- rituals
- good deeds
- penance
- self-discipline
- renunciation
- vows
- austerities

All these involve effort.

Effort implies:

- a doer
- a controller
- a goal
- time
- becoming

Effort is the self.

JK says:

“The self is the product of effort.”

Therefore, no method can end the self.

A method only refines the self,
makes it more disciplined,
more spiritual,
but still the same centre operating under new rules.

Religions say the self must be sacrificed or surrendered.

JK says the self ends when it is understood.

Religion says:

- Sacrifice your ego
- Surrender to God
- Kill the ego
- Renounce desires
- Suppress selfishness

But suppression is violence.

What is suppressed comes back in other forms—
as fear, as belief, as obedience, as pride in humility.

Krishnamurti says:

“To understand the self is to be free of it.”

JK’s approach:

- Watch the self
- See its workings
- See how it operates in thought
- See how it creates fear, desire, comparison
- Observe without judgment or resistance
- See its total movement

This seeing is the ending.

Not suppression, not surrender.

Religions speak of gradual purification across time.

JK says the ending is immediate, not gradual.

Religions speak of:

- spiritual progress
- purification over lifetimes
- gradual perfection

- slow transformation

But anything gradual is time.
Time is the continuation of the self.

Krishnamurti says:

“Truth is in the now, not in time.”

The self ends instantly
when its whole structure is seen.

Not tomorrow.
Not when purified.
Not when rewarded.
Not in another life.

Now—when seen completely.

Religions keep the self as the centre of the spiritual journey.

JK removes the self entirely.

In religion, the self is always present:

- I must meditate
- I must be good
- I must surrender
- I must reach enlightenment
- I must unite with God
- I must save my soul

The self is the seeker,
the doer,
the follower,

the believer.

Krishnamurti says:

“The self is the source of all sorrow.”

When the self ends:

- there is no seeker
- no path
- no follower
- no authority
- no becoming
- no enlightenment to attain

Only pure awareness remains.

Only clarity,
compassion,
intelligence.

The ending of the self
is the beginning of freedom.

Religious unselfishness is moral; JK's unselfishness is existential.

Religion says:

- Be good
- Be humble
- Serve others
- Show compassion

These are virtues the self performs.

JK says:

“When the self ends, goodness flowers.”

Goodness, compassion, love
are not practices.
They are the fragrance of a mind without self.

*Religions refine the self;
Krishnamurti ends the self.*

What Does It Mean for the Self to End?

Questioner:

Sir, religious teachers throughout history have spoken of overcoming the self—
through discipline, through virtue, through devotion,
through surrender.
You also speak of the “ending of the self.”
But what you mean seems completely different.
Could you explain?

Answer:

Before we explain anything, sir,
we must first see what we mean by the “self.”
Otherwise, explanations become theories,
and theories are not truth.

What do you mean by the self?

“The self” is not mystical. It is the everyday movement of thought.

Questioner:

The self is... my personality?

My ego?

Answer:

Yes, but let us go deeper.

The self is the centre created by thought—
your memories, your hurts, your ambitions,
your longings, your fears, your desires,
the image you have about yourself
and the image you want others to have about you.

It is a bundle of memories
moving in the field of time.

This is the self.

Questioner:

And religions also speak of ending the ego.

Answer:

They speak of controlling it,
purifying it,
surrendering it,
denying it,
elevating it,
saving it.

But all these movements
belong to the very self
they are trying to overcome.

Religions try to transform the self; JK points to ending the self.

Questioner:

Are you saying that religious teachings

do not actually end the self?

Answer:

Sir, when you try to become humble,
who is trying?

When you try to surrender to God,
who is surrendering?

When you seek enlightenment,
who is seeking?

It is the same centre,
the same self,
moving in a different direction
and calling that movement “spiritual.”

The self is merely changing clothes.

To control the self
is still the self.
To discipline the self
is still the self.
To sacrifice the self
is still the self.

Questioner:

But religions say that the self must slowly be purified.

Answer:

What is gradual is time.
Time is the self.
So, to purify yourself over time
is to strengthen time—
and therefore, strengthen the self.

The complete ending of the self

is not gradual.
It is immediate.

Religious methods imply a controller; JK says the controller is the controlled.

Questioner:

But many paths teach methods—
meditation techniques,
mantras,
discipline,
devotion—
to weaken the self.

Answer:

Who practises the method?

Look closely.

The one who practises
is the very self
seeking its own continuity
under a nobler name.

The controller
is the controlled.
The thinker
is the thought.
The seeker
is the sought.

So, all methods
reinforce the illusion of a separate centre.

Where there is method,

there is the self.

**The ending of the self happens through understanding,
not suppression.**

Questioner:

Then if we do not control or suppress the self,
how does it end?

Answer:

By understanding it.

Not analysing it endlessly,
not judging it,
not escaping from it—
but watching it
as you would watch a leaf float on water,
without interference.

To watch the self
as it acts,
as it seeks,
as it compares,
as it fears—
this watching is the ending.

In that watchfulness
there is no controller.
There is only seeing.

The moment seeing is total,
the self is not.

Questioner:

So, the self ends by seeing,

not by effort?

Answer:

Effort means conflict.
Conflict is the self.

When there is clear perception,
effort is unnecessary.

**Religious unselfishness hides the self; JK's unselfishness
ends the self.**

Questioner:

But religions teach compassion,
kindness,
service.
Surely that is unselfish?

Answer:

When you help others to gain virtue,
it is the self.
When you serve in order to be noble,
it is the self.
When you sacrifice to reach God,
it is the self.

The self wearing a halo
is still the self.

Compassion is not the result of practice.
It blooms naturally
when the centre is absent.

**Religious teachings promise union with the divine; JK
denies the seeker entirely.**

Questioner:

Religions promise union with God,
with the Absolute,
with the Divine.
Do you reject this?

Answer:

When you say,
“I will unite with God,”
there is still an “I”
trying to become something.

This becoming
is the root of the self.

Truth is not something
you become united with.
Truth is where the self is not.

When the self ends,
the sacred is.

The ending of the self is freedom—now, not later.

Questioner:

Then the ending of the self
is not a goal for the future?

Answer:

If it is a goal,
it belongs to time.
And whatever belongs to time
is born of thought,
and therefore

is still the self.

The ending of the self
is not tomorrow.
It is now—
when you see clearly
the entire movement of the “me.”

In that seeing,
time stops.
And when time stops,
freedom begins.

What remains when the self ends?

Questioner:

If the self ends,
what remains?
Is there emptiness?
Is there nothingness?

Answer:

On the contrary, sir.
When the self ends,
there is a vast intelligence
not touched by fear,
not shaped by desire.

There is compassion—
not personal,
not cultivated—
but compassion that is like a tremendous river
flowing without banks.

There is silence—

not the silence of discipline,
but the silence of a mind
that has no centre.

And in that silence
there is that which is sacred,
immeasurable.

This is not the conclusion of thought.
It is the perfume of a mind
in which the self has ended.

***Religions refine the self;
Krishnamurti ends the self through total understanding.***

**Choiceless Awareness of the Movement of the “Me” Is
the Ending of the “Me”**

The “me” is not a mysterious entity.
It is the everyday movement of thought:
the memories you hold,
the hurts you carry,
the hopes you pursue,
the fears you escape,
the image you build of yourself and others.

This whole structure—
subtle or crude, loud or quiet—
is the “me.”

It lives in time:
what I have been,
what I am,

what I must become.

It is always moving,
always becoming,
always comparing,
always protecting itself.

And this movement is the root of conflict.

The “me” exists only in its movement

Please see something very simple:
the “me” has no existence outside its movement.

- When it is thinking about itself, it exists.
- When it is seeking something, it exists.
- When it is resisting, it exists.
- When it is remembering its injuries, it exists.
- When it hopes, fears, desires, it exists.

The “me” is not a thing;
it is an activity,
a process,
a stream of psychological becoming.

Stop the movement,
and the “me” is not.

Any attempt to control or suppress the ‘me’ strengthens it

When you try to control the “me,”
it is the “me” trying to control itself.

When you condemn it,
the one who condemns is the “me.”

When you try to shape it into something noble,
the one who tries to shape is the “me.”

So, effort, suppression, discipline,
all strengthen the centre.

The movement continues
under a new disguise.

Choiceless awareness is entirely different

Choiceless awareness means:

- without suppression,
- without justification,
- without escape,
- without naming,
- without choosing what to look at and what to avoid.

It is pure observation
without the observer.

The observer is the “me,”
with its prejudices, memories, conclusions.

In choiceless awareness,
there is no observer separate from what is observed.

There is only the seeing.

When the movement is seen totally, it ends

You cannot end the “me” by will.
Will is the essence of the “me.”

You cannot end it through effort.
Effort is conflict, and conflict sustains the centre.

But if you observe the movement of the “me”—
its fears, its jealousies,
its hurts, its desires,
its loneliness, its ambitions—
with complete clarity,
with no movement of resistance or control,

something extraordinary happens.

The movement begins to reveal its entire structure:

- how thought sustains it,
- how memory feeds it,
- how desire pushes it,
- how fear protects it.

And when you see
the totality of this movement
in one instant of deep attention,

the movement ends.

Not because you ended it,
but because the very seeing is the ending.

When the movement ends, the ‘me’ is absent

When thought is seen as thought,
when emotion is seen as emotion,
when desire is seen as desire
without the interpreter,
without the censor,
without the “I” claiming, resisting, manipulating—

then for that moment
there is a silence
not created by discipline,
not cultivated by practice,
but born of truth.

In that silence
there is no centre.

The “me” ends
because its movement has ended.

And in that ending
there is a freedom
not born of effort,
not born of time.

**The ending of the ‘me’ is not death—it is the beginning
of intelligence**

When the centre is absent:

- fear loses its roots,
- desire loses its tyranny,
- conflict ends,
- comparison falls away,
- sorrow evaporates like mist in sunlight.

What remains is a mind
astonishingly alive,
astonishingly clear.

This clarity is intelligence.
This intelligence is compassion.
This compassion is the beginning of the sacred.

All this comes naturally
when the “me” is not.

*When you observe the ‘me’ without choice, its whole
movement is revealed—and in that revelation, it ends.*

A Dialogue: The Ending of the ‘Me’ Through Choiceless Awareness

Questioner:

Sir, you often say that choiceless awareness of the
movement of the “me” brings that movement to an end.
But what does this actually mean?
How can simply observing the self end the self?

Answer:

Let us go into it slowly, sir—
not intellectually,
not verbally,
but actually,
as one might watch a leaf floating on a river.

First, we must understand what we mean by the “me.”

What is the “me” for you?

The “me” is not a fixed entity; it is a movement

Questioner:

The “me” is my thoughts, my memories, my identity.

Answer:

Yes, but not only that.

The “me” is also the one who says,

“These are my thoughts,”

“These are my memories,”

“This is my identity.”

The “me” is the centre from which thought operates—

a centre built out of experience,

pleasure,

fear,

ambition,

hurt,

desire.

It is not a permanent thing.

It is a movement,

a constant becoming.

When it strives,

it is the “me.”

When it fears,

it is the “me.”

When it compares,

it is the “me.”

The “me” exists only in this movement.

Any attempt to change the “me” strengthens it

Questioner:

Can we not control this movement?

Make it better?

Purify it?

Answer:

Please look at this very simply.

Who is the one trying to change the “me”?

The “me” itself.

The “me” says:

“I must be better.”

“I must control myself.”

“I must be spiritual.”

“I must not be angry.”

“I must overcome fear.”

But this controller

is the same “me”

in disguise.

So, the struggle to change the “me”

is the “me” fighting itself.

Therefore, conflict continues indefinitely.

This is what humanity has done for thousands of years.

Choiceless awareness is not control

Questioner:

Then what is choiceless awareness?

Answer:

To observe the movement of the “me”
without the observer.

To observe anger

without saying, “I must not be angry.”

To observe fear

without wishing it away.
To watch desire
without condemning it
or indulging in it.

When you look without choice—
without wanting to hold on
or to run away—
the “me” has no place to hide.

Choiceless awareness
means watching
without any movement of will.

The observer is the observed

Questioner:

But who is watching then, if not the ‘me’?

Answer:

The watcher—
the observer—
is another fragment of the “me.”

When you are angry
and say, “I must not be angry,”
the one who says it
is still part of anger.

When you see this truth—
that the observer is the observed—
then there is no division.

Where there is no division,
there is clarity.

In complete observation, the movement ends

Questioner:

But how does observation end the ‘me’?

Answer:

When you observe a fact
without distortion,
the fact flowers
and withers away naturally.

Take fear.
If you watch fear without escape,
without naming,
without resisting,
you begin to see its structure—

how memory sustains it,
how thought projects it,
how desire feeds it.

In that clear seeing,
fear has no soil to grow in.

Similarly, the entire structure of the “me”—
its motives,
its ambitions,
its hurts—
is revealed in choiceless awareness.

When the movement is seen wholly,
from beginning to end,
the seeing itself ends it.

Because the “me” is that movement.

When the movement stops,
the “me” is not.

This ending is not death—it is freedom

Questioner:

Isn't this dangerous?
If the ‘me’ ends, what remains?

Answer:

On the contrary, sir.
When the “me” ends,
there is a freedom
you have never known.

A freedom from hurt.
A freedom from fear.
A freedom from envy, comparison, ambition.
A freedom from the endless noise
of becoming.

And in that freedom
there is an intelligence
untouched by thought.

This intelligence
acts with clarity,
with compassion,
with love.

When the “me” ends,
life begins.

There is no method for ending the ‘me’

Questioner:

Can we learn this awareness through practice?

Answer:

No, sir.

A practice implies time.

Time strengthens the “me.”

Choiceless awareness

is not cultivated.

It happens when the mind is attentive,

present,

deeply aware of its own movement.

This attention

has no motive.

No goal.

No reward.

It is pure seeing.

Only understanding brings an ending

Questioner:

So, the “me” ends by understanding itself?

Answer:

Yes.

Not by suppression,

not by control,

not by escaping,

not by improving.

The self ends
when its whole movement
is understood completely.

And understanding
comes only through
choiceless awareness.

In that simple, profound awareness
the “me” with all its memories,
its burdens,
its sorrows—
falls silent.

In that silence
there is peace.
In that peace
there is love.
In that love
there is the sacred.

*When the movement of the ‘me’ is seen without choice,
without escape, without division, that very seeing brings the
movement to an end—and in that ending, the self is not.*

Acceptance Is Escape

Sir, let us look at this very carefully.

Most of us, when faced with conflict—
whether it is anger, fear, hurt, loneliness, or confusion—
do one of two things:

- we fight it,
- or we accept it.

We imagine these two movements are opposite.
But psychologically, they are the same.

To accept conflict is to give in to it,
to resign, to say,
“This is how I am; nothing can be done.”
One surrenders to conflict not with understanding,
but with helplessness.

To run away from conflict—
through distraction, pleasure, belief, or activity—
is also a refusal to understand it.

Both movements are escapes.

In accepting conflict, you escape through resignation.

In running away, you escape through resistance.

Both deny direct observation.

Acceptance is another form of escape
because the mind does not meet the conflict;
it merely settles into it,

as a man settles into sickness saying,
“This is my fate.”

Such acceptance brings dullness.
It stops inquiry.
It prevents the mind from seeing the actuality of its own
disorder.

Krishnamurti would say:

“When you accept conflict, you are no longer in
relationship with it.
You have named it, given it a place, and therefore you are
finished with it.”

Acceptance becomes a conclusion—
a dead end.
And the mind that concludes stops learning.

Running away is similar.
It suppresses conflict,
pushes it into the dark corners of consciousness,
where it continues to operate silently.

Whether you accept or avoid,
the underlying disorder continues.

Both are movements of fear.

To face conflict directly—
without naming, without judging, without wanting an
answer—
is something entirely different.

It is observation,

not acceptance.
It is seeing,
not running.
It is being with 'what is',
not surrendering to it.

In that simple, choiceless seeing,
conflict reveals its whole structure:
the hurt behind the anger,
the fear behind the aggression,
the desire behind the sorrow.

And when the mind sees the totality of conflict—
not partially,
not fragmentarily—
the very seeing ends it.

Acceptance never ends conflict.
Running away never ends conflict.
Only understanding does.

So, when we say
Accepting conflict is the same as running away,
we mean:

- both avoid direct perception,
- both prevent insight,
- both keep conflict alive.

Freedom from conflict comes
not through acceptance
and not through escape,
but through a mind that looks without defence,
without choice,
without the movement of the "me."

In that looking,
conflict flowers and withers naturally,
as a leaf falls when its time is over.

Poem

To accept conflict
is not to understand it.
It is to place a soft cloth
over a burning wound
and pretend the fire has gentled.

To accept is to whisper,
“This is how it is,”
and let the ache settle
like dust on forgotten shelves.

But dust is only hidden—
never gone.

And to run from conflict
is the same movement
in another mask:
a flight into distraction,
into dreams,
into the warm shadows of escape.

Acceptance, escape—
two sides of one gesture:
the refusal to look.

To truly meet conflict
is to stand still
before the storm of your own mind—

to watch the swirl
of fear and memory,
hurt and desire,
without naming,
without bending,
without turning away.

In that unwavering seeing
the storm reveals its center—
a center that is nothing
but the echo of the self.

And when the seeing is whole,
the storm ends
in the very space
where it began.

Conflict dies
not by acceptance,
not by escape,
but by the quiet flame
of attention.

A Dialogue

Why Accepting Conflict Is the Same as Running Away

Questioner:

Sir, you said the other day that accepting conflict is the same as running away from it.
How can acceptance and escape be the same?

Answer:

Let us investigate it together, sir.

What do you mean by accepting conflict?

Questioner:

I mean saying to myself, “This anger, this fear, this confusion is there, and I must live with it.”

Answer:

Yes. When you say, “I must live with it,” what has happened?

You have named the feeling,
you have concluded something about it,
and you have put an end to watching.

The mind says,
“This is my nature,”
and goes on with its life.
That is what you call acceptance.

But such acceptance is really a form of resignation, is it not?

A quiet slipping away from the fact.

Questioner:

Are you saying that acceptance is another escape?

Answer:

Of course.

Whether you push conflict away or embrace it as inevitable,
in both cases you do not look at it.

The mind has invented a clever phrase—
“Accept what is”—
but in that very acceptance
there is no inquiry,
no movement of understanding,

only a dull settling down.

Questioner:

But if I fight conflict, that is also an escape?

Answer:

Yes.

To fight is to escape through resistance.

To accept is to escape through surrender.

Both avoid direct perception.

See the beauty of this:

when you resist, the mind is occupied.

When you accept, the mind is also occupied.

In both, the mind continues its habitual movement
and never encounters the fact directly.

Questioner:

Then what is one to do with conflict?

Answer:

Do nothing.

Simply watch it.

Please listen.

To watch is not to accept,

and not to run away.

It is to look at the whole movement of conflict

without naming it,

without judging it,

without saying, "This should be,"

or, "This should not be."

Questioner:

Just observe?

Answer:

Yes, sir—

to observe without the observer.

Then conflict reveals its structure:

how memory sustains it,

how thought magnifies it,

how fear feeds it,

how the self is at its center.

And when the mind sees this clearly—

not verbally,

not theoretically,

but actually—

the seeing is the ending.

Questioner:

So, acceptance and escape are the same

because both prevent understanding?

Answer:

Exactly.

Both keep you away from the living fact.

Understanding comes only

when the mind is profoundly quiet

in the face of what is.

Only in such quietness

does conflict unfold

and wither on its own.

Living without Resistance

A question was asked:

“Can I live completely without resistance?”

And from this simple question arose another:

“What is the difference between actually seeing the structure of one’s mind and merely recognising a description of it?”

This distinction is crucial.

One can read a description of anger, fear, desire, confusion—

one can analyse it, name it, store it in memory—
but description is not the thing.

Recognition is not seeing.

To recognise is to translate what is observed into what is known;

to see is to be in direct contact with “what is” without the screen of knowledge.

Let us approach this differently.

Instead of immediately answering the question,
instead of saying, “Resistance is wrong,” or

“You should not resist,”

let us first inquire into something fundamental: What is learning?

Because if we can understand what it means to learn,
then we can understand craving, conditioning, resistance,
effort,

and all the intricate movements of the mind
without depending on authority,
without depending on explanation,

without being told what to do.

He suggests: let us learn together.

Not “you teach me” or “I teach you,”
but a mutual exploration.

Because only in the act of learning is there freedom—
not in following someone else’s conclusion.

Why Does Resistance Waste Energy?

The statement is given:

“Craving strengthens conditioning,
and any form of resistance is a waste of energy.”

Now, instead of accepting this statement
or rejecting it as false,
can the mind learn about it?

To learn is not to obey.

To learn is not to accumulate a conclusion.

To learn is to explore without bias,
without defence,
without the walls of past knowledge interfering.

The questioner—and all of us—must ask:

- Is it true that craving strengthens my conditioning?
- Is it true that resistance is wasteful?
- Why is resistance always accompanied by struggle, conflict, effort?
- Why does contradiction—wanting and not wanting, doing and resisting— create frustration, anxiety, fear?

If we see this, not because someone said it,
but because we observe it directly in ourselves,

then we are learning.

What Is Learning?

Krishnamurti now opens a profound doorway:

We usually think of learning
in terms of school, college, university,
accumulating information,
memorising facts,
developing skill.

We also “learn” through experience—
we test, compare, repeat,
and use what we have learnt
as a new form of knowledge
to test further experience.

This is the mechanical mode of learning:
accumulate → store → apply → repeat.

But is that the kind of learning
we are talking about here?

Krishnamurti points out that learning in this deeper sense
is not mechanical,
not accumulative,
not based on the past.

Real learning, he says,
is a delicate thing—
one must feel one’s way into it,
not merely think about it.

It is not a matter of gathering more information

but of entering into direct contact
with the movement of the mind
from moment to moment.

How Do I Learn About Resistance?

When you hear the statement,
“Resistance is a waste of energy,”
the mind must approach this statement
with curiosity—
not the curiosity that is directed toward another person
(“Why does he behave this way?”),
but curiosity toward the fact itself.

A deep, innocent curiosity
like that of a schoolchild
who asks questions not to confirm
what he already knows,
but because he wants to discover.

When we hear a statement like this,
we must ask:

- Is there a fragment of truth in it?
- Can this be tested in myself?
- Can I observe resistance as it arises?
- Can I see how effort, struggle, contradiction
- deplete my vitality?

Krishnamurti insists:

Do not accept.
Do not reject.
Learn.

Learning requires energy—

but not the energy of struggle.
It requires freshness, interest, sensitivity.

The curiosity to find out
whether a statement is true or false
is the beginning of intelligence.

The Difference Between Seeing and Recognising

This brings us back to the original question:

- Why can I describe my mind and yet fail to see it?
- Why can I recognise my conditioning but not dissolve it?

Because recognition
is based on past knowledge.
It is the mind saying,
“This is fear, I know this feeling.”
But seeing is without recognition;
it is immediate, direct, unmediated.

Recognition strengthens conditioning.
Seeing ends conditioning.

Recognition says:
“I resist this; I must overcome it.”
Seeing says:
“There is resistance,”
and in that pure seeing
resistance begins to dissolve.

Can I Live Without Resistance?

This question is answered only when we understand
learning.

If learning means accumulating knowledge,
then resistance will always continue,
because knowledge always divides the observer
from what is observed.

But if learning is seeing,
if learning is the immediate perception
of “what is,”
then resistance ends naturally.

A mind that sees clearly
does not resist.
It does not struggle.
It does not divide itself.

It responds.

It learns.

And in this learning
there is enormous energy—
energy that was previously lost
in contradiction, conflict, and craving.

That energy is intelligence.
And intelligence alone
can live without resistance.

A question was asked:
Can I live completely without resistance?
This appears at first to be a simple inquiry,

yet within it lies the whole structure of human
consciousness—
its conditioning, its craving, its effort, its conflict.

Before answering such a question,
Krishnamurti suggests we consider something more
fundamental:

What does it mean to learn?
Because without understanding learning,
we cannot approach resistance, craving, fear, or
conditioning.

The Difference Between Seeing and Recognising

“What is the difference between actually seeing my mind
and merely recognising a description of it?”

This strikes at the very root of our inner confusion.

To recognise is to say:
“I have seen this before.
This anger, this fear, this habit—
I know its name, its shape,
I have read about it,
I have analysed it before.”

Recognition is always the movement of memory—
the past touching the present.
It is the mind interpreting what it sees
according to what it already knows.

But seeing is entirely different.
Seeing is direct.
Seeing has no past.
Seeing does not translate, compare, interpret.

Seeing is a flame in the present moment.

Recognition strengthens conditioning.

Seeing dissolves conditioning.

Thus, the question “Can I live without resistance?” cannot be answered through recognition, through a remembered ideal, through a definition of peace or freedom. It must be answered through seeing.

And seeing requires that we understand learning.

What Do We Mean by Learning?

We generally understand learning as the process of acquiring knowledge:

- You learn a language.
- You learn mathematics or science.
- You learn a skill, a technique.
- You learn through experience— testing, failing, succeeding, repeating.

This form of learning is accumulative, mechanical, based on memory.

But Krishnamurti points out that psychological learning— learning about the movement of the mind— is entirely different.

To learn inwardly is not to accumulate knowledge about oneself. It is not to add more conclusions

about fear, conditioning, belief, craving.

To learn inwardly
is to observe without accumulation—
to see anew in each moment.

This kind of learning is delicate.
You cannot force it.
You cannot practise it.
You cannot plan it.

You must feel your way into it,
as JK says—
not through thought,
but through sensitivity.

Craving Strengthens Conditioning

Craving strengthens conditioning.

Now, the ordinary mind hears this
and either accepts it or rejects it.
It says:

- “Yes, that is true,
I have read this in books.” or
- “No, that cannot be true.”

But both acceptance and rejection
are responses of conditioning.

Instead, can we learn about craving?

Learning means:

- letting the statement be there like a seed in the soil,
- watching it with curiosity,

- observing the movement of craving in ourselves,
- noticing how craving repeats itself,
- seeing how it strengthens habit,
- feeling how it binds us to the known.

Learning happens
when the mind says,
“I do not know,
but I want to find out.”

This innocence
is the beginning of freedom.

Why Resistance Is a Waste of Energy?

Any form of resistance is a waste of energy.

Why is this so?

Because resistance always involves:

- struggle,
- conflict,
- fear,
- frustration,
- suppression,
- contradiction.

A mind that resists
creates a centre that says,
“I must not feel this,”
“I must control that,”
“I must suppress this desire.”

This division between the controller
and the controlled

is the beginning of inner war.

War consumes energy.
Conflict burns energy.
Suppression drains energy.
Contradiction suffocates energy.
Fear paralyses energy.

In resistance,
the mind tightens,
contracts,
shrinks.

A mind in resistance
cannot see clearly.
It is occupied with its own struggle.

Therefore resistance
is a dissipation of intelligence.

The Curiosity to Find Out

JK says learning begins with
a schoolboy's curiosity.

Not the cynical curiosity
of an adult seeking confirmation of his beliefs,
but the fresh, innocent, uncorrupted curiosity
of a child who wants to discover.

When the mind hears the statement,
"Resistance wastes energy,"
it must ask:

- Is this true?
- Can I test it?

- Can I observe it in myself without judgement?
- Can I watch resistance as it arises without the desire to overcome it?
- Can I see how resistance divides the mind?
- Can I feel how resistance exhausts my vitality?

Such questioning
is not intellectual.
It is not analytical.
It is a subtle, gentle, exploratory movement
of awareness.

This is how learning happens.

Learning is not repetition.
Learning is discovery.

Living Without Resistance

When the mind observes resistance
without resisting the resistance,
something extraordinary happens.

Resistance reveals itself.
It shows its origin—fear.
It shows its structure—division.
It shows its effect—exhaustion.

When resistance is fully seen,
its entire mechanism becomes clear—
and in that clarity
resistance ends naturally.

You do not remove it.

You do not overcome it.
You do not fight it.
You simply see it.

Seeing is the ending.

And when resistance ends,
the mind becomes quiet
without effort.
This quietness is not enforced;
it is not disciplined;
it is not cultivated.
It arises naturally
when conflict has ended.

In that quietness
there is great energy—
the energy of intelligence,
of clarity,
of freedom.

A mind in which resistance has ended
can live without conflict.
It can respond freely,
move freely,
learn freely.

Such a mind
is a new mind.
It is no longer imprisoned
by the past.

Learning as a Living Flame

So, the question,

“Can I live without resistance?”
is not answered by theory
or by imposing non-resistance on oneself.

It is answered only
in the act of learning.

Learning is a living flame—
it must burn moment to moment.
You cannot store it.
You cannot depend on yesterday’s insight.
You cannot take shelter
in someone else’s explanation.

To learn is to see,
and to see is to be free.

Freedom is not something
granted at the end of discipline.
Freedom is in the very act of learning
about oneself.

When the mind learns without accumulation—
when it sees each moment
with innocence—
then life is lived without resistance,
without conflict,
without division.

Such a mind
has energy without friction,
clarity without strain,
and action without regret.

This is the beauty of learning—

and the beauty of a mind
that is free.

Poem

The question is simple,
yet vast as the sky:
Can I live without resistance?

Not as an idea,
not as a discipline,
not as a spiritual achievement—
but actually,
from moment to moment,
in the quiet flow of daily living.

Before such a question
opens its petals,
something else must be understood:
What does it mean to learn?

For without learning
there cannot be seeing,
and without seeing
there cannot be freedom.

We recognise our anger,
our fear,
our wounds,
as one recognises
the face of an old acquaintance.
Recognition is always the past—
memory naming the moment.

But seeing is different,

utterly different.

Seeing is fresh,
untouched,
like looking at a mountain
for the first time
though you have lived beside it
all your life.

Recognition strengthens conditioning.
Choiceless Seeing dissolves, it.

Recognition says,
“I know this.”
Seeing says nothing—
it only sees.

A statement is made:
“Craving strengthens conditioning.”
And again:
“Any resistance is a waste of energy.”

Now the mind that has been taught
to accept or reject
immediately chooses a side.
But a mind that wants to learn
does not choose.

It listens—
the way a child listens
to the murmur of the sea,
curious to know
not what it means,
but what it is.

Learning begins
when the mind stands still
before a fact
and asks gently:
Is this true?
Can I watch it?
Can I feel it?
Can I discover it in myself?

Learning is a door
that opens only
when the mind says,
“I truly do not know.”

Craving repeats itself
like a shadow.
It returns in many shapes—
the longing for pleasure,
the ache of memory,
the thirst for becoming,
the hunger for more.

And each craving
carves the brain a little deeper,
tightening the ropes
of conditioning.

Craving is continuity.
And continuity
is the ground
on which conditioning grows.

Resistance—
how subtly it begins.
A thought arises,

and instantly another thought says,
“I must not,”
“I should,”
“I ought,”
“I must overcome.”

The mind splits itself
into controller and controlled,
judge and judged,
ideal and actuality—
an ancient war
fought in silence.

And every war
consumes energy.

Resistance is a tightening,
a contracting,
a closing of the heart.
It is fear breathing softly
behind the walls of effort.

In resistance
energy corrodes;
in attention
energy flowers.

To learn about resistance
is not to suppress it.
It is to watch it
as one watches a bird
settling on a branch—
quietly,
without reaching for it,
without naming it.

Learning is not movement in time.
Learning is the flame of observation.

When resistance is watched
without wanting to end it,
without trying to change it,
without desiring its opposite,
the whole mechanism
reveals itself.

And in the seeing of the whole,
resistance fades
like mist in early sunlight.

Then the question returns,
but now without weight:
Can I live without resistance?

And the answer
is not in words.

It is in the silent energy
of a mind
that sees without dividing,
that moves without conflict,
that learns without accumulating.

A mind that sees
what is
without the shadow of
what should be
is a mind without resistance.

Such a mind

has an energy
that is untouched
by effort.

It lives
the way a flower opens—
naturally,
without motive,
without fear.

And in that living
there is freedom.

Freedom is not beyond the mountains;
it is not at the end of practice.
Freedom is the fresh wind
that blows
when resistance withers.

Freedom is the fragrance
of a mind
that meets every moment
without the armour of the past.

Freedom is the beauty
of a life
that learns.

Freedom Beyond Opinion

Don't Live According to Others' Opinion

To live according to another's opinion—
the opinion of society,
tradition,
your parents,
your neighbour,
or even a saint or a scripture—
is to live in fear.

The moment you depend on what others think,
you cease to see yourself clearly.
You begin to shape your life
to fit an image projected by others.
And where there is imitation,
there is no intelligence.

A mind that lives on approval
or fears criticism
can never know freedom.

But listen carefully:
freedom from others' opinions does not mean
doing whatever you like,
acting irresponsibly,
or living against law and order.

Krishnamurti never encouraged disorder.
He spoke of a freedom
that is born of understanding,
not of reaction.

He said:

“Freedom comes with the highest responsibility.”

When you throw aside others’ opinions
and simply follow your desires,
you are still a slave—
a slave to your impulses,
your habits,
your conditioning.

That is not freedom.
That is chaos.

Real freedom arises
when you understand yourself deeply—
your motives, your fears, your desires—
and from that understanding
comes an inner order
which is not imposed from outside.

Such a mind
does not break law;
it behaves responsibly
because it is clear.

It does not harm others
because it has no self-centre to protect.
It does not exploit
because it sees the whole movement of greed.
It does not act violently
because it has understood fear.

So, not living by the opinions of others

is not a licence for recklessness.
It is the beginning of intelligence.

When you do not depend on opinion,
you stand alone—
not in defiance,
not in arrogance,
but in a simple clarity
where you respond to life
from understanding,
not from fear.

From this aloneness
comes a life that is orderly,
creative,
compassionate.

To live is to observe yourself
without comparison,
without fear,
without the shadow of another's judgement.
And from that observation
flowers the only true freedom—
a freedom inseparable
from responsibility and goodness.

Don't let your life
be shaped
by the shifting winds
of another's opinion.

The moment you look through their eyes,
you lose sight of your own clarity;
you become a mask

crafted by expectation,
a shadow dancing
to someone else's rhythm.

To seek approval
or fear disapproval
is to live in chains—
chains woven softly
from praise,
criticism,
respectability,
tradition.

But understand this well:
freedom from others' opinions
is not the freedom
to act recklessly,
to wound,
to break law or order.

A life lived "as you like"
out of impulse,
desire,
or defiance
is still ruled by the self—
the self craving experience,
the self pushing against norms,
the self demanding its way.

This is not freedom.
This is another prison
with a louder song.

True freedom is born
when the mind sees itself—
its fears,
its cravings,
its habits—

with a clarity that needs
no authority.

And from that clarity
comes an order
not imposed by society,
not enforced by fear,
but rising naturally
like light from a flame.

A mind that understands itself
does not harm,
does not deceive,
does not act thoughtlessly.
Its freedom is gentle,
its responsibility effortless,
its goodness without reward.

Live not by the opinions of others,
nor by the impulses of the self—
but by the light
that comes when the mind
is utterly clear.

Then your life
is your own—
simple,
responsible,
and free.

Freedom Larger Than Opinion

Do not live
inside the small rooms
other minds build for you.

Their opinions—
praises and criticisms,
labels and expectations—
are tiny constellations
drawn by human fear
on the vast sky
of your being.

When you let their words guide you,
you shrink the immensity of your life
into the narrow orbit
of approval and rejection.
You begin to circle
not the sun of truth,
but the fragile shadow
of what others think.

But hear this clearly:
freedom from opinion
is not the freedom
to wander blindly,
to break order,
to act without care.

The universe does not move in chaos.
Galaxies whirl in silence
with impeccable precision.
Stars burn
without vanity.
Planets follow their course
without rebellion.

The cosmos is free—
but its freedom is order.

Not imposed,
not forced,
not lawful in the human sense—
but an order born
from the absence of conflict.

When you throw away
others' opinions
and then follow your own impulses,
you are still bound—
the self becomes your new master.

That is not cosmic freedom.
That is merely the self
changing costumes.

True freedom arises
when the mind stands alone—
not isolated,
not defiant,
but clear—
as a star stands alone
in the night sky,
held by nothing
yet in perfect harmony
with everything.

A mind that understands itself
needs no approval,
no permission,
no applause.
And because it is clear,
it harms no one.
It breaks no natural order.
It moves with the same quiet precision

as a galaxy in orbit.

Live not by the opinions of others,
nor by the impulses of the self,
but by the vast, silent intelligence
that awakens
when thought becomes still.

Then your life
is like the universe—
free,
orderly,
immeasurable,
and whole.

The Me: The Root of Conflict Among the Stars

Even if man travels across galaxies,
even if he builds shining cities on another planet,
he will carry with him the same ancient burden:
the “me.”

The “me”—
with its ambitions, fears, insecurities, beliefs, cravings,
its need to dominate, to possess, to become—
is not dissolved by distance.
It is not erased by changing the landscape.
It travels with us,
more faithfully than our own shadow.

A new planet will only give the “me”
a wider field in which to play out
its everlasting drama of conflict.

You may shift the ground beneath your feet,
but if the mind is unchanged,
it will recreate the same world wherever it goes.

This psychological centre—
the “I,” the “me”—
is the seed of division.
Where there is division,
there must be struggle.
Where there is struggle,
there must be violence.

So even on a distant planet,
with new air to breathe
and new horizons to explore,
man will fight man.
He will carry his prejudices,
his nationalisms,
his religious dogmas,
his ambitions for power.
And from these will arise
new conflicts, new armies, new wars—
even wars among the stars.

The “me” is the root of Star War—
not the ships, not the weapons,
not the technology.
Thought itself, seeking security in division,
breeds the very fear and hostility
from which wars are born.

So, the real migration
is not from Earth to another planet.
The real migration
is from the old mind to a new mind—
from the centre of the “me”
to the vastness of awareness.

Unless that inward migration happens,
outer migration will only spread
our confusion into the universe.

The universe is vast, immeasurable,
filled with silence, order, beauty.
But the human mind—

if it remains tethered to the “me”—
will carry its sorrow to any world it inhabits.

To end war among the stars,
one must first end the “me”
in the heart.

Poem

Man may leave the Earth,
step onto soil untouched by history,
beneath stars that have never heard
a human name.

He may cross the dark oceans of space
with engines humming like ancient chants
to forgotten gods.

Yet the traveller carries a seed—
small, invisible,
older than sunlight itself:
the me.

The me is not stardust.
It is not part of the cosmic order.
It is the echo of thought,
a shadow born of memory and fear.

And wherever this shadow falls,
there lies division.

So even on a world
where the dawn rises in violet flames

and the night sings in silver winds,
man will build new flags,
new boundaries,
new temples to his sorrow.

He will call this settlement “ours”
and that one “theirs.”
He will fear what he imagines,
fight what he does not understand,
and the quiet of the galaxy
will tremble once more
with the old cry of conflict.

For the universe is vast,
but the me is narrow.
The stars are silent,
but the me is noisy.
Galaxies move in immaculate order,
but the me lives in confusion.

Thus, the real danger
is not the journey to another planet—
it is carrying the old mind
into a new world.

If the me survives,
it will plant the roots of war
among the constellations,
turning luminous skies
into battlegrounds of fear.

But if the me ends—
if awareness burns through its illusion

like the sun dissolving mist—
then man will step into the cosmos
as part of its boundless harmony.

Then no migration is needed;
everywhere is home.

For when the centre ends,
the universe enters the heart.

*Man may journey across galaxies,
but he carries with him the ancient illusion of the me.
Unless that shadow ends, he will sow conflict even among
the stars.
When the centre dissolves, the universe is no longer
distant—
it breathes within the heart.*

Stardust, Awareness, and the Ending of Division

Man is born of the earth and the stars.
Science tells us that the body is made of elements
forged in ancient suns,
scattered across space,
drawn into the earth,
and shaped finally into this form
we call a human being.

But to merely say “man is stardust”
is not enough.
It is a fact of physics—
not the truth of awareness.

The body may come from the stars,
but the mind has woven
something entirely different:
the “me.”

The me—
with its fears, ambitions, anger, memories, wounds—
is not stardust.
It is not born of the universe;
it is born of thought.

The body belongs to the cosmos.
The “me” belongs to time.

And as long as these two are confused,
we live in conflict.

The Body as Stardust

Look at your hand.
It is made of the same carbon
that once glowed in the heart of a star.

The calcium in your bones
was shaped in the furnace of a supernova.

The iron in your blood—
that which carries oxygen,
that which keeps you alive—
was formed in the death throes of a collapsing sun.

The body is not yours.
It is the movement of existence itself—
earth becoming flesh,
cosmos becoming form.

There is nothing personal about it.

If one sees this deeply,
there is a certain humility,
a gentleness.

You are not separate from the tree
that stands quietly outside your room.

You share origins with it.

You are not separate from the river,
from the mountain,
from the dust under your feet.

You are that dust.

Awareness: The Light Within the Brain

If the body is stardust,
what is awareness?

Awareness is not memory.
Awareness is not thought.
Awareness is not emotion.

Awareness is the light in which all these appear.

It is the silent watching
that sees anger arise,
that notices fear tighten the chest,
that senses desire taking shape.

It is the mirror without distortion—
the space in which the mind reveals itself.

This awareness
is the most extraordinary thing in the universe.
Stars shine outward.
Awareness shines inward.

You can live your whole life
without looking at a star—
but you cannot live a single moment
without the movement of awareness
within you.

And this awareness
is not yours.
It is not personal.
It is not owned.

It simply is.

The moment you say,
“It is my awareness,”
you have already stepped into illusion.

Bliss: The Flowering of Understanding

Bliss is a dangerous word.
People chase bliss—
through meditation,
through rituals,
through self-improvement,
through the intoxication of belief.

But bliss that is sought
is merely pleasure extended in time.

True bliss
is not something you attain.
It is something that remains
when the noise of the self falls silent.

When the “me” with all its struggles,
its endless comparisons,
its fears of failure,
its craving for importance—
when this whole structure is understood
and naturally dissolves—
what is left
is a sense of vast peace.

It is not pleasure.
It is not excitement.

It is not ecstasy.

It is a ground of stillness
that is untouched by thought.

It is the quietness of a mind
that sees.

Stardust, Awareness, Bliss: One Movement

So, man is stardust—
but that is only the beginning.

He is also awareness—
a light that can illuminate
the entire field of thought.

And when that light operates freely,
without the shadows of fear,
without the distortions of desire,
without the burden of becoming—

there is a natural bliss,
not manufactured by the mind,
but arising from the ending
of all inner division.

In that state,
awareness and existence
are not two separate things.

The body of stardust,
the brain born of millennia,
the silence of the earth,
the vastness of the night sky—

they all move together
as one unbroken wholeness.

This wholeness
is the true nature of man.

Not the “me,”
but the being
that is beyond the “me.”

The Ending of the “Me”

The “me” tries to capture stardust
and claim it as identity:
“I am divine,”
“I am cosmic,”
“I am awareness.”

But the moment the “me” enters,
truth leaves.

The “me” is made of thought—
and thought cannot touch
what is beyond it.

When the mind sees the “me” clearly—
its origin, its movement, its limitation—
there is a natural ending.

Not through effort.
Not through discipline.
Not through practice.

It ends the way a shadow ends
when light is turned on.

In that ending
the whole universe
enters the human mind.

Not as an idea,
but as a living reality.

Man Without the “Me”

When the “me” ends,
what remains is:

- the body of stardust
- the clarity of awareness
- the fragrance of bliss
- the silence of understanding
- the vastness of the cosmic mind

Such a human being
is not seeking anything.

He is not trying to become something.

He is what life itself is—
a movement of the infinite
through a temporary form.

When man sees this clearly,
there is compassion,
there is humility,
there is intelligence.

And then one realizes:

Man is existence made of stardust,
with awareness as his light
and bliss as his natural fragrance—
not because he desires it,
but because he has ended
the illusion of the “me.”

Man is born of the earth and the stars.
Science tells us that the body is made of elements
forged in ancient suns,
scattered across space,
drawn into the earth,
and shaped finally into this form
we call a human being.

But to merely say “man is stardust”
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It is a fact of physics—
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something entirely different:
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with its fears, ambitions, anger, memories, wounds—
is not stardust.
It is not born of the universe;
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was shaped in the furnace of a supernova.

The iron in your blood—

that which carries oxygen,
that which keeps you alive—

was formed in the death throes of a collapsing sun.

The body is not yours.

It is the movement of existence itself—

earth becoming flesh,
cosmos becoming form.

There is nothing personal about it.

If one sees this deeply,
there is a certain humility,
a gentleness.

You are not separate from the tree
that stands quietly outside your room.

You share origins with it.

You are not separate from the river,
from the mountain,
from the dust under your feet.

You are that dust.

If the body is stardust,
what is awareness?

Awareness is not memory.
Awareness is not thought.
Awareness is not emotion.
Awareness is the light in which all these appear.
It is the silent watching
that sees anger arise,
that notices fear tighten the chest,
that senses desire taking shape.
It is the mirror without distortion—
the space in which the mind reveals itself.

This awareness
is the most extraordinary thing in the universe.
Stars shine outward.
Awareness shines inward.

You can live your whole life
without looking at a star—
but you cannot live a single moment
without the movement of awareness
within you.

And this awareness
is not yours.
It is not personal.
It is not owned.

It simply is.

The moment you say,
“It is my awareness,”
you have already stepped into illusion.

Bliss: The Flowering of Understanding

Bliss is a dangerous word.
People chase bliss—
through meditation,
through rituals,
through self-improvement,
through the intoxication of belief.

But bliss that is sought
is merely pleasure extended in time.

True bliss
is not something you attain.
It is something that remains
when the noise of the self falls silent.

When the “me” with all its struggles,
its endless comparisons,
its fears of failure,
its craving for importance—
when this whole structure is understood
and naturally dissolves—
what is left
is a sense of vast peace.

It is not pleasure.
It is not excitement.
It is not ecstasy.

It is a ground of stillness
that is untouched by thought.

It is the quietness of a mind
that sees.

Stardust, Awareness, Bliss: One Movement

So, man is stardust—
but that is only the beginning.

He is also awareness—
a light that can illuminate
the entire field of thought.

And when that light operates freely,
without the shadows of fear,
without the distortions of desire,
without the burden of becoming—
there is a natural bliss,
not manufactured by the mind,
but arising from the ending
of all inner division.

In that state,
awareness and existence
are not two separate things.

The body of stardust,
the brain born of millennia,
the silence of the earth,
the vastness of the night sky—
they all move together
as one unbroken wholeness.

This wholeness
is the true nature of man.

Not the “me,”
but the being
that is beyond the “me.”

The Ending of the “Me”

The “me” tries to capture stardust
and claim it as identity:

“I am divine,”

“I am cosmic,”

“I am awareness.”

But the moment the “me” enters,
truth leaves.

The “me” is made of thought—
and thought cannot touch
what is beyond it.

When the mind sees the “me” clearly—
its origin, its movement, its limitation—
there is a natural ending.

Not through effort.
Not through discipline.
Not through practice.

It ends the way a shadow ends
when light is turned on.

In that ending
the whole universe
enters the human mind.

Not as an idea,
but as a living reality.

Man Without the “Me”

When the “me” ends,
what remains is:

— the body of stardust
— the clarity of awareness
— the fragrance of bliss
— the silence of understanding
— the vastness of the cosmic mind

Such a human being
is not seeking anything.

He is not trying to become something.

He is what life itself is—
a movement of the infinite
through a temporary form.

When man sees this clearly,
there is compassion,
there is humility,
there is intelligence.

And then one realizes:

Man is existence made of stardust,
with awareness as his light
and bliss as his natural fragrance—
not because he desires it,
but because he has ended
the illusion of the “me.”

The Order of Life and the Disorder of the “Me”

Life itself is never violent.
The physical organism, like every creature in nature,
moves to protect itself—
but it does not seek to harm another life unnecessarily.
This is the natural order of the cosmos:
a movement of balance, of relationship,
of mutual existence without cruelty.

But within this vast order,
man has created something entirely different:
the “me.”

The “me” is not part of nature.
It is not born of the earth or the stars.
It is woven by psychological thought—
the endless accumulation of memory,
hurt, fear, ambition, comparison.

And the moment this “me” appears,
division begins.

The “me” and the “not-me,”
the observer and the observed,
the believer and the non-believer,
the one who wants and the one who fears.

From this division
springs conflict, aggression, domination,
all the violence that man inflicts
on himself and on others.

So, the disorder is not in life.
Life—trees, birds, rivers, the human body—
moves in a rhythm that is whole.
The disorder is in the psyche,

in the shadow that thought has cast
and then worshipped as the centre.

To see this clearly—
to see that the organism is innocent
and the “me” is the maker of conflict—
is the beginning of intelligence.

And when this seeing is total,
not verbal, not theoretical,
the “me” loses its place.
Thought becomes quiet
in the presence of truth.

Then action flowers in harmony with life,
and the order of the cosmos
is no longer opposed by the disorder of the mind.

The Innocence of Life, the Shadow of the “Me”

Life is gentle.
Even the smallest creature
moves only to protect its fragile flame,
never to darken another’s.

The body knows this ancient order—
the rhythm of trees bending to wind,
the river yielding to stone,
the bird sharing the sky
without claiming a single cloud.

But thought has spun a stranger:

the “me.”
A knot of memories,
a bundle of fears,
a whisper of yesterday
pretending to be eternal.

And from this shadow-self
comes division—
the sharp edge that cuts relationship,
the wall that says “mine” and “not mine,”
the restless cry for becoming.

Where the “me” begins,
harmony ends.

Conflict rises like heat
from a ground scorched by desire,
anger circles like a trapped bird
seeking an opening in its own cage.

Yet life remains innocent,
waiting.

The body breathes in tune
with the vast intelligence of the cosmos;
only thought is out of rhythm.

When one sees this—
truly sees—
the shadow trembles and dissolves.
The “me” falls silent
like dust settling in a broken room.

And in that stillness
life shines again—

a flame unharmed,
a heart unarmoured,
a mind in communion
with the order that holds the stars.

Cosmic Order, Human Disorder

Across the immeasurable dark,
stars are born without conflict,
die without regret,
and return their fire to the endless womb
of space.

Galaxies turn
with a precision no mind can command;
the atom hums in quiet symmetry;
a leaf unfolds exactly as the universe wills.

Life everywhere
moves in this ancient harmony.
The deer protects its young,
the bird defends its nest—
but never out of malice,
never from the hunger to hurt.

This is the order of the cosmos:
a vast intelligence
where each form safeguards itself
yet never steps outside
the benevolence of the whole.

But man—
carrying stardust in his veins—

has created something alien
to the universe:

the “me.”

Forged from memory,
wrapped in fear,
sculpted by desire,
the “me” divides what nature unites.

It draws boundaries where none exist,
declares enemies where there are only reflections,
and wages wars
against shadows of its own making.

Thus, the cosmos moves in splendour,
while the mind of man
spins in a tiny vortex
of conflict and becoming.

Yet in the silent chamber of being
another possibility waits.

When the mind sees
that the organism is innocent
and the “me” is the intruder,
the vastness reclaims the heart.

Thought falls quiet
as planets in their orbits,
emotion settles
like dust on moonlit stone,
and awareness opens
into a sky without edge.

Then one lives
not as a fragment,
but as part of the great breathing of existence—
a wave returning
to the ocean of stars.

Why Does Thought Rush in So Quickly?

When you begin to observe, when you merely look at a tree, a feeling, a movement of fear—almost instantly thought comes in. It names, compares, interprets, remembers. It is as though thought believes observation cannot exist without its commentary, as though silence is incomplete without noise. Why does this happen?

To understand this, one must watch the mind without resistance, as one watches clouds gathering before rain.

Thought Has Been the Master for Centuries

For thousands of years, thought has been the instrument of survival—physical survival, social survival, psychological survival. It has protected, analysed, compared, evaluated. In this long conditioning, the mind has come to believe—deeply, unconsciously—that thought is the only way to function.

So, the moment there is observation, thought rushes in because it has been trained to dominate, to control, to interpret.

Like an old habit, thought comes in before you even know it.

Observation Without Thought Is a Threat to the “Me”

Pure observation—seeing without naming, looking without the past—is dangerous to the psychological structure we call the “me.”

Why?

Because the “me” is thought.

Thought senses, instantly, that when there is pure observation, there is no centre. No observer. No controller. No experiencer. In such a moment, the “me” has no place; it is absent.

So thought rushes in—not out of intelligence, but out of fear of its own disappearance.

Thought says:

“This is a tree.”

“This is fear.”

“I must do something.”

“I know this.”

Labelling protects the centre.

Observation without the observer ends the centre.

The Mind Confuses Observation with Thinking

For most of us, “observing” has always meant “thinking about.”

No separation has ever been made between seeing and interpreting.

From childhood we were taught to observe through language, through ideas, through comparison. So, the brain has become accustomed to equating looking with thinking.

Thus, when you begin to observe, thought says:

“I must help you.”

“I must tell you what you are seeing.”

“I must give meaning.”

Meaning, for thought, is more important than perception.

The Past Always Moves Faster Than the Present

Observation happens in the present.

Thought comes from the past.

But the past is mechanical, instantaneous, always ready.

It reacts more quickly than awareness because it is conditioned, automatic.

Awareness is fresh, new, untrained.

Thought is ancient, trained, and habitual.

So, the mind instantly falls back into the known, because the known is faster.

Just as a machine responds quicker than a living organism, thought reacts faster than awareness.

Thought Believes It Is Awareness

Thought has assumed the throne.

It has become the interpreter of every experience.

It says:

“I am the observer.”

“I am the one who is aware.”

This is the greatest illusion of all.

Observation is a living movement.
Thought is a dead thing, a shadow of memory.

But the shadow has learned to call itself the light.

Can Observation and Thought Coexist?

No.

Where there is thought, there is not pure observation.
Where there is pure observation, thought is silent.

Observation is like a clear stream.
Thought is like a leaf landing on it, creating ripples.

The stream doesn't reject the leaf—
but in seeing the leaf fall, clearly,
the water regains its stillness.

When Observation Deepens, Thought Naturally Falls Silent

The moment you see thought entering—see it without resistance, without judgment—observation deepens. You are now watching not only the tree, but the movement of thought itself.

In that watching, thought slows.
Not because you control it,
but because you understand it.

Where there is understanding, resistance ends.
Where resistance ends, thought has no momentum.

Like a bird that realises it is not needed,

it quietly flies away.

Thought Is Not the Enemy—It Is Merely Out of Place

Thought is not to be suppressed or fought.
When thought enters observation, simply see it.

The seeing is the ending.

Observation without effort is the natural state of the mind
when it is free from psychological burden.

In that state, thought comes only when needed—
for practical things: language, work, communication—
and is silent otherwise.

When Awareness Is Present,

Thought Becomes a Simple Instrument—
No Longer the Master.

Poem

When you look—
simply look—
at a tree,
at a feeling,
at the quiet movement of the mind,
thought enters
like a bird startled into flight.

So fast,
so immediate,
you hardly know

where observation ended
and thinking began.

Why does it come in
as though observation
cannot breathe without it?

Why does thought behave
as if it
is the one that must see,
must name,
must interpret?

The Long Shadow of Habit

For centuries
thought has been king—
the builder,
the protector,
the storyteller.

It has guided hands,
shaped civilizations,
carried memory
like a sacred scroll.

And now
when silence appears,
when observation stands alone
on the threshold of the unknown,
thought rushes forward
like an old ruler
afraid of losing his throne.

The Fear of Disappearance

Pure observation
is dangerous
to the self.

For in that moment
the observer is not there—
only seeing,
only the shimmering fact.

Thought senses this
with ancient instinct,
and leaps in
to re-establish the centre:

“This is a tree.”
“That is fear.”
“That is me.”

Naming resurrects the one
who might have dissolved
in the light of simple perception.

Where Seeing Has Always Meant Thinking

We were taught
to see through words,
through comparison,
through the long corridor of memory.

So, when you begin to look,
thought whispers,
“I will help you.”
“I will explain.”

It does not know
that explanation
is the end of wonder.

It does not know
that the mind
has another power—
a direct light
that needs no interpreter.

The Speed of the Past

Awareness is fresh,
unburdened,
like morning air.

Thought is old,
quick,
driven by habit—
like a reflex.

The past moves faster
than the present.

So, thought arrives
before you even breathe.

The Great Confusion

Thought believes
it is awareness.

It has worn the crown
for so long
that it cannot imagine

a kingdom
without it.

It confuses
its own commentary
with perception.

It confuses
its own whisper
with truth.

But When You See Thought Enter...

...not resist it,
not condemn it,
not follow it—
simply see it—
a miracle happens.

Observation deepens.

The watcher
watches thought,
like a leaf
floating into a still pond.

And in that deep watching,
thought slows,
softens,
grows quiet—
not from force,
but from understanding.

The Mind Learns Quietness

When the mind sees
the nature of thought—
its speed, its habit,
its fear of silence—
there comes
a gentle stillness.

Thought then becomes
what it was always meant to be:
a tool,
an instrument,
a servant of simple living.

And observation
stands alone—
clear,
lucid,
untouched by the past.

In That Pure Seeing

there is no observer,
no intrusion,
no shadow.

Only light.

Why Man Lives in Illusion

Human beings have lived for millennia in a world created not by the cosmos but by thought. The world of mountains, trees, rivers, stars—this is the world of actuality. But the world we live in psychologically is something entirely different: it is a world shaped by memory, fear, desire, belief, and the long shadow of conditioning. And because we take this mental world to be real, we suffer endlessly within its boundaries.

Thought, through its ceaseless movement, has created what we call “reality.” It has shaped our perceptions, our relationships, our expectations, our judgments, and our sense of self. What we take to be the world is largely the projection of our inner landscape. It is the mind looking through the lens of its own content and mistaking its reflections for truth.

The Two worlds

There are two distinct worlds:

1. The world of the cosmos—the fact, the immediate, the living. The world as it exists in its own order: vast, silent, without centre, without division. This is the world of Truth.
2. The world of thought—the psychological structures we have inherited and built: the “me,” fear, ambition, sorrow, belief, comparison, identity. This is the world of Illusion.

The first World is not made by us. It simply is.

The second is entirely our construction.

And this second World—the psychological world—has become the prison in which humanity lives.

The Machinery of Illusion

Why has this illusory world taken such hold? Why does the mind cling to it so stubbornly? To understand this deeply, one must observe the machinery of thought as it operates.

Thought has a practical function: it helps us speak, work, communicate, plan, and survive. In that field, thought is essential and has a rightful place.

But thought has extended itself into the psychological realm where it does not belong.

It has invented:

- the image of oneself,
- the image of others,
- the idea of becoming something “better,”
- the fear of what might happen,
- the pursuit of security in objects, in people, in beliefs,
- the constant measurement of oneself against another.

These constructions are not facts. They are responses of memory. They have no actual existence outside the mind that creates them.

Yet we live by them.

We defend them.

We worship them.

We suffer because of them.

The Comfort of the Known

One of the reasons we live in illusion is that illusion is familiar.

The known—even when painful—feels safer than the unknown.

The mind clings to its patterns, to its beliefs, to its experiences, because stepping into the unknown seems frightening. The known offers the illusion of continuity, and thought craves continuity above all else. It fears ending.

So, illusion becomes refuge.
It becomes home—
a home built on shifting sands.

The “Me” as the Centre of Illusion

The self—the “me”—is nothing but a bundle of accumulated memories:
experiences, hurts, pleasures, opinions, identifications.
Thought has woven this centre and called it the individual.

This centre becomes the reference point of all action.
Everything is measured in relation to it.
And as long as the centre exists, illusion must exist, for the centre is illusion.

When the self imagines, it calls those imaginations reality.
When it desires, it calls those desires necessary.
When it fears, it calls those fears protection.

Thus, the self sustains illusion for the sake of its own continuity.

Time and the Continuation of Illusion

Within the psychological realm, time is the thread that holds illusion together.

“I was hurt.”

“I will overcome.”

“I will be somebody.”

“I will one day be free of fear.”

This time—the movement of past memories projecting a future—is the very structure of the “me.”

The self is time.

And time is thought.

In time thought finds security.

In time thought finds hope.

In time thought finds a future escape from its own sorrow.

So, illusion persists because time keeps reinforcing it.

Fear: The Guardian of Illusion

Fear stands at the doorway of illusion.

It says:

“Do not question too deeply.

Do not look too closely.”

For if you look closely, the structure will collapse.

Fear is nourished by thought.

Thought is nourished by memory.

Memory is nourished by experience.

And the cycle continues.

Fear keeps the mind imprisoned in what is already known.

It keeps the mind from the freedom of seeing reality without distortion.

Tradition and Conditioning

For centuries, human beings have been conditioned by family, culture, religion, society.

This conditioning shapes the very structure of thought.

It tells us what to believe, whom to follow, how to behave, what to fear, what to desire.

In this conditioning, the mind loses the capacity to question.

It accepts illusion as natural, sorrow as inevitable, comparison as necessary.

Thus, illusion becomes tradition.

Suffering becomes habit.

Why Illusion Continues

Man, lives in illusion because:

- the mind is conditioned to accept it,
- illusion offers psychological comfort,
- the “me” depends on it for existence,
- thought mistakes its own projections for truth,
- fear prevents us from questioning,
- time sustains the false,
- society reinforces the patterns of conflict.

But behind all these reasons lies one central fact:

We have never looked at thought
and understood its limitations.

We have never watched the movement of thought
as something separate from perception.

Seeing Illusion Is the Ending of Illusion

Illusion does not require effort to end.
It ends the moment it is seen as illusion.

To see without the interference of thought—
to observe without the observer—
is to touch reality as it is, not as it is imagined.

In that seeing:

- the self dissolves,
- fear loses its grip,
- time has no psychological meaning,
- suffering ends at its root.

What remains is not an idea,
not a mystical state,
but a mind that is awake,
sensitive,
clear.

This clarity is not personal.
It is not “my” clarity.
It is clarity itself—
an intelligence untouched by conditioning.

To Live in Truth Is to Live Without Illusion

Man is of the cosmos, of truth.
But he has lived in a self-created world of thought,
and that world is illusion.

When illusion ends,
the mind stands in the beauty of what is:
simple, vast, unfragmented.

In that simplicity

there is compassion.
There is intelligence.
There is a life that does not begin or end in the self.

It is only in the ending of illusion
that truth begins.

Poem

Human beings
have lived for centuries
not in the world of stars and trees
but in the world
of their own minds.

We walk through life
inside the chamber of thought—
hearing echoes
that we mistake for truth,
seeing reflections
that we take to be the real.

The world of actuality
is simple—
the bird calling in the morning,
the sunlight on the wall,
the movement of wind in leaves.

But the world we inhabit inwardly
is a different creation:
woven from memories,
held together by fears,
brightened by desires,
darkened by wounds.

It is a world
we have inherited,
strengthened,
defended—
a world built by thought.

The Two Worlds

There is the world
that exists in its own order—
vast, open,
untouched by our sorrows.

And there is the world
thought has made—
the “me,”
the image,
the dream of becoming,
the fear of losing.

Between these two worlds
lies all suffering.

The Machinery of Thought

Thought has its place—
to build, to speak,
to navigate the day.

But thought has entered
the inner field
where it becomes the master,
the judge,
the inventor

of what we call “my life.”

It shapes
how we see ourselves,
how we compare with another,
how we seek love,
how we cling to recognition.

It whispers,
“This is who you are,”
and we accept it
as though it were truth.

The Comfort of Illusion

Why do we live in illusion?
Because the known
feels safer than the vastness
of what we do not know.

Illusion has walls—
thin, fragile,
but comforting.

The known repeats itself:
its beliefs,
its habits,
its fears,
its pleasures.

And in that repetition
we find an odd refuge—
a home built by memory.

The Self as Illusion

The “me”
is at the center of this world.

A collection of experiences,
injuries carefully preserved,
desires meticulously fed,
ambitions carried forward
into tomorrow.

The self
is the architect of illusion—
and also, its prisoner.

It builds the cage
and then trembles inside it.

It seeks continuity
in a universe of constant change.

It seeks permanence
in a life where nothing stays.

And so, it suffers.

Time: The Thread of Illusion

The self is woven
from time.

“I was.”

“I am.”

“I will be.”

This movement

from what has been
to what might be
is the fabric of illusion.

Thought carries yesterday
into today
and calls it “me.”

Thought projects tomorrow
as hope,
as fear,
as escape.

And in that projection
the mind is lost—
chasing shadows
across a landscape
that does not exist.

Fear: The Guardian of Illusion

Fear watches the door.

It says,
“Do not look too closely.
Do not question too deeply.
Do not disturb
what has always been.”

Fear thrives
on the known.

It petrifies the mind
into accepting
its own imprisonment.

And in fear
illusion flourishes.

The Weight of Conditioning

From birth
we are shaped
by words,
beliefs,
traditions,
expectations.

We inherit
the thoughts of centuries,
and mistake them
for truth.

We repeat
the patterns of the past
and call it destiny.

We become
what society demands
and call it identity.

In such conditioning
illusion becomes natural—
so natural
that we no longer see it.

Why Illusion Continues

Illusion is strengthened
because we have never

watched thought.

We have never
seen the movement of memory
as something separate
from perception.

We have never
noticed
how quickly the mind
escapes from what is
into what should be.

Illusion continues
because we do not see
that we ourselves
create it.

The Ending of Illusion

Illusion does not end
through discipline.

It does not end
through belief,
through analysis,
through slow improvement.

Illusion ends
when it is seen
clearly—
seen as illusion.

The moment thought
is observed as thought—

the moment the self
is observed as memory—
a quietness enters.

Not the quietness
that is cultivated,
not the stillness
born of effort,
but the stillness
that comes naturally
when the false
is understood.

In that stillness
the “me” loosens,
fades,
disappears.

And what remains
is a mind that is fresh,
unburdened,
unwounded.

To Live Without Illusion

Is to Live in Truth

Man is of the cosmos—
not of the narrow
psychological world
thought has created.

When illusion ends,
the mind stands
in a different dimension—

simple,
clear,
free.

There is no centre
from which sorrow grows.

There is no time
in which fear takes root.

There is no watcher
dividing himself
from what he sees.

There is only awareness—
a living intelligence
that acts without conflict,
loves without possession,
sees without distortion.

In this clarity
there is no illusion,
no suffering.

In this clarity
the human mind
touches its true home—
not as an idea,
but as a living fact.

Life Needs No Motive

Thought says,
“Without motive you cannot survive.”
It insists that motive is essential—
the motive to secure,
to protect,
to achieve,
to become.

But this “survival” thought speaks of
is not the survival of the body.
It is the survival of the self—
the psychological entity
thought has constructed
and now defends as though it were life.

We must see this very clearly.

Physical survival requires intelligence, not motive

To protect the body,
to avoid danger,
to earn a livelihood,
to care for one’s shelter and food—
these require practical intelligence,
not psychological motive.

The body reacts naturally
to heat, cold, hunger, threat.
It does not manufacture a “motive”
to save itself.
Its intelligence is biological, immediate,
untainted by fear or ambition.

It is thought that enters and says,
“I must survive as me.”
“I must become somebody.”
“I must succeed.”
“I must not fail.”

This survival has nothing to do
with food or shelter.
It is the survival of an idea.

Psychological motive is the self wanting continuity

Thought has created the self—
a centre made of memory,
pleasure, hurt, fear, experience.

And now this self must be protected
at any cost.

So thought says:
Without motive you will be nothing.
Without motive life will collapse.
Without motive there is no direction,
no drive,
no success.

But this is the voice
of the very illusion
that creates conflict.

Motive is the self
seeking continuity.

The self calls its own continuance “survival”

The self projects its needs
as though they were the needs of life.
But the needs of life
are extremely simple.

The needs of the self
are endless.

The self wants recognition,
status,
achievement,
importance,
security in belief,
longevity of identity.

And it calls this “survival.”

This is the cleverness of thought—
to confuse its own craving for continuity
with the fact of living.

Life itself is not motive—life is compassion

Life, in its essence,
is not driven by fear
or desire
or ambition.

Look at a tree.
It grows without motive.
Look at a bird.
It sings without motive.
Look at the sky.
It moves without purpose.

Their movement is order,
not ambition.

Life is sustained
by a deeper intelligence—
one that does not belong
to the “me.”

When the self is absent,
when thought is quiet,
there is a natural movement
of compassion.

Compassion is not cultivated.
It is not a virtue.
It is the fragrance
of a mind without the burden
of the self.

In compassion
there is no motive.
There is no “I must help.”
There is only the spontaneous action
of intelligence.

The choice is clear and immediate

Either we live in the survival
of the psychological self—
with its fear, conflict, division,
ambition, and loneliness—

or

we live in the intelligence
of compassion,
which has no motive,
no centre,
no division.

One is the continuation of thought.
The other is the flowering of life.

To see this truth

is the beginning of freedom.

Poem

Thought whispers,
“Without motive you cannot survive.”
It speaks with the authority
of centuries,
with the voice of fear
pretending to be wisdom.

But what is it
that wants to survive?

Not the body—
the body knows its own intelligence.
It hungers,
it rests,
it heals,
it moves away from danger
without motive,
without calculation,
without the confusion

of becoming.

It is the self
that demands survival—
the image made of memory,
the centre built of hurt and hope,
the shadow that calls itself
“Me.”

This self says,
“I must continue.
I must succeed.
I must be someone.”
And it covers its craving
with the respectable word
“Survival.”

But it is not life
that seeks this continuity—
it is thought
defending the structure
it has created.

Look at a tree—
it has no motive
to be beautiful.
Look at a bird—
it has no motive
to sing.
Look at the sky—
it has no ambition
to be vast.

Yet they are.

Life moves
with a quiet order,
an unthinking intelligence,
an effortless grace
that thought can never touch.

Thought wants purpose.
Life needs none.

Thought wants motive.
Life is complete
without it.

And when the self grows quiet—
quiet because it has seen
its own smallness—
a different movement begins.

A movement
with no centre.
A movement
with no demand.
A movement
as natural
as breath.

Compassion.

Not the emotion,
not the sentiment,
not the sweet idea—
but the flame
that appears
when the “me” is absent.

In compassion
there is no motive,
no gain,
no future to secure.

It acts as the sun shines,
as the river flows,
as the lotus opens—
without asking why.

So, ask gently,
with a mind unafraid to look:

Is survival
the self defending its illusions,
or is life
the flowering of compassion
when the self is no more?

When you see this clearly,
the answer
arrives in silence.

No Attention Where Motive Is

There is no attention
when there is a motive.

For motive is the whisper
of the “me,”
the subtle hand
reaching out to gain,
to avoid,
to become.

Where motive enters,
the mind is already moving away
from what is
toward what should be.

And in that movement
attention is lost.

Attention is a still flame—
bright, steady,
without the smoke of desire.

But motive is smoke.
It clouds the seeing,
blurs the clarity,
turns the mind inward
toward its own shadows.

When you watch to improve,
you do not watch.
When you observe to escape,
you do not observe.
When you listen for reward,
you do not listen.

Motive divides the watcher
from the watched.

It creates an observer
separate from the fact—
and where there is division,
there is no attention.

Attention has no centre.

It has no demand,
no expectation,
no promise of gain.

It is a quiet looking,
a clear listening,
a seeing without the seeker.

When motive falls away—
not pushed aside,
not suppressed,
but understood—
the mind becomes simple,
transparent,
open.

Then attention flowers
on its own,
like a lotus opening
in still water.

And in that flowering
there is no watcher,
no thought moving ahead,
no shadow of tomorrow.

Only the pure light
of seeing
what is.
There is no attention
when there is a motive.

For motive is the whisper
of the “me,”
the subtle hand

reaching out to gain,
to avoid,
to become.

Where motive enters,
the mind is already moving away
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of seeing
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When Thought Rushes to Judge

When someone makes a mistake,
thought responds instantly.
It criticises, compares, condemns—
as though it stands on higher ground,
as though it has never erred.

Thought acts with remarkable speed
because it has a ready-made image
of how others should behave.
This image becomes the measure,
and according to that measure
thought judges, attacks, corrects.

But thought never stops to consider
how many mistakes it has made—
the wrong choices,
the hurt it has caused,
the misunderstandings it has created,
the fears it has nurtured,
the illusions it has protected.

Thought does not look inward;
it always looks outward.
It rushes to point at another
because it does not want
to see the disorder within itself.

When thought is the judge,
there is no compassion.
There is no understanding.
There is only reaction.

To realise this
is to see the nature of thought itself—
that it is conditioned,
fragmentary,
quick to defend its own image,
and blind to its own contradictions.

True observation begins
only when the mind sees this movement
without condemning it,
without justifying it.
Simply seeing the fact
that thought judges another
to avoid seeing itself—
that seeing brings humility.

And in humility
there is compassion.
Then the mistake of another
is not met with judgment
but with understanding.

For a mind that is learning,
a mind that is attentive,
knows very well
that it too has stumbled
a thousand times.

Only such a mind
can respond without violence,
without superiority,
without the hard edge
of the “me.”

To see one’s own mistakes

as clearly as one sees
the mistakes of another—
that is the beginning
of intelligence.

Poem

When another stumbles,
thought is quick—
quicker than breath,
quicker than awareness.

It rushes forward
with its verdict,
its sharpness,
its certainty.

It says,
“Look at their mistake,”
as though it stands innocent,
untouched,
pure.

But thought does not pause
to see its own trail—
the countless errors,
the careless words,
the wounds given,
the illusions guarded,
the fears nourished
over a lifetime.

Thought judges another
to avoid seeing
its own disorder.

It points outward
so, it does not have to look within.

It condemns
because condemnation
is easier
than understanding.

A mind that is unaware
strikes with judgment;
a mind that is wounded
wounds again.

But a mind that watches quietly
sees the whole movement—
the haste to blame,
the fear of seeing itself,
the ancient habit
of protecting the image of “me.”

In that seeing
judgment falters.
In that seeing
humility is born.

Then the mistake of another
is no longer an offence,
but a reminder
of our shared fragility—
a reflection
of the thousand ways
we too have fallen.

Only a heart
that knows its own weakness

can meet another's weakness
with compassion.

And where compassion is,
there is no judge—
only understanding.

The Role of Choiceless Awareness in Young Men

Young men stand at a crossroads—
between childhood and responsibility,
between imitation and authenticity,
between confusion and clarity.

At this stage of life,
the mind is full of energy,
full of desire,
full of dreams
and also full of fear, comparison, and pressure.

Choiceless awareness becomes
not just helpful,
but essential.

1. Young men are driven by pressure—inner and outer

Society asks them to become something:
successful, strong, competitive, ambitious, desirable,
powerful.

Parents push.
Peers compare.
social media exaggerates.
Advertising manipulates.
Culture demands achievement.

In this storm of expectations,
the mind of a young man becomes burdened—
split between what he is
and what he thinks he must become.

Choiceless awareness shows him
the falseness of this imposed becoming.

**It reveals that freedom begins
where comparison ends.**

2. Choiceless awareness brings clarity to desire

Young men face intense desires:
sexual desire, career hunger, the urge for status,
the longing to be admired,
the restlessness of wanting more.

Desire by itself is not a problem.
It is the interference of thought
that makes desire toxic.

Choiceless awareness helps them see desire
as a movement—arising, shining, fading.

When you see desire without judgment,
without resistance,
it loses its compulsion.

It becomes energy, not bondage.

3. Awareness helps young men handle anger

The anger of young men is legendary—
and destructive.

It comes from hurt,
from insecurity,
from fear,
from feeling unseen or unworthy.

Anger is the armor the self wears
when it feels vulnerable.

When young men watch anger
the very moment it appears—
without justifying it,
without suppressing it—
they discover a simple truth:

**Awareness dissolves anger
as sunlight dissolves darkness.**

4. Awareness reveals the root of loneliness

Every young man knows loneliness—
even when surrounded by people.

Why?

Because loneliness begins
when the self isolates itself.

Through comparison,
through ambition,
through insecurity,
through fear of not being enough.

Choiceless awareness exposes
the movement of the self
that creates loneliness.

With that seeing
comes a quietness
in which relationship becomes possible.

5. Awareness prevents destructive addictions

Youth easily falls into:

- pornography
- alcohol

- drugs
- gambling
- unhealthy relationships
- digital addiction
- self-destructive habits

These arise when the mind seeks escape
from its own confusion.

Awareness shines light
on the very moment of escape.

Seeing the urge clearly
dissolves its grip.

Awareness is the most powerful antidote
to addiction—because it ends the root,
not the symptom.

6. Awareness awakens intelligence

Intelligence is not memory.
Not marks.
Not degrees.
Not performance.

Intelligence is the capacity
to see things as they are.

When young men live in choiceless awareness—
even in small moments—
their decisions become clear,
their actions become simple,
their life becomes orderly.

This is the beginning
of true maturity.

7. Awareness brings dignity

Young men today imitate others—
celebrities, athletes, influencers,
their peers, their heroes.

They feel inadequate
if they do not conform
to society's pictures of masculinity.

Choiceless awareness creates
a sense of inner dignity
not based on approval or success.

A young man who understands himself
does not need validation.

He becomes inwardly rich—
quiet, steady, respectful, responsible.

8. Awareness ends fear of failure

Fear of failure
is the greatest barrier in youth.

It cripples creativity.
It destroys potential.
It breaks confidence.

Choiceless awareness reveals
that fear exists only in thought—
never in the moment.

Seeing fear clearly
ends the psychological movement
that feeds it.

A fearless young man
is not reckless—
he is intelligent.

9. Awareness allows love to blossom

Young men often confuse love with:
desire, attachment, possession, insecurity, drama.

Awareness reveals
the difference between desire and affection,
between attachment and love,
between possession and care.

Only a mind free of fear
can love.

Only a mind free of comparison
can relate.

Choiceless awareness
opens the heart.

Conclusion: Why Choiceless Awareness is Crucial for Youth

Because youth is fire—
and without awareness,
fire burns.

With awareness,
fire illuminates.

Choiceless awareness helps young men:

- understand themselves
- end inner conflict
- resist destructive influences
- take responsibility
- awaken intelligence
- live with dignity
- love without fear
- act without confusion

And above all:

**It helps them live as whole human beings,
not as fragmented personalities
chasing images created by society.**

Young people today live with enormous pressure—
academic expectations, career choices, peer comparison,
emotional challenges,
and the constant noise of social media.

Choiceless awareness is not a spiritual idea or a technique.
It is simply the **art of observing your own mind**
so that you can live with clarity, confidence, and balance.

It helps young men and women
meet life with intelligence rather than confusion.

1. Awareness reduces stress and academic pressure

Students often study with fear—

fear of failure, fear of judgment, fear of disappointing others.

Fear blocks learning.

Choiceless awareness teaches students to notice fear
the moment it arises—
not to fight it,
not to run from it,
just to see it.

When fear is seen clearly,
the mind relaxes
and learning becomes easier, deeper, more joyful.

2. Awareness improves concentration without effort

Students force concentration through pressure:
“Focus! Don’t get distracted!”

But forcing the mind causes more distraction.

When you simply watch the mind wandering—
without irritation—
it naturally settles down.

Awareness is the best form of concentration
because it is effortless.

3. Awareness helps with emotional balance

Young people face intense emotions:

- anger
- jealousy
- insecurity
- loneliness

- relationship stress

When emotions are suppressed or ignored,
they create confusion and impulsive behaviour.

Awareness teaches:

“Observe the feeling exactly as it is.”

This simple act reduces emotional chaos
and builds emotional intelligence.

4. Awareness prevents harmful habits

Many harmful habits—
addiction to phones, gaming, substances, pornography,
self-harm, anger outbursts—
begin as escapes from inner discomfort.

Awareness helps students notice
the urge before it becomes an action.

Noticing the urge breaks the pattern.

A young mind that is aware
is far less likely to fall into destructive habits.

5. Awareness promotes healthier relationships

Most conflicts among students come from:

- misunderstanding
- insecurity
- comparison
- the need to impress
- fear of being alone

Choiceless awareness reveals these patterns.

When young people understand their own minds,
they relate to others with respect, empathy, and sensitivity.

Healthy relationships begin with self-understanding.

6. Awareness builds self-confidence

True confidence does not come from marks, achievements,
or appearance.

It comes from clarity.

A student who understands their own mind
is not shaken easily by criticism or failure.

Awareness removes the psychological fear
that blocks natural confidence.

7. Awareness helps students make wise decisions

Teenagers often make impulsive decisions
due to pressure, excitement, or peer influence.

When you observe a thought before acting on it,
you create space to respond intelligently.

Awareness gives young people
the ability to pause, reflect, and choose wisely.

8. Awareness guides career clarity

Many students follow careers because of:

- parental pressure
- social trends
- fear of unemployment

- comparison with peers

Awareness helps them listen to themselves—to understand what they truly love, not what society demands.

Career decisions made in clarity lead to more fulfilling lives.

How to introduce Choiceless Awareness in Schools & Colleges

1. Start with simple questions

- “What do you feel right now?”
- “What is your mind doing at this moment?”
- “Can you observe your thoughts without judging them?”

2. Use short awareness exercises

- 1 minute observing breath
- 1 minute noticing thoughts
- 1 minute listening to sounds without naming them

3. Discuss real issues

Stress, relationships, comparison, fear, anger—connect awareness to their daily life.

4. Encourage open conversation

No preaching, no moralizing.

Simply create a space where students can explore their own minds safely.

5. Let silence teach

A few moments of shared silence
can show them more than a long lecture.

Conclusion: Why Students Need Choiceless Awareness

Because awareness gives the young mind:

- clarity instead of confusion
- calmness instead of chaos
- responsibility instead of pressure
- intelligence instead of imitation
- freedom instead of fear

Young people do not need more discipline.
They need understanding.

Choiceless awareness
is the beginning of that understanding.

Choiceless Awareness in Difficult Times

To live hand to mouth—
to not know whether tomorrow's food,
tomorrow's job,
tomorrow's rent
will come—
is not a philosophical problem.
It is a burning, concrete reality.

Krishnamurti never dismissed this.
He never said, "Forget hunger and meditate."
He said the opposite:

"You must understand your suffering exactly as it is."

So let us look, step by step.

1. Poverty creates enormous pressure—but pressure is not clarity

A person struggling to survive
is under tremendous strain.

But strain, fear, and uncertainty
do not create intelligence.

Fear narrows the mind,
contracts it,
makes it reactive,
mechanical.

Choiceless awareness
is not an escape from this fear.

It is a way of seeing it directly
without distortion.

Not running away.

Not suppressing.

Not rationalizing.

Just seeing.

In that seeing,
the mind becomes clear—even in hardship.

2. Choiceless awareness does not solve poverty—

but it dissolves inner confusion

Krishnamurti never said awareness gives food.
But he said:

“When the mind is clear, right action happens.”

A confused, frightened mind
makes choices out of fear.
A clear mind acts out of intelligence.

Even a person living day to day
can see their fear,
their anger,
their despair
without judgement.

This inner clarity
can prevent harmful choices,
violent reactions,
self-destructive habits.

It creates **space** inside
even when there is no space outside.

3. Awareness breaks the psychological burden

that makes poverty heavier

The physical fact of poverty is one thing.
The psychological weight of it
is another.

The physical difficulty is real:
food, shelter, safety.

But the suffering multiplies
when the mind adds:

- “I am a failure.”
- “I am inferior.”
- “I will always be this way.”
- “I have no future.”
- “Life is against me.”

These psychological additions
are created by thought.

Choiceless awareness sees this clearly:

The fact is one thing.

The psychological story is another.

Seeing this difference
is enormous freedom.

It does not erase hunger—
but it ends the added misery
woven by thought.

4. Awareness brings dignity even in adversity

“A poor man who sees the truth is richer than a king.”

Why?

Because inner clarity
is the foundation of dignity.

Choiceless awareness
gives a human being
self-respect born of understanding,
not from wealth, status, or success.

Even in hardship,
one can live with
attention,
respect,
order,
and intelligence.

This inward dignity
cannot be taken away.

5. Awareness prevents the cycle of psychological violence

Poverty often breeds anger,
and anger breeds self-destruction.

A mind without awareness
reacts blindly:

- violence
- addiction
- despair
- hopelessness
- bitterness
- dependence

A mind with awareness
sees the reaction as it arises,
and the seeing ends it.

This breaks the psychological cycle
passed from generation to generation.

Awareness may not change the outer fact immediately—
but it changes the inner movement,
and therefore the future.

6. Awareness awakens a creative intelligence

that may open unexpected doors

“When the mind is quiet, it becomes extraordinarily intelligent.”

This intelligence is not academic.
It is not intellectual.

It is practical,
clear,
direct.

Such intelligence can see opportunities
others miss.
It can find solutions
where fear finds only walls.

Awareness does not magically give money.
But it opens perception—
and perception can change action.

Right action begins in clarity.

7. Awareness is not a luxury—it is essential when life is difficult

People believe awareness is for the rich.

“When you are desperate, that is exactly when you must understand yourself.”

Because desperation
without clarity
is chaos.

Desperation
with awareness
becomes a doorway
to deep understanding.

Awareness is the flame
that prevents the mind
from being burned by its own fear.

8. Choiceless awareness asks nothing—it can arise anywhere

Awareness requires:

- no education
- no money
- no belief
- no system
- no method
- no guru
- no background

It requires only
that one **watch**
each thought
as it arises.

Anyone—
a farmer,
a labourer,
a street vendor,
a homeless man—
can observe thought.

The sacred is not the privilege of the rich.

Choiceless awareness does not change the outer fact of poverty.

*But it ends the inner confusion
that makes poverty a prison.*

In that inner ending

a new quality of mind appears—
clear, intelligent, compassionate.

Such a mind
may transform life in ways
fear never could.

Choiceless Awareness and Daily Survival

Questioner:

Sir, what you say about awareness and seeing one's thoughts—

does it have any meaning for people like us who live hand to mouth?

We have no time for meditation.

We struggle every day.

How can choiceless awareness help us?

Answer:

Sir, let us look at the fact first.

You say you struggle for food, for work, for survival.

That is a reality.

We are not escaping from it.

But there is another reality—

the psychological burden that you add to the struggle.

Let us separate the two.

Questioner:

What do you mean, sir?

Poverty *is* suffering.

Answer:

Yes, poverty is suffering.

But the mind adds more suffering by thinking about it incessantly—

by comparing,

by feeling inferior,

by imagining a hopeless future,

by repeating the story of “my misery.”

The physical fact is one thing.
The psychological story is another.

Awareness begins when you see this difference.

Questioner:

But sir, when there is uncertainty every day,
the mind naturally worries.
How can awareness help?

Answer:

Worry does not put food on the table.
Fear does not solve a single problem.
It only blurs the mind.

A mind that is frightened
cannot see clearly.

Choiceless awareness is not luxury.
It is necessity—
especially when life is hard.

When you see your fear as it arises—
without judging it,
without running from it—
that very seeing brings clarity.

And clarity is intelligence.
Intelligence acts differently from fear.

Questioner:

But sir, fear is constant in us.
How can I watch every thought
when I am struggling to survive?

Answer:

Sir, are you aware of your fear now—

as you speak?
Not tomorrow,
not in meditation,
but now?

That awareness requires no time,
no money,
no education.

You can observe your thought
while walking to work,
while waiting for a bus,
while cooking,
while standing in a queue.

Awareness is not separate from daily life.
It *is* daily life.

Questioner:

Sir, does this awareness remove poverty?

Answer:

No.

We are not making false promises.

Awareness will not magically change the outer fact.
But it will change the inner confusion
that makes the outer fact heavier.

When the mind is confused,
you act from fear.
When the mind is clear,
you act from intelligence.

Intelligence can open doors
fear never sees.

Another Questioner (a young woman):

Sir, are you saying awareness gives dignity even when one is poor?

Answer:

Yes.

Because dignity does not come from wealth.

When you observe your thoughts,
your anger,
your despair,
without escape—
your mind becomes orderly,
clear,
respectful.

Such a mind has an inner dignity
that no circumstance can take away.

A poor man with clarity
is richer than the richest man
caught in fear.

Questioner:

Sir...

honestly,
how can one be aware
when there is so much struggle?

Answer:

Sir, when struggle is great
that is *exactly* the moment to be aware.

Because desperation without awareness
leads to bitterness and violence.

Desperation with awareness
leads to understanding.

In the flame of awareness,
fear is seen clearly.
And what is seen clearly
begins to end.

Even a little clarity
in daily life
is like a small lamp
in a dark room.

It changes everything.

Questioner:

Sir...
is this awareness for all of us?
Or only for the educated,
the spiritual?

Answer:

Awareness
belongs to no one.

Not to the rich,
not to the learned,
not to the religious.

Anyone who has a mind—
whether a farmer,
a labourer,
a clerk,
a student—
can observe a thought
as it arises.

Awareness is the birthright
of every human being.

It is the true wealth.

Silent Pause.

So, sir,
choiceless awareness
is not a promise of comfort.
It is not an escape.
It is not a trick to end poverty.

It is the flame
that prevents the mind
from being darkened by fear.

And when the mind is clear,
actions have wisdom.
They have compassion.
They have order.

Such a mind,
even in hardship,
lives with dignity,
clarity,
and an intelligence
that touches the sacred.

That is the beginning
of true freedom.

The Silence in Which the Stars Are Born

When the last question falls silent,
when the mind no longer reaches outward
or withdraws inward,
when there is no movement of becoming—
a different dimension opens.

In that dimension,
the mind is not separate from the vastness of the night sky.
Its silence is the silence of galaxies
drifting through infinite space.

In that stillness,
there is no “you” listening,
no “I” speaking.
There is only awareness—
pure, unbounded,
ancient as the first light
that broke across the universe.

Such awareness is not personal.
It belongs to no one.
It neither begins nor ends.
It has no centre,
no boundary,
no shadow.

It is the space in which thought arises
and disappears,
as naturally as a wave rises and falls
back into the ocean.

And when the self dissolves
in that immeasurable silence,
life becomes astonishingly simple—
a movement without contradiction,
a love without possession,
a compassion without effort.

This book ends here,
but the seeing does not end.

For every moment of choiceless awareness
is the birth of a new universe—
fresh, unconditioned,
untouched by the fingerprints of yesterday.

In that unbroken now,
you are not a fragment,
not a seeker,
not a separate observer.
You are the very ground of being—
the open, infinite space
in which all things
live and move and disappear.

And in that infinite silence
where thought cannot enter,
the sacred is not something sought—
it simply is.

Let this silence
be the final word
and the first.

A Message for Prison and Rehabilitation Centres

This book is not written to judge you,
not to correct you,
not to reform you.

It is written to **help you understand yourself.**

Most of us carry deep wounds—
from childhood,
from society,
from poverty,
from violence,
from our own mistakes.

These wounds are not visible,
but they shape our actions,
our anger,
our addictions,
our aggression,
our loneliness.

**A wounded mind can do harmful things,
but a wounded mind can also become free.**

Choiceless awareness means this:

Watch every movement of your mind

without condemning it and without escaping it.

When anger arises—see it.

When fear moves—watch it.

When the old habit tries to control you—observe it directly.

Do not say,
“This is wrong,”
or
“I should not feel this.”

Just watch.

The moment you see clearly,
the old pattern begins to dissolve.

You are not helpless.
You are not broken.
You are not the sum of your past actions.

You are a living mind
capable of extraordinary clarity,
compassion,
and transformation.

No system can give you freedom.
No authority can change you.
No punishment can make you whole.

But one thing can:

Seeing yourself without distortion.

That is the beginning of healing.
That is the beginning of intelligence.
That is the beginning of freedom.

This book invites you
to understand your own mind—
not through discipline,
not through belief,
not through effort,
but through simple, direct,
non-judgmental awareness.

In that awareness

the root of violence can end.

And when inner violence ends,
a human being becomes gentle,
compassionate,
capable of right action.

Whether you are in prison,
in recovery,
or simply trying to rebuild your life—
you deserve this freedom.

Not tomorrow.
Not when society accepts you.
Not after you “prove” yourself.

But now—

in this very moment
as you read these words.

Because transformation
begins the moment you look at yourself
without fear
and without judgment.

This simple act
is the dawn of a new life.

You may feel confined by walls,
by bars,
by circumstances,
by the weight of your past.

But no wall can imprison
the vastness of awareness.

No sentence can confine
the universe that lives within you.

Long before you made a mistake,
long before society judged you,
long before fear shaped your actions—
you were part of the same cosmic order
that moves the galaxies,
opens a flower,
and brings a newborn breath into the world.

You have forgotten it—
but it has never left you.

You are not your past.

You are the awareness that can see the past.

A star does not carry its darkness.
A river does not carry the shape of yesterday's wave.
And you do not have to carry
the weight of every thought
every fear
every act
every wound
that has happened in your life.

The universe renews itself every moment.
So can you.

Choiceless awareness means this:

Watch each thought

as stars move through the night—
without grasping,
without pushing away,
without judgment.

Just watch.

When you watch your anger,

you are no longer trapped by it.

When you see fear clearly,
it loses its claws.

When you observe addiction
as a movement in mind,
for the first time
it stops controlling your destiny.

This is not philosophy.
This is the direct action of awareness—
an action as natural
as the universe expanding.

You are made of the same atoms

that once burned in ancient suns.

If the universe can turn
dust into stars,
what can awareness make of your life
when confusion ends?

You are not broken.
You are not unworthy.
You are not defined by your mistakes.

The cosmos does not judge you.
It simply moves
with infinite intelligence.

And that same intelligence
awakens in you

the moment you watch your mind
without interference.

The real prison is not outside—

it is the prison of thought.

Bars cannot hold you
the way fear can.

Locks cannot confine you
the way self-judgment can.

A sentence cannot punish you
as deeply as your own mind does
when it does not understand itself.

Choiceless awareness
opens the door of that inner prison.

It is the first step
toward a freedom
that cannot be taken away.

You are not asked to believe anything.

Only to watch.

Watch the movement of desire
as you would watch the tides.

Watch the movement of pain
as you would watch a storm passing across the sky.

Watch the movement of the self—
its hopes, its fears,
its comparisons, its loneliness—
as you would watch clouds
move across an endless space.

In that watching

the space becomes your own.

And in that space
a new life begins.

Even inside a cell,

you are as vast as the universe
when the mind is silent.

The infinite is not far.
It is the silence behind your thoughts,
the stillness between heartbeats,
the awareness in which every experience appears.

Let your mind become open
like the night sky.

Let awareness move freely
like starlight.

Let compassion rise
as naturally
as the sun after darkness.

For in that cosmic stillness—
even within four walls—
you are free.

A Leaflet for Prison & Rehabilitation Centres

You may live behind walls—
but awareness has no walls.

The body can be confined,
but the mind can discover
an inner freedom
as vast as the night sky.

You are made of the same elements
that shine in distant stars.
The universe does not judge you.
It simply asks you to **see clearly**.

What is choiceless awareness?

It is the simple act of watching your mind
without fear,
without judgement,
without escape.

When anger arises—watch it.
When fear moves—observe it.
When an old habit pulls you—see it plainly.

This watching brings clarity.
Clarity brings freedom.
Freedom brings healing.

Awareness transforms the mind

Not by force,
not by discipline,
not by punishment—
but by understanding itself.

A quiet mind
sees truth.

A confused mind
creates suffering.

Awareness makes the difference.

You are not your past.

You are the awareness
that can understand the past
and end its hold on you.

Even in a cell,
you can live with a mind
as open as the universe.

Begin now.

Just watch.
Just see.
Just be aware.

The rest unfolds naturally—
like starlight travelling
through infinite space.

MEDITATION

Sit quietly for a moment.
Let the breath come and go
like the slow rhythm of the universe expanding and
contracting.

Do not try to change anything.
Do not seek peace.

Do not chase silence.
Just sit.

Now,
watch a single thought arise.
It may be a memory,
a fear,
a desire,
a regret,
a hope.

Do not call it right or wrong.
Do not push it away.
Do not hold it close.
Just watch it
as you would watch a star
drift across the night sky.

See how it appears
from nothing
and returns to nothing.

Between this thought
and the next,
there is a space—
a stillness so vast
that the entire universe
could fit inside it.

Rest in that space.

You are not the thought.
You are the awareness
in which the thought appears.

You are not the past.
You are the silence
in which the past dissolves.

You are not your mistakes.

You are the light
in which they are understood.

Let your awareness
open like the sky—
boundless,
clear,
without centre.

Feel the breath
as if the universe itself
were breathing through you.

Feel the stillness
from which all things arise.
Feel the light
that moves through all things.

In this moment
there is no prisoner,
no wound,
no story,
no future,
no past.

Only this vast,
uncreated awareness—
silent,
luminous,
free.

Remain here for as long as you can.
This silence is your true home.

Sit.
Breathe.
Be still.

A thought arises—
a fear,
a memory,
a desire.

**Watch it
as you would watch a star
cross the night sky.**

Do not resist it.
Do not follow it.
Do not judge it.

**Let it come.
Let it go.**

Between two thoughts
there is a space—
vast, silent, infinite.

Rest in that space.

You are not the thought.
You are the awareness
in which thought appears
and disappears.

**You are the quiet
behind all noise.**

In this moment
you are not your past,
not your mistakes,
not your story.

**You are the stillness
out of which the universe moves.**

Stay with this silence.
It is your true freedom.

Sixty Years of Speaking, and Still, We Do Not See

J. Krishnamurti Spoke for Sixty Years—Why Did It Not Change the Human Mind?

Krishnamurti spoke to the world for more than sixty years. If his words were gathered, they would fill hundreds of volumes— not mere pages, but the weight and depth of six hundred substantial books.

Yet the human mind,
in its essence,
remains unchanged—
still caught in fear,
still pursuing pleasure,
still escaping sorrow,
still clinging to the “me”
as the centre of its existence.

Why?

It is not because his words were inadequate.
It is not because the teachings were incomplete.
It is not because humanity lacked intelligence.

The fact is simple:

Truth cannot change the mind
if the mind does not see itself.

Words do not transform; only perception does

You may listen to a thousand talks,
read book after book,
attend every gathering—
but if the mind does not look inward,
directly and honestly,
no transformation can take place.

Krishnamurti himself said repeatedly:

“You are listening to the speaker,
but you are not listening to yourself.”

The hearing of words
is not the seeing of truth.

Human beings prefer comfort to freedom

To truly change,
the mind must let go of its beliefs,
its securities,
its accumulated knowledge,
its identity.

But this is frightening.

So, we listen to the words
without allowing the words
to act upon us.

We analyse
instead of observe.
We agree
instead of see.
We quote
instead of question.

We use even the teachings
as another escape.

We want the path, but not the ending of the walker

Real transformation requires
the ending of the “me.”
Not the improvement of the “me,”
not the refinement of the “me,”
but its dissolution.

Few are willing
to face that inward death.

So, the teachings are admired,
studied,
debated,
interpreted—
while the structure of the self
remains untouched.

Truth is not transmitted—it must be discovered

No teacher,
however profound,
can bring about a change
in someone who is unwilling
to look without fear
into himself.

Truth is not a gift.
It is a flame that must be lit
by one’s own seeing.

Krishnamurti spoke
not to create followers,
not to produce believers,
but to awaken
the urgency of self-understanding.

In a world conditioned for centuries—
by religion,
by nationalism,
by authority,
by fear—
such awakening is rare.

The teachings remain alive

only when you act on them,
not when you admire them

The words were spoken.
The books exist.
The recordings remain.

But unless the mind
turns the light inward
and watches its own movement
without judgement
and without motive—
there will be no transformation.

The teachings point,
but the seeing is yours.

And until that seeing happens,
even six hundred volumes
cannot change the human mind.

Poem

For sixty years
he spoke to the world.
If every word were gathered,
they would rise like six hundred books—
a mountain of clarity
offered to a humanity
in sorrow.

Yet the human mind
remains as it was—
afraid,
divided,
endlessly seeking,
endlessly escaping,
caught in the old pattern
of “me” and “my becoming.”

Why?

Words can point,
but they cannot make you walk.
A mirror can reflect,
but it cannot make you see.

He spoke of fear,
and fear listened—
only to return to its hiding place.
He spoke of freedom,
and the mind applauded—
but would not let go of its cage.
He spoke of love,
and the heart trembled—
but ran back to attachment.

We gathered his words
the way a beggar gathers coins—
counting them,
cherishing them,
never seeing
that wealth lies not in the coins
but in the ending of begging.

We turned his teaching
into knowledge,
into schools,
into quotations—
everything
except observation.

He asked us to look,
not at him,
but at ourselves.
And we looked everywhere else.

To change,
the mind must die to what it knows—
its beliefs,
its wounds,
its ambitions,
its fears.
But the mind clings to its sorrow
as though it were treasure.

So, sixty years passed—
not because the words failed,
but because we would not
step out of ourselves.

Transformation is not born
from the speaker's voice
but from the listener's seeing.

He lit the flame,
but we held the candle
in closed hands.

And so, the light touched the world
but did not enter us.

Before the First Star: The Truth of Non-Duality

Before the first star burned,
before space opened its wings,
there was only this—
a silence without edge,
a light without direction,
a presence without name.

From that timeless vastness
rose galaxies and dust,
birth and death,
the dance of atoms
and the breath of living beings—
all waves
on one immeasurable sea.

You and I,
the mountain and the moon,
the heartbeat and the black hole—
not separate,
never separate,
only forms in which
the same cosmic mind
looks at itself.

Thought carves borders
where none exist,
naming the wave
and forgetting the ocean.

But in a moment of stillness,
when the self falls silent,

the whole universe
returns to its original truth:

There is only One.
One light,
one life,
one endless awareness
flowing through a billion forms
yet untouched by any form.

And in that cosmic quiet
where all distances vanish,
the heart discovers
it has always been
a star in the body of infinity.

A LIFE UNFOLDED

This may be the last time these things are spoken or written,
for whatever had to be explored has been explored,
and whatever had to be said has been said.
What remains is only to be still together
and watch the arc of a human life—
not as “my life,” but as a fragment of the movement
of the human mind across centuries.

A life begins in a small village,
among earth-bound people whose hands carried the soil
and whose hearts carried a nameless decency.
From them one learned a simple truth:
that goodness is quiet,
that honesty has no ornament,
that responsibility is a natural fragrance of living.

Learning came easily when the mind was unburdened—
mathematics, science, surgery—
as though clarity itself wished to express through the brain.
There was prayer too,
the ancient human cry for guidance, for protection,
a reaching out to something beyond the known.

But as the years unfolded,
as one held life in one's hands
and saw death move with unannounced inevitability,
a different light began to shine—
a light in which no ritual, no god, no authority
could still the mind's fear, its ambition, its endless seeking.

And slowly one saw,
as one sees the horizon after a long night,

that the quality of action arises wholly
from the quality of the mind that acts.
No blessing can replace that clarity.
No prayer can summon that compassion.
No tradition can open the door to direct perception.

There were journeys abroad, knowledge gained,
offers of prestige, comfort, status—
all shadows that pass without substance.
So, one returned,
and for twenty-five more quiet years
served in a well-equipped missionary hospital,
teaching young surgeons and gynaecologists guiding
without appearing,
helping without claiming,
as a tree gives shade without asking to be seen.

One travelled by bus, carried only what was needed.
Some called it simplicity, some eccentricity—
but when a mind sees clearly, it has no need to explain.
One never took more than one's salary,
for suffering cannot be priced;
even the sweets of gratitude were given to the staff
who bore the weight of daily healing.

As the teachings of Krishnamurti seeped inward,
prayer dropped away—not rejected,
but dissolving like mist in the morning sun.
For when the mind sees itself clearly—
its fears, its wounds, its inventions—
there is no one left to petition.
There is only the luminosity of understanding.

And in that light, compassion appears—not the softness of
sentiment,

not the charity of self-importance,
but the compassion that flows naturally
when the “me” grows thin
and thought moves only where needed
and falls silent in the immensity beyond.

Now, as the body quiets with age,
there is no desire for more time.
Life has had its flowering;
death is part of the same movement.
Continuity is only another mask of fear.

So, one steps aside,
letting the young move into their own unfolding.
One watches, listens,
and sees the goodness in others—
in one’s wife, in one’s son,
in his strange and beautiful generosity
even when deceived.
There is a fragrance in such a mind
that no misfortune can extinguish.

What is all this then?
Not a biography,
not a confession,
not an attempt to shape an image.
It is simply the story of a mind
that began in tradition
and walked, slowly, uncertainly,
into freedom.

A mind that moved from prayer to perception,
from dependence to observation,
from belief to understanding,
from seeking guidance

to discovering the vast intelligence within.

And now the only question that remains—the question older than humanity—is this:

Can a human being live without the burden of the self?
Can there be a world where action does not arise from fear,
from comparison, from greed or ambition,
but from a clarity untouched by time
and a compassion that belongs to the whole of life?

Everything else—
the surgeries, the temples, the hospitals,
the books, the achievements, the recognitions—
are like dust on the surface of a nameless river.

What matters is only this:
Is the mind free?

For when the mind is free,
it touches a sacredness
that no belief can confer—
a stillness as vast as the night sky,
as timeless as the stars
from which this body was formed.

That is the last word.
There is nothing more to add.

For compassion cannot be cultivated;
it is touched only when the self falls silent—
even for a fraction of a second.

About the Author

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Born in 1947, Dr. Potluru is a Consultant General and Abdominal Surgeon with nearly five decades of experience, including fifteen formative years in war-torn Kurdistan, Iran, and five years in Misrata, Libya. He later continued his service as a Senior Consultant Surgeon in Visakhapatnam until his retirement in 2022.

Deeply influenced by the teachings of Jiddu Krishnamurti, his writings explore awareness, perception, compassion, and the ending of psychological conflict.

Books by Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

- The Timeless Awareness
- Echoes of Awareness — Series 1, 2, 3 & 4
- Living Under Fire
- Where the Self Ends, Life Begins
- Operating Under Fire
- The Ground That Breathes Through All
- Cross Roads of Awareness
- Spark to Wholeness
- Life's Companion
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MAY THIS BOOK BE A QUIET COMPANION IN YOUR
JOURNEY OF AWARENESS

AWARENESS

Awareness Without the Interference of Thought explores the movement of the mind through simple, profound dialogues.

In choiceless awareness, fear subsides, the self becomes quiet, and compassion blossoms naturally.

When thought falls silent, the sacred is near.